The Diwan of

Abu Tayyib Ahmad ibn al Husain ibn al Hasan al Kindi al Ju'fi

al Mutanabbi

translated with comments

by

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Introduction

Abu Tayyib Ahmad ibn al Husain ibn al Hasan al Kindi al Ju'fi al Mutanabbi was born in Kufa, Iraq, in 915. The first part of his name means: Father of Goodness the Praised the son of the Little Beauty. In Abu Tayyib's day Kufa was a large city of over 100,000 families mostly of north Arab extraction. There were also sizable numbers of south Arabs, Persians, and other nationalities from more distant regions. The future poet lived in the part of the city named for the Yamani tribe of Kinda and a family called the Ju'fi, a root meaning to prostrate, uproot, sweep away like a torrent. This with the other elements of his name gives a good idea of what to expect from his poetry. The poet went to good teachers and spent several years with bedouin tribes in the desert. The language there was considered more pure than that of the city. The nickname al Mutanabbi was not acquired until he was past twenty.

Since he showed an early capability for poetry his father took him to Bagdad by the time he was thirteen years old. After a short stay there he was taken to Syria where he made his living by his art in cities such as Manbij, Aleppo, Antioch, Latakia, Tripoli and Damascus. Shortly before his twentieth year he became involved in some sort of civil disturbance and due to slanders that were made against him he spent about two years in prison in the city of Hims. In some of the poems written about this time he compares his poetic powers to those of various prophets. As a result after his release from prison he was given the nickname of the Self-Made Prophet or al Mutanabbi.

When his fame as a poet increased Abu Tayyib gained the patronage of the Tanukhi family in Latakia and of the caliph's lieutenant at Tiberias in Palestine, Badr ibn Isma'il. He spent time with Ibn Tugj the cousin of the Ikhshid of Egypt, and finally with Abu 'Ashair and his cousin Saif al Daula the Hamdanid ruler of Aleppo. These were his last patrons in Syria. At the time of his first meeting with Saif al Daula he and his patron were both thirty three years old. He stayed with him for about eight years and then went to Egypt at the invitation of Kafur, the black ruler who had once been a slave of the Ikhshid. He stayed in Fustat, the city that preceded modern Cairo, for four years during which he also wrote poems for Fatik, Kafur's Greek slave-born associate.

Upon leaving Egypt Abu Tayyib returned to Kufa where his wife and son were living. After a year or two, with a visit to Bagdad interspersed, he was invited to Persia by the wazir of Rukn al Daula, the Buyid lord of north Persia. While writing a number of poems for this wazir, Ibn al 'Amid, he was invited to Shiraz by 'Adud al Daula, the lord of south Persia. Here again he was richly rewarded for the poems which he wrote. During his return to Kufa he was attacked by brigands and killed along with his son. This was in the year 965 when the poet was 50 years old.

The diwan or collection of poems which Abu Tayyib left is of such importance in Arabic literature that he is usually considered one of the two or three most esteemed poets. In a literature whose history is as long and illustrious as English literature he might well be called the Arabic Shakespeare, or to shift the comparison, the Arabic Dante. In order to better understand the poems of a poet who has been much studied over such a long period of time it will be worthwhile to say something about the models on which his poems were formed. For Arabic literature was, in Abu Tayyib's time, the heir to a much older continuous tradition than that which either Shakespeare or Dante had. The continuity was rooted in the common heritage of Semitic language which was and is current in the Middle East.

The literary critic Ibn Qutaiba, who lived in the century preceding Abu Tayyib, said in his Introduction to his Book of Poetry and Poets that poets would do well to imitate the models of their predecessors, particularly the great pre-Islamic poets such as Imr al Qais and other Mu'allaqat, Golden Ode, poets. While Ibn Qutaiba does not mention any non-Arabic writers, our poet, Abu Tayyib, was well aware of some of the most illustrious of them. In one poem which, along with others, was a basis for his nickname of al Mutanabbi he compares himself to the Messiah, Jesus son of Mary. Certainly of all writers, before or since, Jesus has been more widely read, both in his original Greek and in translation, than any other. It is to his writing then that we shall look first for some of the models that will help us to understand what Abu Tayyib is saying.

One of the basic forms into which Arabic poetry is cast is the couplet which consists primarily of two thoughts which seem better able to hold the reader's attention than a single thought or a longer series. In order to illustrate the couplet form in the writings of Jesus we may consider the passage where he announces his work. In Greek it reads: Metanoeite eggiken gar he basileia ton ouranon, that is, Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. A translation that is somewhat closer to the original might read: Gain knowledge beyond what you have for the kingdom of the heavens is near.

We should remember that the kingdom of heaven as used in the Gospel of Matthew is translated into the kingdom of God in the Gospels of Mark and Luke. One definition of God that Jesus gives in his parables is that he is the word, the logos, by whom all things that are created are created. Jesus further tells us that if we wish to enter the kingdom of the heavens we must become as little children. It is in childhood that what is called the "fluency of speech" first occurs. This fluency is the result of the infant's solution of a fundamental problem that arises when it is cut off from the mother's prenatal nourishment. The Greek word basileia, kingdom, if spelled basilea, can also mean queen and thus suggest the power of the nurse at birth. The infant learns to substitute liquids that it generates at will for those it has lost. Among these liquids are urine and saliva. The latter is linked to the ability to make sounds which come to be thought of as fluent. But urine is more copious than saliva and hence is a kind of self-made nurse. It is new wine in new bottles.

For each infant then the kingdom of the heavens or the basis of words appears when it uses the urinary stream as a substitute for the lack of control which it has over the mother's stream of nourishment. At first it equates that flow to the sounds that are the basis of spoken words. Another form of this flow is rain from heaven (ouranos in Greek and hence urine in English). This is one basis for the child's trust that the world is a good place to live in.



But knowledge is needed if the kingdom of heaven, which is itself knowledge, is to come near. As words are multiplied knowledge increases and this knowledge is to be feared in the hands of others. If we do not share their knowledge we may suffer for it. The idea of suffering which is implied in the English word repent is therefore relevant since if we do not suffer by changing our mind or coming to our senses we will suffer for our ignorance later. In Arabic the word for repent is tubu. It means to return to God who is light and speech. This is closer to the Greek meaning of metanoeite.

It is worth noting that the statement which announced the work of Jesus is the same as that which announced the ministry of John the Baptist. Baptism was itself symbolic of the prenatal waters. But in Matthew's Gospel the context for the two statements is different. For John a quotation from Isaiah speaks about preparing the way of the Lord. For Jesus another quotation from Isaiah speaks about the great light which has been seen by the people of Galilee. The difference emphasizes two different meanings for the statement.

These meanings are related to one of the most fundamental facts about how our nervous system is built: namely, the fact that the left side of our body is controlled by the right side of the brain and the right side of the body by the left side of the brain. This is important for the study of language and writing since the right side of the brain processes information that is spatial and visual whereas the left side processes temporal and spoken information. This division of labor goes back to prenatal experience when the slow movements of the heart and stomach which are associated with the left side of the body are registered in the right brain. Later, after birth, the faster movements of the arms and legs are recorded in the left brain.

Hence the interpretation of the couplet about the coming of the kingdom drawn from Isaiah for Jesus emphasizes space and vision. Jesus speaks of repentance in terms of a light that has already come. It is a right brain approach that comes first. But for John the text speaks of the approach to the kingdom in terms of a highway to be traversed. This is a left brain approach which comes second and is thus a forerunner to what exists before it. It is often the case with Abu Tayyib's couplets that the first half contains spatial ideas and the second half temporal ones. Arab literary critics call the first half of a couplet sadar, breast or return from drinking. The second half is called 'ajaz, rump or growing old. The imagery here suggests slow movement for the first half and a long time span for the second. The male preference for the right side over the left is also seen in the direction of the Semitic script. Two part patterns, as we shall see, can be fitted into three part patterns on the basis of these facts.

When Ibn Qutaiba urged the poets to follow ancient models he suggested that the Arab qasida or poem of search which often ran to thirty or more couplets had a three part form. This consisted of what was called a love prelude or nasib in which a bedouin youth stood at the campsite deserted by his beloved and lamented her loss. The term nasib also means to trace a pedigree. Then in a journey portion, the rahla, the youth described his quest for a patron who would compensate for the loss of the beloved. Finally the third part of the poem was praise, the madih, of a patron who recognized the value of what the beloved rejected. This triple form is also present in Abu Tayyib's poems but with many variations. The most successful models for the form are again to be found in the writings of Jesus where two of his parables, the only two given in all three of the synoptic gospels, have it.

The first of these stories is the parable of the Sower, or the Three Fields, a narrative of birth and growth. In the first field the seed falls by the wayside and the birds peck it up in a kind of crucifixion. Following the advice of Jesus that the kingdom of heaven must be entered through the mind of a child we see here an image of the infant who in the first few months is unable to move on its own power but finds that the nurse, like a bird, seems to hover out of reach. Like the youth at the deserted campsite he can only lament the loss of his beloved. But leaven and mustard seeds can grow.

In the second field the seed is more mobile. It springs up and grows in a kind of resurrection. But it is on stony ground and so has no deep root. Then the sun comes and withers it for lack of moisture. Like the youth who travels through the wasteland it suffers terribly. Or like the infant who has outgrown its prone position and has learned to crawl and develop the ability to talk, the seed is now more concerned with movement through time than the touch experience that preceded it. The fact that the seedin this field has two obstacles to overcome instead of one as in the first field suggests that speech has syntactic and semantic sides to it that represent special problems for it. The solution of these problems enhances the value of sounds as vehicles of communication.

In the third field the seed is sown among thorns which choke out a good part of it. The Greek word for thorn is akanthus and thus suggests the ornaments on the top of Corinthian columns that have a peculiar visual beauty as human artifacts. This field therefore gives a hint of the ability to read and write that develops last when the child is establishing its visual communication habits. As in the middle field the seed grows some and thus implies that the child is still moving. But it is no longer the movement of crawling but rather of walking on two feet that is signified by the choking of the thorns. There is less activity in the act of choking (Greek epnixen, compare pneuma or exhaled breath) than in the seed's springing up in the middle field. Similarly there is less activity in the use of two feet than in the use of four. So, too, the bedouin youth is attached to his patron in the last part of the Arabic qasida and may well find himself choked by too much or too little bounty.

This developmental sequence of touch, hearing, vision is also expressed in the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen, a more active narrative of death and rebirth. Here too there are three episodes but instead of the seed, which Jesus says represents the word of God, there is a vineyard whose wine represents the blood which is poured out from the creative womb of Allah, as Muslims say, before a child can be born. It is the mercy of Allah, the root rhm which means both beneficence and womb, that is essential to the growth of the brainchild of speech and writing. This is a bloody struggle since in the first episode the servants whom the lord of the vineyard sends to receive the harvest are killed by the



wicked husbandmen. These servants are douloi, slaves whose name is related to the verb doleo, to trick. They are thus easily disposed of by the georgoi or earth workers. Like the prone infant and the youth at the deserted camp, or the helpless seed attacked by birds, they are outwitted.

In the middle episode of the parable the lord sends his beloved son and the wicked husbandmen treat him like they treated the ordinary servants. But he is the kleronomos, the legal heir, of his father who can speak for him with authority and who will carry on his role after his death. Like the desert youth who travels in search of a patron, or the seeds that grow, he has more mobility in time than the douloi servants. His blood thus represents the fluency of speech in a special sense.

In the last episode Jesus says that the lord of the vineyard comes and destroys the wicked husbandmen. And he finds others who behave more responsibly. Thus the martyred son is compared to the stone that was rejected but has become the head of the corner according to a quotation from Psalm 118 and a passage from Isaiah. When Jesus supports this change from son to cornerstone with these texts he draws attention to the importance of the written word. This literary transformation of the son or 'uios, the one who flows (from the Greek 'uio, to flow), fixes his fluency in the permanence of the written word which of old was inscribed on stone. The patron of the bedouin youth has been found and the seed plagued by the akanthus on the stone capitals has borne its fruit. The house is built on rock.

But while Ibn Qutaiba saw the qasida form as a three part pattern, some of the pre-Islamic poems had five part patterns, achieved by inserting transitions between the parts of the basic three part pattern. This five part pattern also has its model in the most influential writing of Jesus: the Lord's prayer. Its five parts again take us back to childhood experience and the five tactile positions which the child assumes in the course of its development of the communication habits. These positions are the prone position, the seated position, the crawling position, the standing position, and the position needed to walk on two feet. The second and fourth are influenced by right brain attention to space, the middle and last are more involved with left brain attention to time. The basis of the spoken word is developed in the middle fifth. The basis of its written form appears in the last fifth. These positions are also to be seen in the Muslim's prayer ritual and in the five notes of the Christian creed: crucifixion, descent, resurrection, ascent, and judgment. The five tactile positions are the foundation for five auditory and visual skills which may be listed as the ability to babble and scribble, the ability to make articulate sounds, the ability to give sounds a syntactic and semantic value, the ability to produce the signs of a script from the scribbling stream, and finally the ability to give the script values of adult grammar and metaphorical meaning.

The prayer, as given by Luke, consists of five petitions or requests of which the first begs that name of our father be made holy. This hallowing of the name takes place while the infant is in the supine position and needs to find a substitute for the constant stream of nourishment to which it was attached in the womb. The best it can do is to take the urinary flows, the movements of the ouranon, as the basis for the stream of babbling sounds which it can control. These babbling sounds must be disassociated from the urination experience, they must be made holy, so that one knows the difference between prenatal perfection which was not under control and the babbling stream which is. It thus gains in value. But like the helpless seeds and tricky servants of the parables it is still incomplete.

The second petition asks that the father's kingdom may come. As already noted the Greek word for kingdom, basileia, suggests the word basilea, queen or diadem, and hence the return of the nurse. (In Matthew's seven part version one asks that the father's will be done. Since the infant in the seated position has shifted from a horizontal to a vertical axis the contrast between his will in heaven and his will on earth is understandable.) But in the seated position a new danger has arisen. Gravity pulls on the upright torso in a kind of descent that makes it seem that body fluids will be drained out of it. In order to meet this new threat the infant contracts its inner and outer musculature in such a way that its breathing is controlled and the babbling stream loses some of its continuity and results in articulate sounds. These sounds become the instrument of making the father's will, the babbling stream, effective in the lower world where the danger is greatest. In the upper world, the world of the brain, the articulate sounds become capable of standing for facts and hence knowledge. The sounds, and visual signs, can be located in space as well as time. But basilea and will, thelema, are one.

The third request asks that the father, the creator whose name is associated with the Greek word for foot, podes, give us this day our daily bread. The bold violence that kills the father's son in the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen is based on the use of the child's full musculature in crawling. The word for this day in Greek is semeron and suggests the temporal element in the spoken word. The word for daily, however, is epiousian in Greek. This word contains the word ousia, essence, and is the equivalent of substantial. The word for bread is artos and originally meant a joint. Speech consists of sounds which are joined together from loaves, as it were, of bread. It has a solidity which is derived from the contest with gravity. It has a semantic side which gives it substance, epiousian, by relating words to things and a kinetic side, semeron, which produces syntax that binds words into a system that gives it movement. But this food for thought is still an inward motion to be externalized.

The fourth petition asks that we be forgiven our debts as we forgive our debtors. The word for debts is opheilemata which echoes the word phallos, a tail. In Arabic the word for sin has the root dhnb which can also mean tail, bucket or torrent. This tail is distinctive of four footed animals and casting it off is characteristic of the shift from four footed to two footed standing positions. The front feet have ascended to become hands and only one, usually the right one, becomes dominant. The pull of gravity is now even more of a problem than it was in the seated position. The constriction in the area of the tail counteracts this pull and is balanced in the upper part of the body by grasping movements in one of the hands. It is this greediness which is one of the roots of sin and which must be cast off as the child learns to balance itself in the standing position. But the opheilemata of a grasping hand have a social and communicative value insofar as they begin to form visual signs for the sounds of speech. They have a direction and purpose which overcomes some of the aimless quality inher-



ent in speech. This purpose is in part a result of the use of tail muscles which our ancestors, the fish, used as rudders for movement. The Greek word ichthus, fish, is thus a Christian symbol of forgiveness and love. For while the rear tail can be cast off the tail in front expresses the power of love and creativity.

The fifth and last petition is to ask the father not to lead us into temptation. That the father could be inclined to do this at all is a result of the visual signs which have been attached to the sounds of speech and thus have produced a script which makes possible the accumulation of greater knowledge through social interaction. That is, greater than was possible by speech alone. However this written language can be more easily used without regard to the welfare of individuals who are at a distance from one. Speech alone makes no permanent record and is not therefore efficient as a way of testing knowledge. But the written word is power and is a product of the father's creative work. We may well ask, then, that we not be led into temptation to misuse the script but be rescued from evil. The journey to the patron can end in greater danger than the one we fled from. The seed may fall among thorns and cornerstone be part of a prison if we do not rely on the father's goodness.

The purpose of the prayer may be summed up in the words of Jesus (Mat. 6:6 and II Kings 4:33) when he says we must retire to the secret place where the father will revive the dead child and forgive the trespasses, paraptomata in Greek, we have made against him in the script. Similarly the purpose of the parables is to give more meaning to those who already know something of the mystery and to take from those who do not know it (Mat. 13:12 and Isa. 6:9). For ignorance can motivate wisdom.

We shall see that a number of poems in Abu Tayyib's diwan use the five part pattern of the prayer as well as the three part patterns of the parables. A few exist, however, that use seven part patterns of which the most widely read model was drawn from the other highly successful piece of script that the poet knew. For he not only compared himself to Jesus, but also to the Quranic prophet Salih and to Muhammad himself. This other model then is the Quran whose opening chapter has seven verses which are to some extent modeled on the seven days of creation by means of which Yahweh creates the spoken world in Genesis. The middle five verses of the opening chapter or Umm al Kitab, the Mother of the Book, are moreover best seen as answers to the petitions of the Lord's prayer.

The first verse of the Opening chapter reads: In the name of Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful. The only phrase which does not appear in other verses of the chapter is: In the name of. The name of Allah is derived from a root meaning to roll in the desert heat like the mirage. Thus it suggests that the satisfaction of the infant's thirst is a creation of Allah's power over names or words. The root for the word name is smu and means to rise or be high. As a noun it means the sky or the heavens. It suggests that sea of water from which the rains come and which in the infant's experience represents the prenatal water where all desires are satisfied before birth. It also represents the world of names that the infant inherits and has to recreate. It is thus a prelude to the five part communication pattern which in turn creates the desert vision. So too the root bul, to urinate, yields bal, mind or heart.

The first of the middle five verses reads: Praise to Allah Lord of the worlds. This is a response to the request in the Lord's prayer that the father's name be hallowed. The hallowing takes place by means of praise. The root of this word in Arabic is hmd. Another root for the same idea is mdh. The root mdd which means to overflow is common to these roots. It can also mean to dip one's pen in ink. The root hdm uses the same letters and means to boil. Praise is thus like the babbling stream. And the word for Lord is rabb which mean a fruit drink and hence another hint of the hallowing of the name. Finally the root for world is 'lm which means to know and hence the worlds of which Allah is the lord are what is known. Knowledge is rooted in babbling and scribbling. It is the new patch.

The answer to the prayer's request that the kingdom of God and his will be established on earth as in heaven is given in the Umm al Kitab by a repetition of the words describing Allah as the Beneficent, the Merciful, al rahman al rahim. The root letters for both these words is rhm and means womb or inward parts of the body. These are the parts that the infant must control as it learns to sit up and feels the pull of gravity on its body fluids. The shift from the a vowel in rahman to the i vowel in rahim indicates this control moving from below to above. The a vowel is relatively a back, low and dull vowel whereas the i is a front, high and bright vowel. However this movement may be reversed as in the second fifth of the prayer. These tongue positions are modeled on the muscular actions of the torso and show how the vowels and consonants (though the latter require less lasting breath action) can be arranged on a vertical scale, as in music, from above to below or vice versa. But the vocalist must be able to join the high voice and the low voice in order to avoid losing one or the other or to keep from being split into two parts. In Arabic he must also join a vowel to each consonant to represent the rhythm of constriction and relaxation in breathing. If these dangers are not avoided a kind of jealousy or envy results which only Allah's mercy can assuage.

The middle fifth of the Opening chapter says that Allah is the owner of the day of judgment. He is the malik or king who rules the kingdom and his day, like the daily bread of the prayer, hints at the kinetic element in the spoken word. The word for judgment comes from a root which can mean to borrow or to lend, and to profess a religion. Spoken words involve a dialogue and hence a borrowing and lending. But these debts must be paid by the truth of the words which at this point can be tested only by the semantic relation of the sounds to their static, tactile base within the body and the relation of the syntax to motion in the tactile base of the crawling feet. These reciprocal movements of the elements of speech are judgment day. Their relation to visual experience of distant objects must be postponed until the last fifth of the pattern. For at this point the sun only withers the seed and the lord's son can only shed his blood. The violence of four footed frustration must be controlled by hands.

The fourth fifth of the Umm al Kitab reads: You we serve and you we ask for aid. After the crawling position of the middle fifth the prayer called attention to casting off the grip of hands and tail as they devised the written signs for sounds. The Greeks wrote all their vowels as if they were consonants



and thus were too greedy for contact with the external world. The tongue-hand has less of a role in forming vowels than consonants. The written consonants therefore represent the external position of a hand while the writen vowels must balance them by the inner positions of the open vocal tract and the corresponding torso space. From the seventh century on Hebrew script has as many as ten vowel signs on a vertical scale to represent the inner world balance to the Greek outer world view. But the Arabic script writes half of the vowels like consonants and half on a vertical scale of points which suggests their inner reference to the tactile experiences of the seated position. Arabic script thus balances the inner and outer worlds in the two types of written vowels. In doing so it makes both inner and outer worlds subject to the word. Hence the Opening chapter emphasizes that it is Allah, who is neither wholly inner or outer, that we serve and ask for aid. It thus implies that sin, which Luke's version of the prayer says is a mistake: 'amartia, is avoided by taking a middle path between extremes. Balance is important in learning to stand, and to understand.

The last of the middle five verses reads: Guide us in the straight path. This is the first and only petition in the chapter and is similar to the last petition of the Lord's prayer. The root for the word guidecan also mean to bring a bride to the bridegroom. This implies the great rewards in terms of offspring which result from using the front feet as hands to refer the words to the external world in addition to the inner world. The word for straight comes from a root which also means upright, standing on two feet. And the word for path, sirat, comes from a root originally derived from a Greek word strata and suggests the scientific orientation of the Greeks. But there is less feeling for the dangers of the path than in the prayer and thus the prayer's request has been answered. Allah is not afraid to coin a similitude even of a gnat but he knows that written metaphor and grammar result from the tactile loss of the front feet and so it is better to keep the straight path.

The last of the seven verses of the Opening chapter of the Quran deals with those events that may confront the person once the communication habits have been established. The path which he must tread is not guaranteed to be a happy one. It may be if Allah so wills. The root n'm which expresses Allah's favor has derivatives that mean four footed flocks and two footed ostriches. But Allah is not always kindly. He is angry toward some and there are some who stray of their own accord.

In addition to the passages already cited from the Gospels and the Quran there are others that are widely known and so serve as models for our poet and his readers. In the Quran we may especially mention the second chapter where verses 67-71 explain the title The Cow. The sacrifice of the yellow cow is important for an understanding of the first fifth of the communication pattern. In the same chapter verse 255, called a Throne verse, can be referred to the second fifth of the pattern. Chapter 24 entitled Light is important as one thinks about the middle part of the pattern. The oil that burns in the lamp of Allah's knowledge is one form of the fluency of the spoken word. Chapter 54 The Moon lists five peoples who rejected warnings such as are given in the Quran. They were the folk of Noah, of A'ad, of Thamud, of Lot, and of Pharoah all of whom did not realize the high vantage point of the inspired script. Chapter 96 The Clot contains the first words revealed to the prophet. They were: Read: In the name of your Lord who creates, Creates man from a clot. Read: Your Lord is most bounteous, Who teaches by the Pen, Teaches man that which he knew not.

To summarize the literary relationships which the passages from the Gospels and the Quran represent we may say that the constrictions in the torso as the infant learns to sit are the model for the formation of the alphabetic sounds in the vocal tract from front to back. Thus front sounds can be related to the top of the torso and back sounds to the bottom of the torso. The total number of front sounds compared with back sounds is greater in the Arabic alphabet than in the Hebrew and Greek alphabets. In al Mutanabbi's diwan we shall see that he gives some attention to strengthening the sound-signs at the bottom of the scale. An additional relationship is seen in the writing of the vowels which, unlike the consonants, are formed with less tactile movement in the tongue. Thus they cannot be related to the movement of the hand in writing in the same way as consonants. If vowels are written like consonants, as they are in the Greek alphabet, attention is directed to the external world of the hand. If they are written in smaller signs and on a vertical line as compared to the horizontal line of the consonants the vowels may be related to the inner experience of the upright torso. This is the case in Hebrew and Arabic script although Hebrew uses twelve of these signs whereas Arabic has only three. And both Arabic and Hebrew also have three or four consonantal vowel signs. The letters of the alphabet thus establish coordinates for writing a space-time continuum which has a top and bottom, a front and back, and inside and outside. Right and left are also involved in the direction of the sequence of the words. It is assumed that a balanced representation of each of these coordinates is preferable to one that is less so. They dynamic character of the habits that produce the coordinates also emphasizes the need for proper timing. The fig tree's branch must become tneder and leaf, phulla, out.

This balance is also seen in the various types of Arabic script. The Kufic script which drew its name from al Mutanabbi's birthplace was similar in appearance to the Hebrew square script. Both of them emphasized the role of the blade of the tongue which by touching various parts of the vocal tract produced the consonants. But in al Mutanabbi's day Ibn Muqlah, the wazir of several caliphs, regularized the cursive script by settling the proportions in from one to seven rhomboids, the vertical line of the alif, and the circle. This script put an emphasis on the vowel sounds which are formed by the circular opening of the vocal tract more or less independent of the blade of the tongue. The cursive script also uses more consonant signs that represent pressure on the right hand ribs of the torso. Some such contrast between Kufic and cursive scripts was seen in the much older syllabic scripts of the cuneiform and the Egyptian hieroglyphic or demotic writing. The fact that the letters in Hebrew and Greek are not joined to each other whereas most of the Arabic letters are put an emphasis on the babbling flow and its articulation in the fluency of the script. In Arabic, letters in general are called harf, dividers, but vowels, haraka, are called movements and thus again suggest the idea of fluency. The root shkl to diversify or [illegible] is used to refer to the vowel points. These terms, along with certain grammatical and rhetorical terms, shed light on the poetic structures of the diwan.



Thus the ultimate elements of literary study are the distinguishing features of the three types of script: the syllabic, the Indo-European, and the Semitic. These features concern the proportion of letters representing high-front and low-back sounds and the balance between the inward and outward orientation of the vowel scripts. These are the seeds which are sown in the three fields in the parable of the Sower. The varying harvests which these fields produce depend on the fluency of the word as described in the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen. But in spite of the blood shed the wine solidifies into the cornerstone which supports the house of the word. It is only in this house that the elements of the script are held together as words, couplets and paragraphs. These structures are organized by the Prayer of Jesus and the Opening of the Quran. So the lost sheep is found.

The kind of pattern which has been sketched in the preceding paragraphs depends largely for its verification on the fact that words and phrases are capable of a wide range of meaning and interpretation. I have tried to verify these patterns in other ways. One of these was to make word counts of words with tactile, auditory, and visual definitions as they appeared in the beginning, middle or end of a poem or of the diwan as a whole. I have made similar counts of a number of figures of speech as they appear in parts of the couplet. In comparing the results of these counts with the frequencies to be expected according to chance I found al Mutanabbi's diwan along with many other classics show these patterns in better than chance frequencies. Less respected or more ephemeral works do not show such patterns. A fuller description of these word counts is given in my seven volume translation of the diwan. Results of this kind of test on the Gospels and the Quran are also given.

The two, three, five and seven part patterns which have been sketched as widely known models for writers in al Mutanabbi's day and for readers since his day are a means of perpetuating the poems in which they appear in the minds of the reading public. They thus make each individual poem a stimulus to further communication on the part of the reader but they also influence the sequence of the poems in the diwan and the sequence of its parts so that the diwan as a whole becomes a stimulus to further communication and thus helps keep the reader's interest alive through the generations.

Thus the diwan has a three part structure in which the poems in the first third were written in Syria, the poems in the middle third in Egypt, and those in the last third in Persia. The deserts of Syria may suggest the tactile communication habits, the Nile in Egypt the fluency of speech, and the roses of Iran the visual habits. The diwan also has a five part division in which the Syrian poems are divided into a group of early poems, and a group dedicated to Saif al Daula. The Persian poems again are divided into two parts: one for Ibn al 'Amid and one for 'Adud al Daula. Each of these five parts have a dominant theme and five further subdivisions.

The poems written in Syria before the meeting with Saif al Daula are unified by a common theme that might be called the hallowing of the babbling stream. The realization of the loss of the prenatal state of perfection in which all needs were satisfied by the mother's body leads the poet to impose very high standards on the world in which he finds himself after birth. His rebellion against this imperfection leads to his imprisonment which represents the self-centered world of the infant before the distance senses of hearing and vision have been developed. It is an evil prison as compared to the good prison of the womb. Poems 1 through 48 represent this first sequence. After his release from prison the poet gains a deeper understanding of what it means to have a prophetic Messianic role. His lament for Ibn Ishaq, that is, Esau the son of Isaac whose name echoes the Arabic 'Isa or Jesus, begins a series of poems in which he descends into the grave as the dead Messiah did. This is seen in poems 49 through 68. But the resurrection of the Messiah occurs when Abu Tayyib comes to the court of Badr ibn Isma'il at Tiberias on the Galilean sea. Badr means full moon and the poet experiences its pull on the tides of fluent speech as he writes for this first patron of importance in his career. An elegy for the poet's grandmother alludes to the role of the reading public here. This sequence comprises poems 69 through 112. The next patron of high rank is Ibn Tugj the cousin of the Ikhshid of Egypt. Tugj in Turkish means the horse's tail that was used as the banner for an army troop. It thus suggests the ascent in the fourth fifth of the pattern. The ophcilemata of the prayer have taken the poet onto higher levels where the babbling or scribbling stream can be developed as script. This appears in poems 113 through 145. From here he makes a descent toward a final patron in this part of the diwan who takes him to his cousin Saif al Daula. The patron's name, Abu 'Ashair, comes from a root which means ten (fingers) and a group or family. He thus suggests a double sequence of fives which ends in the visual communication habits and the double stream of urine and babbling sounds: right hand and written words. This is described in poems 146 through 160. From now on the perfect and exuberant rhythms will decrease.

The Saif al Daula poems can also be divided into five sequences which are marked by five elegies for important people related to Saif. The first sequence runs from 161 through 164 which is a lament for Saif's mother. She plays the role of the nurse who represents the infant's stimulus for developing the babbling stream. But as will all the persons for whom elegies are given in this part she also represents the destructive action of Saif's sword that breaks the babbling sttream into the sounds of articulate speech needed by the reading public. The second elegy is for a son of Saif who like the logos in Orthodox theology makes his descent into the grave in the second fifth of the creed. This is seen in poems 165 through 174. The middle sequence begins with the elegy for Abu Wail, Saif's cousin. The poems in this sequence are concerned with Saif's raids on the Byzantine Rum and emphasize his mobility. They include numbers 175 through 190. The fourth sequence begins with the elegy for Saif's Turkish general Yamak whose name comes from the Turkish word for patch. The poems in this sequence tell of the more static battles involving the Rum in the sieges of the forts of Mar'ash and Hadath. They thus suggest ascent themes and the criticism of the Greek script which did not represent vowels with the vertical signs found in the Arabic script. There is also a criticism of the Hebrew script for drawing too much attention to the inner world where jealous and envy are as bad as the unfeeling facts of Greek science. Saif's attacks on the bedouin tribes, ancient Semitic jealousies, suggest it. The poems in this sequence run from 191 through 230. The final fifth in this part contains the elegies for Saif's two sisters. Since they come at the end of the pattern they suggest the two ears that select the sounds of speech in use in the child's environment. This is implied in poems 231 through 240.



The middle part of the diwan contains the poems written in Egypt and those written in Iraq after the poet's flight from Kafur. The underlying theme here is the development of syntax and semantics for the articulate sounds that have been selected in the second fifth of the diwan. The first fifth in this part has the poems which praise and satirize Kafur directly. They characterize Kafur as the inner musculature associated with excretion which in the horizontal position of the crawling child produces the vowels that have an inner meaning or semantics. This dark inner world of the black slave ruler encourages meaning where things cannot be seen but are both loved and hated. They account for the levels of diction used in the poems which range from dirty words and slang through acceptable and refined language. Poems 241 through 261 deal with these situations. The second sequence describes events in the poet's escape from Egypt and suggests the kinetic element in speech. The encounter with Wardan who is part of the Laila-Majnun story forms a transition between Kafur and his associate Fatik. Poems 262 through 268 relate these events. Poems dedicated to Fatik-Majnun suggest the syntactic element in speech insofar as Fatik had Greek origins which relate him to the world of scientific thought. Poems 269 through 272 concern Fatik. The fourth fifth consists of a single poem, 273, which mocks Dabba, an outlaw who attacked Kufa, in a low style to contrast with the ascent theme that usually comes here. The last fifth is also given in a single poem, 274, which praises Dillir who was delegated to defend the poet's city of Kufa from the Kharajite rebels. But Abu Tayyib was in fact honored for his share in the defense. There are no perfect rhythms in this part. The role of humility is accepted.

The diwan's fourth fifth consists of five poems which praise Ibn 'Amid the wazir of Rukn al Daula to whose palace at Arajan in the mountains of Iran the poet was invited. His name, from the root 'md, means to intend or aim and thus suggests the directional quality inherent in the tail. Poem 275 is dedicated to Ibn 'Amid but was originally written for one of Kafur's ministers. This substitution involves the theme of forgiveness since the original patron's name was Ibn Furat. Poem 276 is short and about an incense burner that implies the descent theme. Poem 277 celebrates the coming of the New Year and the gift of a sword. These events point to the semantic and syntactic values of speech as a kind of rebirth. Poem 278 deals briefly with a letter Ibn 'Amid sent to Abu Tayyib concerning poem 275. Ibn 'Amid is the only one of the poet's major patrons who was a successful literary man and this interest in higher things is part of the ascent theme for the fourth fifth. Poem 279 bids farewell to the patron but asserts that the bond between them is not broken since both he and the new patron dwell in the land of vision. The liquid-dentals of the lam rhyme dominant in the Saifiyat are gone.

The last part of the diwan has poems dedicated to 'Adud al Daula, a lord of south Persia in his capital at Shiraz. His name means the Forearm of State and as such he implies the development of adult grammar and metaphorical meaning which are first possible with written words. Poems 280 and 281 take a backward look at the poet's life with the bedouin of Syria and memories of the garden of Eden at Shiraz. Poem 282 is a short poem about the scattering of rose petals which images the break-up of the babbling stream into the sounds of articulate speech. Poems 283 and 284 tell of the victory of the patron's father over a Kurdish rebel and the death of the patron's aunt, once more the female reading public. They are thus concerned with the syntactic and semantic elements in speech. Poem 285 returns to the subject of the Kurdish rebel but elevates the patron above his father for his role in this affair. Poem 286 and 287 tell of a great hunt staged by the patron and of the poet's departure. The two patrons: Rukn and 'Adud represent that kind of movement which is involved in the hunt which has a fine metaphorical view of the shift from four footed to two footed locomotion. The farewell poem as a last poem shows the poet uniting inner and outer structure in a mature way.

This schematic overview of the diwan will be further explained in the headnotes to each poem. They emphasize the five important developments in the child's communication habits beginning with the establishment of the babbling stream, the articulation of that stream into the sounds of speech, the development of syntactic and semantic values for these sounds, the construction of visual signs for the spoken words, and finally the establishment of adult grammar and metaphorical meaning. These five visual-auditory achievments are based on the five tactile positions of lying, sitting, crawling, standing and walking previously noted. However the superlative expression of the communication habits in the passages from the Gospels and the Quran which formed the chief models for Abu Tayyib's diwan were not the only resources on which he could draw.

Among these other resources hinted at in the diwan are the traditions of ancient Greek philosophy and literature beginning with Homer and Plato. Aristotle, Hippocrates, Galen and Ptolemy are mentioned in the poems and one of the greatest students of Greek thought, al Farabi, spent the last two years of his life in Aleppo when our poet enjoyed the first two years of his stay there. Then too the diwan shows a considerable knowledge of the Old Testament and the names of many of its heroes are to be found in the poems as names of the patrons. These names often refer to ideas and stories as well as to particular people. Sources of Biblical stories in the Gilgamesh, the Babylonian Creation story, and Egyptian legends are also echoed in the diwan. Finally Abu Tayyib may have had some general knowledge of the ancient literatures of Persia, India and China though it is unlikely that it was as specific as his knowledge of literatures closer to home. He was, however, a great reader and there was enough contact between the Middle East and the Far East for him to know that literary traditions other than his own were in existence and that his poems had serious rivals in the competition for survival.

For competition between literary works and traditions is a serious problem for both readers and writers. The number of literary works produced throughout the world in each generation is so great that those readers who wish to use these works as a means of gaining access to the past and to the future must make choices. This concern for the reader's immortality is one of the prime motives for the preservation works and discarding of others. While each reader has many private reasons for preserving an interest in the work he reads, the one thing that he has in common with all other readers is an interest in the communication habits which make it possible for him to read and write, speak and listen.

Once a literary tradition has become established it is to the advantage of readers not to allow it to deteriorate. On the one hand they cannot preserve too many works from the past since the time avail-



able to the reading public is limited and with each new generation new works become candidates for inclusion in the tradition. On the other hand readers cannot afford to discard too many works from the past since that would mean the destruction of the past which serves to validate habits on which communcation is based. It is also important that the continuity of the tradition from the oldest works down to the present be preserved.

The works that have been chosen by the largest part of the reading public in the Middle East and Europe, as has already been noted, are the Greek Gospels and the Quran. In the future outlines of what might be called a world literature it seems possible the Chinese Book of Songs and the Vedas of India will be included. For readers who are interested in more recent works it is probable that al Mutanabbi along with Dante and Shakespeare may well grow in importance. The poems of each of them are sustained by large and vigorous reading publics who will not tolerate the exclusion of works which have demonstrated their staying power as these have.

The length and continuity of such a tradition, however, has another important consequence for world literature. In addition to what might be called the immortality of individual readers and what that means to them, there is the value of the literary tradition to the scientific community. Scientists use words to describe the external world just as poets use them to describe the communication habits which exist in the inner world. It is not easy for these two groups of readers to understand each other's words and hence a rivalry has arisen between them which stimulates both parties to further efforts. This is to some extent what happened when Copernicus and Galileo developed their theories of a heliocentric universe as opposed to a geocentric one which they believed was set forth in the Bible. In a similar way Darwin and others developed their theories of the origin of species under pressure of what they thought was an Old Testament fact of special creation.

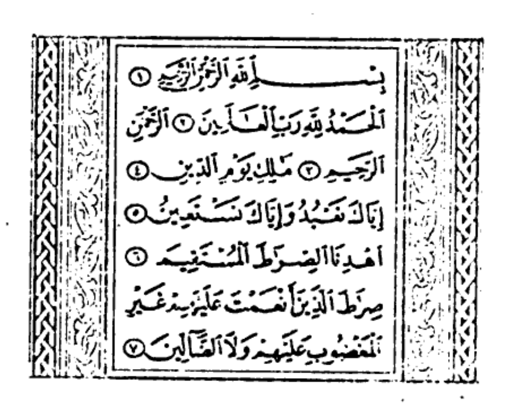
The role which al Mutanabbi's diwan has in the tradition of world literature is therefore important from the point of view of individual readers and for the larger society of which the reader is a part. The diwan does not make use of ideas about the heliocentric universe in the same way that Dante's Comedy did nor does it fly in the face of evolutionary facts to the same extent that some have thought Genesis does. But our poet is a prophet in the sense that the root nba implies: that is, to be high, to pass from one land to another, to growl like a dog. These meanings of the word mutanabbi are thus able to stir up trouble. Some of his readers have shown that he is still capable of raising controversies that may have fruitful results for science. It is not within the scope of this introduction to look into these controversies but the list of references at the end of the translation will give interested readers some idea of them.

Of the various Arabic texts which are currently available I have chosento translate from the text of Abu al Hasan 'Ali ibn Ahmad al Wahidi who was born in Nishapur in Khurasan and died in 1075. He utilized the work of several earlier commentators among the forty or more which were available in the century following the poet's death. He was a pupil of al Mutanabbi's secretary and studied the diwan with him. His edition was published by the German scholar Dieterici in 1861. This edition follows a roughly chronological order which presumably had the poet's own authority to support it. Two other editions which use a slightly different chronological order are those of the 19th century Lebanese scholar al Yaziji and the 20th century Egyptian scholar al 'Azzam. Two editions which arranged the poems in alphabetical order according to rhyme are also available. One is by Bagdad scholar al 'Ukbari who lived in the 12th century and the other is by the 20th century Egyptian scholar al Barquqi. All of these editions have line by line commentaries. Part of an alphabetical edition by al Mutanabbi's close friend Ibn Jinni who was an original thinker has also appeared.

In making the translation I have tried as much as possible to follow the text word for word, half-line for half-line, and couplet for couplet. I have not tried to follow the various rhythms which al Mutanabbi uses. There are a possible sixteen of these in Arabic but al Mutanabbi tends to favor certain ones over others. Nor have I tried to use the monorhyme which extends through each second half line of each poem. It is called qafa meaning to follow a track or strike on the back of the neck. Here again our poet doesn't use all of the numerous possibilities equally. He tends to favor rhymes in l and m. It has also not been possible for me to imitate the various embellishments which depend on sound similarities between words within a couplet. In a few instances I have noted where these occur in the headnote to a poem if they seemed of importance to the overall pattern of a poem. The headnotes are not translated word for word from al Wahidi's text. But my notes do give most of the information that Wahidi has. In my earlier seven volume translation which included the Arabic text of the poems on facing pages I attempted to give a fuller commentary on the poems than I do here. However the present commentary was by no means a selection from the earlier one. Among other additions new statistical studies of the rhythms of the poems support the overall pattern of the diwan. An analysis of the rhymes has also been of value.



Πάτερ ἡμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς·
Ἁγιασθήτω τὸ ὄνομά σου,
ἐλθάτω ἡ βασιλεία σου,
γενηθήτω τὸ θέλημά σου,
ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς·
Τὸν ἄρτον ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον
δὸς ἡμῖν σήμερον·
καὶ ἄφες ἡμῖν τὰ ὀφειλήματα ἡμῶν,
ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀφήκαμεν τοῖς ὀφειλέταις ἡμῶν·
καὶ μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμόν,
ἀλλὰ ῥῦσαι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ.



1

أبلى الهَوَى أسَفاً يَوْمَ النَوَى بَدَنِي　　وَفَرَّقَ الهَجْرُ بَيْنَ الجَفْنِ وَالوَسَنِ

رُوحٌ تَرَدَّدَ في مثلِ الخِلالِ إذا　　أطَارَتِ الرِّيحُ عنهُ الثَّوْبَ لم يَبِنِ

كَفَى بِجِسْمِي نُحُولاً أنّني رَجُلٌ　　لَوْلاَ مُخاطَبَتي إيّاكَ لمْ تَرَنِي

1

A miniature of the basic three part communication pattern which appears in most of the poems of the diwan. The first couplet shows the lover's body starved by the loss of the nurse beloved who is, nevertheless, the goal of vision. The middle couplet shifts from tactile experience to auditory communication habits as the winds, the breath of speech, stir the garment of thought. The last couplet turns to visual communication as we see the words on the page which result from speech.

Love wasted my body sadly on parting dav
   Abandonment scared sleep from my eyelids
The wind came and went on this toothpick
   As breezes blew clothes from it, yet not seen
Enough emaciation in my body, I am a man
   Who but for my speech with you, you'd not see

2

A two part poem which supplies the missing second and fourth fifths to make the preceding poem into a five part pattern. In the second fifth of the pattern the babbling stream is cut up into the sounds of actual speech and so lost and found. In the fourth fifth of the pattern, second couplet, the sounds of speech acquire the written symbols which make truth possible. But that written truth is no longer a part of a living speaker.

My father! he was one I loved and we parted
   But Allah decided after that upon the reunion
Thus we were parted a year and when we met
   His salutation to me became the valedictory

3

A three part poem that emphasizes the idea that the diwan will describe communication habits that have their origin in childhood. 3:1-12 In the love prelude the lover has aged prematurely and hence has the white hair of an old man to suggest the idea that the infant forms patterns that are the model for a lifetime. 3:13-16 In the middle part the journey theme is expressed by making the poet's two feet do the work of the four footed camel. Thus the child's crawling phase is also thought of in terms of adult experience. 3:17-42 In the last third the praise of the patron is directed to Ibn 'Ubaid Allah, the son of the little servant of Allah, that is, the poet and reader's childhood self from which their communication habits are derived. He is also called Luayy ibn Galib, trifle the son of victory, and Muhammad, the praised, a descendant of the prophet's tribe of Quraish, the cut. He represents the child's shift from four footed locomotion in the middle of the pattern to two footed locomotion at the end of the pattern where the hands are taught to write for readers. For the patron bears the scar of this radical realigning of the musculature when the number of feet is cut to produce hands. He is, however, an elder of Ma'add, the numerous, in his youth.

Folk for a camp whose virgin held you
   Its maidens farthest of those who went
You remained bent over your liver
   As it burned, her hand on its thin cover
O drivers of her camel I say to myself
   I shall be found dead before I lose her
Stop a little with her even if I am
   Not nourished by the least bit of a look
In a lover's heart is a fire of love
   Hell's hottest fire is cooler than that
His locks' parting, grayed in flight
   Their black became like raw white silk
They went with a fine woman whose flanks
   Almost if she rose seemed to make her sit
A tall woman whose lips were dark red
   A soft woman who is whitest when disrobed
O you who blame lovers, let these folk be
   Allah lured them, how can you guide them?
Reproof has no effect on such passions
   The closer you are to them the farther
Evil nights when I was awake with grief
   Longing to be him who spent them sleeping
I lived through them, tears helped me
   Their channels and darkness aided them
My camel takes on no extra rider nor 13
   Do I urge her by a whip on racing days
A shoestrap her saddle, sandal tongue
   Her bridle, the shoestring her lead rope
The wind's hardest blow is outdistanced
   Beneath me, in her step she sways slowly
Over a seeming shield-back joined to
   The hollow of a like shield making hills
Flinging us onward to Ibn 'Ubaid Allah 17
   With the valleys and high rough places

To a young man who brings back lances
   As he gives them their drink in hearts
He has gifts for me making a precedent
   I count some but I cannot make a census
He gives and his delay doesn't spoil it
   For them nor is his favor ruffled by them
Best of Quraish as fathers, most glorious
   Greatest of them in giving, most generous
Most piercing with spear and best slasher
   With the sword, their chief who leads them
Most chivalrous as he rides, longest armed
   If he shakes hands, their raider, their Cid
He is the crown of Luayy ibn Galib, in him
   The branches spread for them and the roots
Their morning sun and their nightly moon
   The pearl of their necklace and their topaz
O would I suffered such a scar for them
   As was given to him who is their Muhammad
He left a trace with it but on iron and
   The Indian steel did not impress his face
It was happy when it saw it was adorned
   With such as him and that wounds envied it
Men became sure that he who planted this
   By craft, in his heart would reap from it
The jealous come to light but his fear
   Brings down their souls as he set them up
The scabbards weep over the sword blades
   When he warns them he is unsheathing them
It's their experience they'll be bloody
   And that he will sheathe them in the necks
He sets them free, and the enemy in fear
   Condemns them but the faithful praise them
A fire is flashed from their concussion
   Gushing blood from necks extinguishes it
If a warrior must lose heart's blood
   One day their edges will seek it out
These people have agreed with me that you
   O son of the prophet, are unique for them
You, when you were just coming of age,
   Were an elder of Ma'add yet of their youth
How many, how many are the splendid graces
   You nurtured after they were born from you
How many, how many the splendid graces
   Their vows were nearer to me than myself
Many a fine coat comes on goodness' feet
   Arriving at my residence again and again
He delights my skin by them for my sake
   I am not able to disown them until death
Come back with them so I never lack them
   The best of fine gifts is their returning

4

A two part poem which again supplies the second and fourth fifths to make a five part pattern of the preceding three part poem. The undoing of the braids represents the unraveling of the babbling stream into the sounds of speech in the second fifth of the pattern. Making the lance-pen drink of the bearded warrior-writers has the ascent theme of the fourth fifth as the young poet overcomes his predecessors who wounded the patron of poem 3. The root for the word hair is also the root for the word poetry and for feeling.

Locks are not fine until seen with
   Both braids undone on a day of battle
On a youth grasping a lance and giving
   It double drink from all the bearded ones

5

A three part poem which makes the rat a symbol for the idea that poetry deals with the universal, not with unique experiences in the artist's external world as history does. The root for rat (jrdh) is similar to the root meaning to strip (jrd) and so to generalize. The tail of the rat is the pen, the rudder for writers, which displays knowledge in a plot. The hairy rat is also the bearded one of poem 4. 5:1 The scavenger rat, like the needy infant, meets with disaster in the tactile part of poem. 5:2 The auditory communication habits appear in the chase to suggest the kinetic element in speech. 5:3-4 The answer to the question who took the spoil and bit the rat's tail will show that the inherited ability to make abstractions and think visually is 'Amir. His name means cultivated and a serpent and hence the stripped down pen which gives a view of the communication habits. But Kinany means a cover or quiver for arrows and hence is the reader and paper. It is the place where concrete evidence can be displayed for the scientist who wants to test it. But the poet's humor will find other expressions in succeeding poems.



The raiding rat has come to light
   Death has plunged him down to ruin
Kinany and 'Amir aimed at him
   Pursued him in a way that Arabs do
Both men were near to the kill
   Which of you looted the good spoil?
Which of you was closest behind
   He has the tooth marks on his tail!

6

A poem on the equation of fluent speech and writing to fluent excretion. The root dhhb means to go away, to excrete, to be golden. This is the first hint of the importance of the urinary flow. Hair, as noted in poems 4 and 5, leads to this conclusion. 6:1 The man, reader or poet, was an orphan in search of a name. He is like the infant seeking its nurse. 6:2 In the second line a double use of one Arabic word and a triple use of another, added to the proper name of the person addressed, suggest the auditory communication habits. 6:3 In the last line the quadruple use of still another word has a visual hint. This is implied in the word dumped to suggest the imposition of one layer on another.

When you were named you were fatherless
   You asked about it but attained no breeding
You were al Dhahabi on the day of naming
   Derived from lost wits, not from golden one
You surnamed it O you were not named by it
   O nickname dumped on top of such a surname!

7

The first fully five part poem. It is a response to a school assignment to reveal fundamental principles. The root for the word principle is dhhb as used in the preceding poem. The poem therefore is another exploration of the power of the urinary stream represented by the father Abu Fadl. 7:1-4 The abandoned lover laments his loss with a cloudy breast, emaciation, a throbbing heart, and bitterness on the mountain side. 7:5-8 The prone position gives way to the seated position which breaks up the babbling stream by tricks to counteract gravity. But it has an enrichment due to the sandhill buttocks, and the constrasts which select the sounds of the spoken word. 7:9-12 The five part pattern has a fuller view of communication than the three part one and so the patron is called Abu Fadl, father of excellence or fullness. As part of auditory communication he makes poets speak and quiets them. 7:13-17 The fourth fifth gives the ascent theme as the patron is said to be made pure as a gem by the highest of the high, Allah, who creates by means of his word. Abu Fadl, as reader and poet, is the image of that word. 7:17-20 The visual communication habits make him realize that he may be led into error by confusing body and soul. But the power of the written word is real even though mankind thinks it folly and religion thinks it is not Muslim.

O cease, anxiety shows me your blame
   Painfully arising in the starless breast
And a ghost of a body, love has not left
   It flesh or blood since illness wastes it
A throbbing heart, if you saw its flame
   You'd suspect it, O my heaven, to be hell
Thus clouds on love's mountainside flash
   Leaving the sweetness of each love bitter
O trickster way, but for you languor — 5
   Would not gnaw my body or crush my bones
If consolation enriches her then indeed
   I am impoverished due to my liver and her
Sapling growing on a double sand hill
   A sun of day that bears the dark night
Contrasts unite no seeming likenesses
   But to make me the plunder of affliction
Like traits of our unique Abu Fadl that — 9
   Win as he inspires and quiets his poets
He gives to you quickly, if you press him
   He gives with excuses like one who sinned
He looks at pride so it seems to be low
   He sees humility as if it were greatness
He keeps a good deed from delay as if
   He thought a request for a gift improper
O king made as pure as a gem by Him — 13
   Who has the kingdom, highest of the high
A light is seen in you that is divine
   You almost know a wisdom not to be known
Its purpose as you speak eloquently is
   Making an utterance in your every limb
I have vision yet I feel I am asleep
   But who dreams of Allah as I am dreaming?
The eyes enlarge in me till it's clear — 17
   To these eyes that they are led to error
O he, by gifts given from his wealth, is
   Revenge that returns as mercy to orphans



So mankind says: This is not wise
 The treasury says: This is not Muslim
Memory of such as you is my neglect
 For you need no reminder of what I want

8

A second five part poem which emphasizes the importance of conflict for both reader and writer in the development of their communication habits. The resulting flood of words like that in Jesus' parable of the Wicked Husbandmen has creative power. 8:1 The prone position of the infant is criticized for its passivity. 8:2 The seated position which develops the sounds of speech out of the babbling stream is hinted at in the keen sword that breaks the stream. 8:3 Auditory communication is implied in the resurrection of life from the bloody soil and the ant tracks (made by the tempering) of the crawling infant on the bloody blade. Thus the child rises on all fours after sitting up. 8:4 The standing position is in the boast that none is above the poet or his reader as he approaches vision. 8:5 But the ability to read and write requires the back side of the Pegasus-Buraq horse of the poet-prophet as well as the spear-pen. That is the paper on which ink remains.

O friend of my stance, is that blade
 Freed of wounds and innocent of death?
I see in my temper its steel's edge
 Good to strike skulls if finely honed
Life's garment is freshly green to
 Show you red death in the ants' tracks
Cease comparing me with like and as
 For none is above me and none like me
Leave it to me with horse and spear
 I am one to meet men, so watch my work

9

A three part poem again expressing the theme of conflict and the struggle for excellence. Here too the reward is the babbling stream based on urination. It is honey in the mouth, rabb or fruit juice, not just blood. 9:1 The infant's dissatisfaction with the rules imposed by postnatal existence is expressed in the idea of pilgrimage. The goal of the pilgrim is the Ka'ba. The word Ka'ba suggests the swelling of a virgin's breast. 9:2 The idea of death as prelude to resurrection is implied in the fame of a generous death. 9:3 The glory leap alludes to the shift from four footed to two footed locomotion with its attendant dangers. But the sight of death is like honeycomb in the mouth.

How long will you go in pilgrim dress
 Until when in misery and how many years?
If you die not under swords generously
 Die and suffer basely without nobility
Jump, trusting Allah, in glory's leap
 Seeing death in battle with honey mouth

10

A three part poem that continues the theme of that bounty expected from the babbling stream implied in the name of the patron's city. 10:1-7 The love prelude again laments the parting between infant and nurse. The graying of the liver shows an attempt to turn stagnant blood into milk. It makes possible a tasted glimpse. 10:8-20 But the poet turns to the Amir Sa'id of the Kilab tribe for real help. He is from Manbij, a city of north Syria, whose name means a place where water oozes from the ground and so represents the fluency of the auditory communication habits. His tribe's name, Kilab, means dogs. This hint of the kinetic element in speech helps to explain some of the exaggerations such as saying that the patron reduces the Tamim to dust grains so small that a baby would not cough if they ran horsemen through its throat. 10:21-26 The visual communication habits describe the poet's journey through the wasteland to the patron. The desert scene allows him to put the reader in his clothes and observe the jinn, those who darken the mind, howling in the valleys.

I live, the easiest I suffer is what kills
 But parting oppresses my weakness unjustly
Longing dilates as distance grows greater
 Patience wears thin in my body as it wastes
But for the beloved's departure the fates
 Would not find in her the way to our souls
By your eye's magic, give me mortal ills
 One loves life but if you block it, then no!
If he has not aged yet his liver grew gray
 With age, and if solace lent color it faded
He sighs in love, if it weren't that odors
 Visited him on an east wind he'd not be sane
So see or think of me whom you know aflame
 One not tasting a glimpse of her as it flees
Maybe the Amir sees my shame and intercedes 8
 With her who left love and made me a proverb
I am sure Sa'id will seek revenge for me
 When I see him with his lance held at ready



I surely cannot count his father's favors
   Gifts like Zuhal beside my gift of limning
A lord whose seat is Manbij, whose gifts
   Afar seek those who do not plead for them
A moon at dusk shines on his forehead
   Death attacks in a battle if he attacks
His dust for Kilab was kohl to their eyes
   His sword against the Janab overcame blame
Ancestral virtue a cloud of rain in him
   A sweetness as if his character were honey
A hole torn in fame's heaven by glory
   If its idea rose it would never set there
He is the Amir who destroyed Tamim once
   And their defeat led them to their death
When they saw him and winning horses near
   And war continuing they yielded their camp
Earth was too narrow as they were routed
   When one saw nothing he thought it a man
After him to this day if they were to run
   Horses in a baby's throat it wouldn't cough!
You left those you opposed slaughtered
   Killed with fear those you did not meet
Many a far desert, where a guide's heart   21
   Is a lover's heart, rewards me after delay
I fixed my eyes on a star in the wasteland
   My face was free to the hot sun when it set
I trod its hard stones with a camel's hoofs
   Going by force to you over plains and peaks
If you were in my clothes on the saddle
   You would hear jinn howling in their hollows
I come with a soul most of which is dead
   Would I could live on that which is left
I hope for your bounty and I fear no delay
   O if he gave the world he would be miserly

11

Another poem on the idea of the divine origins of the writer and reader's ability to communicate. It is here that the comparison to the Messiah and the Quranic prophet Salih is made. Thus the hallowing of the name of Allah begins. 11:1-18 The love prelude expresses the despair of the infant for his nurse-beloved in terms of dying that must be followed by resurrection. Dar Athla, near the poet's birthplace of Kufa, means the house of origin. He mentions his own name as Ahmad, the most praised, and so the prophet Muhammad. He asks the beloved to pour wine for him which is blood like that of Jesus. In lines 15-17 the pronouns make the beloved masculine and thus take over the role of the father as in poem 2 and 7. After birth the realization that the infant cannot as yet communicate with the external world makes it feel it is living in a prison similar to that in which the Jews held Jesus. This is Dar Nakhla, house of the sieve, through which all information must be drawn. But communication will be constructed out of the fluent sounds of the urinary stream which, due to the external nature of the urethra in the male, is the father in heaven, Greek ouranos. 11:19-23 The kinetic element in speech appears in the journey portion of the poem. The poet wears the chainmail devised by David who the Quran says invented it along with close-knit speech in the Psalms. He is the ancestor of the Messiah and thus can guide the poet. 11:24-36 The poet rejects patrons who dress in Mervian silk (mrw means flint) since that is the dress of mere imitative apes. His identification is with the Quranic prophet Salih who is mentioned in the chapter on The Poets. The Thamud, water puddles, hamstrung his camel and Allah destroyed them. The camel that the Thamud mutilated allows the poet to acquire the strength of the script.

How many slain, as I was, are martyrs
   To the white throat and the red cheeks!
To eyes of a wild fawn, not like eyes
   That overcome some passionately enslaved
Youth's stream flowed as my skirt
   Dragged in Dar Athla--O return to me!
Your life in Allah! have you seen such
   Moons rising among veils and necklaces?
Shooting arrows feathered by eyelashes
   To hit, pierce the heart before the skin
They suck from my mouth some drops
   Which there are sweeter than the Unity
Each slim waisted one softer than wine
   Has a heart that is harder than a stone
Possessed of locks amber-drenched
   Mingled with rose water and incense
Black as a raven, full of darkness
   Very thick in waves but not frizzled
The wind carries musk from the braids
   She smiles with cool even-spaced teeth
She unites Ahmad's body with sickness
   And the eyelids with his sleeplessness

Here is my heart for you at my death
   Diminish its pain in me or increase it
I welcome emaciation I suffer as a hero
   Hunted by ringlets on a brow and a neck
All that pertains to blood is forbidden
   For drinking except the grape's daughter
So pour since I am ransom for your eyes
   Among gazelles, as my goods and heritage
My head's gray hair, shame, emaciation
   And tears are my witnesses to your love
What day did you make me happy by embrace
   And didn't scare me three days by denial?
My stay in Dar Nakhla is exactly similar
   To the stay of the Messiah among the Jews
My bed is the back of my stallion 19
   But yet my shirt is of the woven iron
Close-knit flowing like a bright stream
   With David's hand they worked its weave
Where is my profit if I accept time
   As life rushes onward in its harshness?
My breast is anxious, my stay in search
   Of food is long with little rest for me
Ever I traverse lands and my stars
   Are in decline, but my purpose aspires
Perhaps I can somehow fulfill my hopes 24
   By the kindness of the rare one praised
By a prince dressed in coarse cotton
   For Mervian silk is dress for the apes
Live strong or die if you are generous
   Amid thrusting lances as flags flutter
Heads of spears are best to melt wrath
   Best cure for boiling rage in a breast
Not as you live without any praise
   And you die, die without being missed!
Seek glory in fire, leave humiliation
   Even though it be in immortal paradise
A coward weakling is done to death
   He faints at a bit of a child's veil
But the bold youth is guarded and has
   Penetrated the liquor of a brave breast
I glory not in my folk, they do so in
   Me, I boast of myself not of my ancestors
They were the pride of all who used dad
   Asylum for culprits and aid for refugees
If I am amazing yet a wonder of wonders
   Is that one finds none higher than that
I am twin of reward, master of rhyme
   Poison to the foe and the rage of envy
I am among these folk, Allah pity them,
   A stranger like Salih among the Thamud

12

This poem continues the theme of the Messiah's bounty to writer and reader as communicators. 12:1-2 His generosity is said to be superior to that of Hatim al Tai. The root htm can mean to finish a meal, a judge and a crow that signals parting. These details suggest the infant's tactile habits. 12:3-4 These lines suggest auditory communication habits in the poet's referring to himself as Abu Qasim, that is, the prophet Muhammad one of whose sons was named Qasim--the one who shares. The prophet's voice (it is said Muhammad could not write) is further emphasized in the failure to repeat any of the roots in the line. This repetition occurs in every other line except this one. 12:5-6 The visual third of the poem describes the gift, yad, that is, a handful, of a candied fish. But the giver does not see the gift as important since for him it is a symbol of the infant swimming in its prenatal pool. For the embryo there is no problem concerning food. It is the anointed one, the Messiah, who like the written word is self-sufficient.

Many expectations have kept men busy
   While you were busy with noble actions
They idealized Hatim but if they knew
   You'd be the point of bounty's proverb
Welcome, greeting to what you sent 3
   Enough for Abu Qasim and the messengers
A gift whose giver I did not see
   Unless I saw mankind as a single man
The least of the platter is the fish 5
   That is swimming in the pool of honey
How do I repay the best of presents
   To one who sees it as no gift for me?

13

A five part poem addressed to the same patron as the preceding poem and on the same theme. 13:1 The gift is considered more than the infant's acceptance of limitation can cope with. This is a typical defense against hunger which avoids the danger of becoming too dependent on the external world. 13:2 The babbling stream in the seated position is now converted into articulate sounds and hence the vessel is filled though empty. 13:3 The double praise of the full and empty vessel suggests the dual elements of speech in full semantics and empty syntax. 13:4 The ascent to the upper world is shown in the word which means to be noble and to rise to a high point, or to overlook. 13:5 The visual communication habits appear in the patron's representing the spring which resurrects the visual beauty of the flowers as the writer's pen resurrects the written word.

Stop, you cannot increase love for me
That attains the goal and exceeds limit
You sent it overflowing with bounty
And I returned it filled with thanks
It came to you brimful though empty
Double praise but you thought it single
Your character denied what it ennobled
Does it not long for and recall a bond?
If you were a season to produce flowers
You would be spring and they the roses

14

A three part poem emphasizing the theme of the previous poem that there are limits to the stimuli the infant can accept shortly after birth. The world then seems an inhospitable prison. 15:1-2 The tactile communication habits are suggested by the weary travelers compared to wine drinkers. They have settled in a mosque, a place of kneeling, to escape a dust and sand storm. It is a very different place from the pool of honey of prenatal experience. 15:3 The kinetic element in speech leads the poet to urge his two friends to move on while it is still light. 15:4 Wisdom, visual communication, is found in the realization that the winds of the spirit are better food than the hospitality of Siwar whose house near the mosque has offered no aid to the travelers. Siwar can mean a woman's bracelet and so the walls of the birth canal at time of birth. The mosque too could give shelter to the Messiah but those who live near it would not understand him.

A remnant of folk yielded to death
Exhausted by travel like wine drinkers
We pause in a mosque by winds' decree
Upon us, with it a cloak of sand and dust
My two friends, this place is not for us
So saddle up and be off while it is light
Do not ignore blowing winds for they are
Rest to guests staying a night with Siwar

15

This poem also deals with the themes of the hostile world that confronts the infant at birth. 15:1-6 The love prelude emphasizes the idea that the eyes are inadequate to see the beloved just as the infant's vision lacks adult power. The other symptoms of love were also once unknown but after tasting them they seem the only cause of death. This is the contrast between prenatal bliss and postnatal tactile struggle. 15:7-15 The journey part of the poem expresses the kinetic element in speech in the passage of time as the enemy of human achievment. The beloved is only one of many who have parted from the world. The Persian kings named Kisra whose stored treasure and vast armies were scattered no longer hear the spoken word. 15:16-25 The visual communication habits appear in the last third of the poem in the patron's name. Aus means wolf and thus recalls the Amir of the Kilab dogs in poem 10. His people are called suns and their clouds of bounty should make the rocks grow leaves. The Messiah's miracles have won again over the prison house shades.

Waking on waking, such as I must wake
Grief increases and tears begin to flow
Passion's hardship is to be as I seem
A sleepless eye and a palpitating heart
Lightning does not flash nor a bird sing
Without my turning away and my heart torn
I feel a fire of love inextinguishable
A gada wood fire is weak in its burning
I blamed folk of love until I tasted it
Then I wondered how one died who loved not
I excused them and I knew my sin when I
Reproached them, for I met what they met
O sons of our father, we are camp folk 7
Always the raven of parting croaks there
We weep for a world, but none go that
The world collects and does not scatter
Where are the mighty Kisras who stored
The treasure that did not stay nor they?
For each plains were too small for armies
Until he died and a narrow tomb held him

Silent when called as if they knew not
That words for them were permitted and free
Death comes even to most precious souls
One beguiled by his wealth is most absurd
A man hopes, and living is longing
And age is burdened and youth is headlong
I wept for youth when locks over my ear
Were black and sweat on my face had color
Worrying about it before its parting day
Till I almost choked with my eyelids' tears
As for Aus ibn Ma'an ibn Rida's people 16
I honor one whose camel turns toward him
I extol their house's power when suns
Come out of it, yet there is no dawn there
I wonder at earth as their clouds pour
From above and its rocks grow no leaves
Their perfume in praise of good spreads
In all of the places where it is inhaled
Musky in exhalation except that it was
Foreign to others and clung not to them
O you who seek Muhammad's like in our age
Trouble us not with an unattainable search
The Merciful created none like Muhammad
And it is my suspicion He will not do so
O you who give so much and through whom
I by taking it am able to give it as alms
Rain down on me your rich bounty-cloud
Glance at me in mercy so I do not drown
A meddler's son lies saying ignorantly
Bounty is dead when you live to provide

16

This poem again deals with the contrast between prenatal and postnatal experience. 16:1-10 The love prelude describes the torments of the lover as his beloved departs. The loaded camels are like mountain breasts that are about to split under the pressure of suckling. Like the bad nurse beloved she scarcely takes time to sit before she goes and leaves only the smell of the waste products that substitute for her. Her breast seems like a cold snake whose poison he has been drinking. 16:11-17 The auditory communication habits appear in the praise of Ibn Ahmad mentioned in poem 11 as the poet himself. He has given richly to the Tai Jadila (the fold of argument) and is the executor of Allah. The wombs of poetry and wealth are linked to him like the Virgin Mary (mare, Greek for hand) gives birth to the Logos. From hence come a myriad of ideas that speech produces as the fluency of spoken words. They are the 'uios, the son or flowing one. 16:18-31 The visual communication habits appear in the praise of the patron's pen whose bare tip is stronger when cut as front feet are when changed to hands. Its tongue can pour a sea of dark ink on white paper and is stronger than the sword too. The poet limps like a hamstrung camel whose feet have become hands, yad. But the patron's robes are wider than the earth and men and jinn are lost in them.

A bit of soul took leave the day they went
I know not which voyager's pall I escorted
They wave goodbye, we lavish with sighs
Pouring from eyes but they are called tears
My guts are on coals blazing with passion
But my eyes are grazing meadows of beauty
If mountain tops were loaded as we were
The morning we parted they'd quickly split
By my heart, it was she whose spirit came
To me in darkness while the carefree slept
She visited, as scent touching her dress
And like musk on her sleeve it spread afar
She hardly sat, then turned taking steps
Like a weaning nurse before the suckling
My wonder at her scared what came with her
From sleep, and the distressed heart burned
O that night, how long it was as I took it
Poison of the snake was sweet when I drank
Submit to her, be meek whether near or far
He is no lover who is not abased and lowly
Nor any glory-garment but Ibn Ahmad's robe 11
On anyone unless it is patched with meanness
He is one who gave richly to Tai's Jadila
By him Allah gives as he wishes and refuses
This is nobility, no day passes that a sun
Rises on a head richer in honesty than his
The wombs of poetry are attached to him
And the wombs of wealth continue to divide
A man with many-sided ideas for his age
The least bit of any is mind for all others
Our cloud, and rain that does not wash off
Nor is false lightning in him as it flashes

If a needy one turns to him then he himself
Intercedes as mediator with himself for him
War flames die out if his fingers stir not 18
A brown reed bare of bark is all too smooth
Slender ends in the middle of its head go
Barefoot, and the run is fortified when cut
Its tongue pours darkness on the light
What is unheard is grasped by all who speak
Sword's edge is avoidable, in the stroke
More rebel to its lord, a pen is more loyal
So eloquent if it talks it has each
As the root of beauty that ramifies itself
If a cloud touches it with generous hand
Its place won't be lacking in east or west
Not like sea water where whales and frogs
Can plumb the depths to where water ceases
Is a sea to hinder the need, have a bitter
Taste, like a sea that bars none but aids?
Finest thought puzzles at his far deeps
And drowns in the wave of his eloquence
Hail to you O chief who stays in Manbij
Whose aspiration is set above the Two Fish
No wonder your description is a miracle
And that my thought limps to your height
You are in robes and your heart in you
And yet it is wider than the court of earth
Your heart in a world, if it entered it
With us and jinn, they would find no return
Is not all generosity but yours now vain
And every praise except yours misplaced?

17

A three part poem that continues the theme of the pen that gives access to that prenatal perfection which is denied by the external world. 17:1-2 Quda'a was the name of a South Arabian tribe. Poets like to think of their ancestors coming from Yaman because of its meaning, right, which is associated with the right side of the brain and its spatial, visual, orientation. Quda'a can mean to cut and to have a pain in the stomach. This pain is first recorded in the right brain. The Khindif were a clan of Quda'a. 17:3-7 The trimmed, well cut, pen appears as the active tongue in these lines. 17:8-9 The last two lines return to the more static attitude of vision as the sword-pen sees into the dark heart and executes the judgment of the tongue.

Quda'a knows that I am the young man
Whom they saved for time's calamities
My renown points to the Banu Khindif
As everything noble comes from Yaman
I'm desert's son and caravan's son 3
Son of saddle and son of mountain peak
A long sword hanger, a high tent pole
Long the lance shaft, high this point
Iron the grips and iron the glances
Iron the saber and iron this shield
My sword precedes mankind's deaths
Ahead of them as if they were racing
Its blade sees into heart's darkness 8
If I am in dust clouds I am not seen
I'll fix it as a judgment on souls
Tongue is agent for it, it will win

18

This poem shows the infant's aggression and arrogance as a response to a lost prenatal utopia. It again leads the poet to protest the harsh reality of postnatal life. 18:1-6 The lover at the deserted camp assumes the role of the prophet Elijah who vindicates Yahweh against the prophets of Baal by bringing to an end the drought he created. The root for rain, wdq, can mean a sword, a flabby belly, a mare's lust. The root for clouds, khyl, can mean imagination. The attacks on the lover from slanderers employ feces as the child's chief form of expressing aggression. The attackers are as ignorant as an infant in tactile self-centeredness. 18:7-10 The journey shows the kinetic element in speech which takes the poet to the patron who is himself. They travel in the night when speech can be heard but vision and touch are at a disadvantage. Their motion has the fluency of the spoken word in it and the sounds of injustice in the cities are in the poet's ears. 18:11-14 The visual communication habits appear as the values of life and death become equal in the face of glory, honor and justice which take the place of the emaciation that resulted from the abandoment by the bad nurse. This kind of wisdom must take the long view which only the written word provides.

Stay you two. See my rain as clouds rise
And do not fear the opposite when I speak
A vile man hit me with filth of his butt
Another had cotton as stones in his hands



Ignorant of me he was blind to ignorance
   Witless of my knowing that he was foolish
He knew not that as earth's king I'm poor
   Or if on the Simaks' back I'll still walk
My desire makes contemptible every object
   And the distant goal is limited in my eyes
I'm the mountain whose heights have no end
   Until calamities appear to me as injustice
I'm shaken by need that stirs my breast 7
   Like strong camels all of which are brisk
When night veils us their hoofs show us
   In sparks from stones what flame never has
On the fast camel's back I am on a wave
   Driving me on seas which have no shores
It seems to me cities are in my ears
   And I am for them what those gossips say
He who wants what I want of glory and rank 11
   Finds life and death of equal value to him
O there's no goal except it be your lives
   And no means between us except these swords
What they drink of man's soul is spirit
   They don't turn from a miser if he denies
Loss in my life is thinness in my honor
   And not the emaciation that no food makes

19

This poem continues the theme of the difference between prenatal perfection and postnatal disappointment with the external world as the infant is forming its communication habits. 19:1-8 As in poem 3 the lover laments the fact that his hair has turned white from grief. The white hair is his nurse and his passing through puberty to a second maturity. He sighs for his departed beloved. The water of life which he tastes on her lips would resurrect dead men. 19:9-11 In fact, the journey portion of the poem resurrects the fawn beloved as the she-camel whom he addresses in intimate fashion. She has beengrumbling as camels do and has discovered the anxiety and pain of a long trip which has stolen the robe of beauty in her fine hair. It is a double dress of fat and fur which deteriorates like the child's relation to the parents as it builds the semantic and syntactic elements in the spoken word. 19:12-31 But the normal aggression generated by the child's crawling on all fours has beenrestricted in the short journey passage in order to motivate the revolutionary fervor of the relatively long passage devoted to the visual communication habits. Just as the revolutionary parable of Jesus about the Wicked Husbandmen who kill the lord's son produced the metamorphosis into the stone that becomes the head of the corner, so now the poet says that his aspirations as a writer will bar the way to the fates who seem adverse. Now war will be more fixed than leg on foot, that is, the front leg that changes into a hand.

A guest without shame lights on my head
   The sword would do better for my braids
Be off! remove whiteness without splendor
   You are more black in my eye than the dark
With love my killer, white hair my nurse
   My love was childish, my gray was puberty
I pass no camp trace without inquiring
   Nor a veiled one without shedding my blood
She sighed for loyalty undivided
   On the parting day, and a flock not united
I kissed her so my tears mingled with hers
   And she kissed me in fear, mouth to mouth
I tasted the water of life from her lips
   If it fell on dust it would revive past men
She looked at me with tearful fawn eyes
   Touching the dew on roses with her fingers
Go slow with your unfair judgment on me 9
   For I am the ransom with all men as judge
You discovered what I found in anxiety
   But you did not hide what I hid in pain
Then a bit of it stole your robe of beauty
   And you wept as I in illness' double dress
There is no pretext for hope in my search 12
   Nor any content with poverty in my nature
I think time's daughters will not leave me
   Until my aspirations bar the way for them
Blame the nights who betray my good luck
   With poor estate; pardon, don't blame me
I see men but my conclusion is only sheep
   I see hints of bounty but my pay is words
Some lord of wealth poor in manliness
   Not rich by it as he is rich in nonentity
A blade has a friend in me like its edge
   My story as bravest of the brave shines

I was patient till patience was no more
   Now I rush ahead until rushing is no more
I'll leave the faces of horses mutilated
   While war is more fixed than a leg on foot
And thrusting burns as clamor shakes them
   Until it's as if they had a kind of mania
Long spears wound them, they are stern
   As if their bits were tinged by colocynth
With each fighting man always expecting
   That I lead him to the kingdom of slaves
Old men who see five prayers as unneeded
   And justify pilgrims' blood in sanctuary
If they are gored by him in a dust cloud
   A lion regiment flee him but he flees not
My flash makes towns forget sky lightning
   And suffices with flowing blood for rain
Drink from a pool of death my soul, leave
   Death's trough of fear to sheep and cattle
If I do not let you flow over spearpoints
   I'm not named son of mother glory or bounty
Shall one rule kingdoms with sword athirst
   Birds hungry--that flesh on a butcher table?
Who if he saw me as water would die thirsty
   Or if I appeared to him in sleep he'd waken?
A rendezvous of all thin blades is soon
   With Arab and foreign kings who disobey
If they reply my goal in this is not them
   If they turn I'll not feed these with them

20

A seven part poem with the middle five lines showing the pattern. It is addressed to Abu Sa'id, Father of Happiness. He represents an echo of that prenatal bliss which the belligerence of the revolutionist uses as a criterion to condemn the hostility of the external world. 20:1 The second half of the couplet represents the tactile communication habits and the infant's need to find the breast which it has lost. 20:2 The guardians represent the inhibition of the second fifth of the pattern. The second half of this couplet suggests the resurrection theme as the doorkeepers are set up to reject the petitioners. 20:3 The sword's edge suggests the pen which raises one above the common level. The second half of the couplet has the visual details of the brown lance, the pen with its ink, and the horse whose backside is the paper on which one writes. The last half line looks to the future just as the first half line looked to the past.

Abu Sa'id, put aside complaint
   Many an opinion misses the mark
For they multiply guardians and
   Set up doorkeepers to reject us
But the sword's cutting edge
   And the brown lance and the horse
      Will raise those veils between us

21

A three part poem addressed to Abu Sa'id as the father of joy who is lost as the infant gives up the prenatal state and tries to substitute the babbling stream as a precursor of speech. 21:1 The joy which was part of Abu Sa'id's presence remains between the ribs of the infant as it learns to breathe and make possible the sounds which are the basis for the fluency of speech. 21:2 The Sara river is a tributary of the Furat which flows through Bagdad. The two rivers represent the two streams of sound which constitute the semantics and syntax of the spoken word, The root sry means to cut, to save, to retain urine or sperm, a female that has not been milked, etc. The root frt means to be stupid after having been wise, to be sweet water. 21:3-4 These lines suggest the need for patience in the face of loss and thus contrast with the belligerence of the previous poems. They imply another value of visual power.

My love for you denies my slumber's joy
   You parted but it remained in my breast
O did not you find in Sara the salt
   That I poured into Furat with my tears?
I was wary of turmoil at your parting
   Until the pain overcame me at farewell
Patience rode in my saddle as it seemed
   I followed it with sighs as pallbearers

22

This poem balances the patient attitude toward loss with a more ambitious one, 22:1 The infant's fear of the towering adults is here negated as the tactile communication habits give him confidence. 22:2 Allah creates by his word which is constructed out of the infant's babbling stream. But the babble is itself uncreated since it is based on urinary flow which is natural to every infant. 22:3 Still these auditory communication habits are despised by the poet's ambition since he has some



inkling of the state of prenatal bliss which surpasses anything that speech can reveal. The poet is a sha'ar, one who feels and is four footed in his hairiness. A single hair, sha'arat, is not sufficient to frighten one who is able to control and part the locks which represent the written word as tangible, visible excretions of the mind.

What place can I advance to
   What great thing can I fear?
All that Allah has created
   And what he has not created
Is despised by my ambition
   As a hair in my locks' parting

23

In this couplet the first half represents the spatial, visual approach of the right brain while the second half represents the temporal, auditory approach of the left brain. The Eden of prenatal existence is thus balanced with the expulsion into a world where war alone seems to rule. The two halves represent the second and fourth fifths that make the previous poem into a five part pattern. The root for cut down or off implies the tail of the rat in poem 5.

If you don't know how to cut off passive poverty
   Then arise, seek something to cut down the active

24

Another poem addressed to Abu Sa'id who has blamed the poet for rude and self-centered behavior. 24:1 The poet defends himself by criticizing the father in turn. The word for amaze is muta'ajjubun, the root for complaining is mutawajja'un and echoes the poet's nickname: al Mutanabbi. 24:2 This echo suggests the auditory communication habits. 24:3 His preoccupation is excused as representing the kind of deep thought needed to put one's words into writing for the sake of a reading public.

I wonder at your criticism
   Am amazed at your amazement
Since I, when you met me,
   Was complaining of your absence
I wanted to return your greeting
   And my neglect of you was for you

25

Another poem addressed to Abu Sa'id and the prenatal perfection which he represents. This perfection is one source of artistic excellence as distinct from artistic productivity. 25:1 The first couplet shows the spatial, visual power of the poet's words in east and west to conquer the foes of prenatal perfection. 25:2 This couplet shows the more active role of the temporal, auditory left brain orientation as the poet abruptly takes leave of his patron. The Pegasus-Buraq horse of progress and productivity moves on. The poem may again be taken as completing a five part pattern for the previous poem.

Aid with your bounty words by which I make
   In east and west those who hate you abased
I waited for you till saddling time came
   And this farewell, so take it as you will

26

A five part poem written in prison when the poet was accused of sedition. 26:1-6 The love prelude mentions the guard who keeps the lover from his beloved who is also a captive in the prison. It represents the self-centeredness of the tactile communication habits. The beloved is masculine. This is appropriate to the male infant's use of the length of the penis. The beauty of the beloved points to the prenatal Eden which is dimly hinted at in the infant's babbling flow. 26:7-9 The second fifth shows the submission of the lover to his beloved. The second return is the articulate sounds that replace the babbling sounds. 26:10-20 The auditory communication habits are represented by the praise of the Amir of Hims where the poet was imprisoned for about two years. His name was Ishaq ibn Kaigalag and he was in the service of the Egyptian Ikhshid and opposed to the Caliph al Radi in Bagdad. By omitting his name the poet allows the reader to imagine that it is the rebel hero himself who is entering the city in triumph. As part of the journey theme he is shown returning to Hims. This suggests the resurrection theme. The name of the Amir's city, Hims, comes from a root which means chick peas. They were thought to be a laxative, diuretic, and productive of sperm. The fluency of the spoken word is thus implied. 26:21-29 The fourth fifth gives a picture of the Amir at war. He is one who splits bodies open so that their insides may be seen as outsides. His swords are the instrument of his truth as the pen is for the poet. The Banu 'Auf and Tha'lab, whom he defeated, have names that mean wolf and fox. The Amir's top dog position is part of the ascent theme as one learns to stand on two feet. 26:30-35 The visual communication habits appear as the poet returns to the second person form of address. He confesses that the Amir has been unjustly attacked. The patron is an ocean gem and he can mend the legs that are changing to hands.

Wary of a guard as his thoughts trick him
   He curbs tears but their gush falls heavy
Hidden love is revealed on parting day
   Tears' friend has secrets not to be hid



But for fawns of 'Ad I'd not feel for them
Nor for their herd, but for the young ones
For each black eye with his bright teeth
Wine mingled with musk intoxicates them
Very white his brow, dark his eyebrows
Red his veils, black his plaits of hair
He lends me his eye's languor, loads me
With desire's weight like his belt holds
O you who judge my soul and punish me 7
Who assist my heart in my destruction
At beauty's power's second return I am
Consoled, and his night talker sleeps long
After what my night and dawn was, it is
As if the first of the last day was its end
The Amir went, good vanished from a town 10
Its pulpits almost wept at his name's loss
Its quarters lamented life's desolation
And its tombs told of the grief of the dead
Till the time when his tent was set up here
His town folk and the bedouin shouted Allah!
It renewed joy and grief did not pursue him
Nor did affection in a heart stray from him
When Hims was empty of you--may it never be--
Its dawn did not water it with first showers
You entered as sun's rays were kindled
Light of your face among horsemen dazzled
If you attacked with iron cavalry bringing
Changes of fate, its reverses wouldn't occur
The procession moves on as eyes are lifted
From it to a king whose augury is fortunate
They dazzle at a face in his crown, a moon
In his armor, a lion whose claws are bloody
His tempers are sweet, his real cares proud
A number counted before benefits are counted
A world too narrow for his army, if as wide
As his bosom his troops could not camp there
If a man's thoughts enter upon the borders 21
Of his glory, his thoughts are drowned there
Swords rage with him against his enemies
As if they were his sons or were his tribe
When he unsheathes in war there's no body
Unless the inside becomes outward to an eye
They make sure the truth is in his hand
And they ensure that Allah is his helper
Leaving skulls to Banu 'Auf and Tha'lab
With helmets on heads without the bodies
With a sword he wades death's sea that is
Behind them when its tide is up to ankles
Until a horse gains the goal and his hoofs
Do not touch earth due to the stinking dead
How much blood his spears pour for him
And how much gore his swords lap up there
Many a death the long lance struck for him
When life fled from and eagles visited him
One saying you were not best of all men had 30
As excuse with men that he did not know you
Or doubting you were unique in their times
Without a peer, but with my soul I pledge it
O one in whom I take refuge for what I hope
As one in whom I seek safety from all I fear
And one in whose hand I imagined was a sea
Of generosity and whose gifts were its gems
Men do not mend a bone if you break it
Nor break again the bone you have healed
Pity a young man for whom grief's hand
Ruined his luck as his hope fades in prison

27

A three part poem also written from prison. The poet appeals to the power of vision to release him from the dark cave in which he languishes. The patron's name is Shuja'. Its basic meaning implies the bravery of a snake who like the imprisoned poet is forced to live underground. 27:1-10 The emphasis on the ills of the eyes caused by the beloved is in accord with the stimulus given by the heart and stomach on the left side of the body in the infant's prone position. These slow movements are recorded as spatial, visual memories in the right brain which does not have direct access to the external world. 27:11-20 The auditory communication habits appear in the praise of Shuja', the lion, Ibn Muhammad. This image suggests the prone infant's self-centeredness as well as the crawling child whose body is parallel to the earth. The aggressive movement points to the kinetic element in speech. He is said to be of the tribe of Tai (fold) and Qahtan ibn Hud. Qahtan as a

a verb means to scrape a pot and Hud comes from a verb meaning to turn or to whisper. The violence and productivity of the spoken word are also emphasized in this passage. 27:21-31 The importance of vision appears as the prisoner appeals to the patron's insight to realize his need for mercy. The patron's clan of Thu'ala is praised by his deeds. Thu'ala means to have one tooth too many, or to be like a fox. Thus the wisdom of the fox is seen in the tooth-pen. The clan of Wail, a word that means misery or lament, is mentioned to show that dangers still exist.

Rare is the cure for one with wide-eyed ills
A disease from which lovers before this died
Let him who will look at me, for sight of me
Is the warning to one who thinks love is easy
It is nothing but a glimpse after a glimpse
If it settles in his heart reason saddles up
Her love runs my blood's course in my limbs
In that is work for me apart from all work
She captured me decked with pretty coquetry
She put kohl on her eyes but had no collyrium
As if eye's glance in its violence to us
Were hostile guard or the foe breaking in
Illness has preserved no hair of my body
Nothing more, though it acts through that
If they blame me for her I reply sighing:
My little darling heart, my soul, O beauty!
As if your guard had prevented my hearing
Blame, so complaint could not enter there
As if waking at night loved my eyeballs
Our bond between them was in every parting
I love her whose comparison is a full moon 11
But I long for one whom likeness cannot hit
For the only one in the world, Ibn Muhammad
Shuja', for whom virtue is Allah's then his
For that sweet fruit of Tai's branches
When Qahtan ibn Hud is the root of them
For a chief, if Allah spoke to folk without
The prophet, the message would speak in him
For a grasper of souls and of lion heroes
Whose wars the horsemen and soldiers relate
For a wealthy lord, if his ideas scatter
A union gathers in dispersion to grandeur
A hero who when his sword leaves scabbard
And you see him you know not which is blade
I saw mother death's son, if his courage
Spread to men of earth the breed will cease
On a swimmer, death's wave at his throat
Early as if arrows on his breast were rain
How many heroes' eyes stare at his attack
Unblinking, if spears are not kohl for them
If one calls: Friend! he says: Mercy! 21
But man's pity out of place is stupidity
But for trusting himself with pity's burden
To earth the load would fall with its weight
The hopeful have been wide of every goal
Roads are narrow for them except to his door
Bounty calls sleepers to a night journey
Tells them: Arise! stinginess is destroyed
Gifts of his hand come before his vows
Nor does he break promises or make delays
Nearer than any limit is a past's return
Less than their number raindrops and sands
Days cannot punish one for whom the ways
Are the shoe on his foot in rough places
Intentions he aims at do not conquer him
If he weakened it would only be to his like
Enough praise for Thu'ala you are of them
For an age, that its people are your family
Wail have glory for themselves from you
Blessed are eyes not free of you an hour
No need for the poor to sniff your flashes
No dearth in lands if you are their shower

28

A five part poem which expands the pattern of the previous poem but uses the same patron Shuja', the serpent, to represent the infant's flat position as part of the prison experience. 28:1-6 The love prelude reproaches the beloved for abandoning the lover. She sheds his blood with her eyelashes as he despairs of seeing her. She is an unreliable male moon and he a setting female sun, as the Arabs personify the moon and sun. 28:7-10 The second fifth shows the beloved a prisoner of her tribe like the poet is a prisoner of the Amir of Hims. Syria is an unlucky place. But she can oppose the fates since the babbling stream is being made to produce the sounds of speech here. 28:11-18 In the



Truly the bounty and raids and spears are
   Allied to Tai whether defeating or rescuing
Take care, O Julhama, they go out to you
   Fringes of your eye are spears and swords
Greater than all the mountains of Tihama
   In heart, more generous than morning shower
It meets you as if girded red with blood
   The liver and neck make its gems disappear
Until one explains: This is their lord!
   And they are helpers and people most loyal
How can Adam be father of all mankind if
   Your father is Muhammad, you men and jinn?
Words wither unguarded by your description
   Will what fades be kept by the inexhaustible?

29

A three part poem on the experience of captivity and its result. 29:1 The prison which the infant experiences after leaving the prenatal state of being fully satisfied in its needs is due to its immobility. The chains that restrain the prisoner lead to wasting and emaciation. The Abu Dulaf who is addressed here is a name which means the father of one who goes slow because he is in chains and so misses the mark. 29:2 The auditory communication habits which develop as the child learns to crawl are represented by the poet's comparing himself to lions who must be content with carrion that represents the external world. 29:3-4 But the value of vision appears in the wisdom that makes the prison experience into a pearl whose liquid solidifies around a grain of sand to make the beauty of the written word. This builds the kingdom of heaven on earth.

I am used to long burial and wasting
   In the prison and the chains O Abu Dulaf
Not by choice do I take your care for me
   Hunger makes lions content with the carrion
Be whatever you will O prison for truly
   I become used to death with patient soul
If my stay with you were to decrease
   No pearl would grow in the oyster shell

30

This poem is the final one to deal directly with the prison experience and its consequences for the development of the communication habits. It emphasizes the infant's experience of the prenatal world as captivity where the distance senses of hearing and vision are not yet operative in the adult sense. 30:1-6 The love prelude blames the women who represent the many forms of the bad nurse and asks Allah to cut their cheeks into the leather strips which constitute the parchment for the writer of a sacred text: the Gospel as the lamb of God. 30:7-17 The auditory communication habits praise the Amir of Hims, his jailer, for his attack on Aleppo, a city whose name is derived from a root meaning milk, and his defeat of the caliph's lieutenant there, the Kharshani Badr ibn Isma'il. This excursion represents the kinetic element in speech as a substitute for the milk that the nurse does not fully provide. 30:18-28 The poet-prisoner acknowledges that his crime was one that was committed between his birth and the time he learned to sit, that is, in the prone position and first fifth of the communication pattern. His fellow prisoners are only baboons who copy actions without the insight needed for reason. They are qird, chimps, who need the qurd, ticks, taken out of their fur so they may become naked apes, blank paper to write on. In answering his plea the Amir should not listen to the arguments of the Jews who worshipped the golden calf instead of Yahweh. It was their throne mysticism based on Ezekiel and Isaiah that led them to pay more attention to the inner world than the outer one. Thus they invented the many vertical vowel signs that overwhelmed the few externally oriented consonantal vowels. If the Amir is not gracious the poet under these circumstances will be as the Thamud mentioned in poem 11.

O may Allah gouge the rosy cheeks
   And cut to shreds bodies of beauties
For they made my eyes flow with blood
   And punished my heart with long denial
How many youths are sick with love
   How many martyrs dead from separation!
O alas how bitter is parting
   Stoking its fires in the livers
Seducing the passions of lovers
   Killing them for a devoted beloved
But my soul was addicted to no evil
   In the love of red lips and breasts
It was and they were the Amir's ransom   7
   And he did not cease from greatest good
He set the sword between the threat
   And his gifts came before the promise
His wealth rose in bade times
   His suppliants appeared in good times
If I didn't fear another than his foe
   For him, I'd proclaim his immortality
He hit Aleppo with his horses' forelocks
   Many a [illegible] once dripped blood on the earth

middle fifth the poet addresses the patron who is now given the name of 'Abd al 'Aziz ibn Rida, the Servant of the Almighty son of Content. The kinetic element in speech makes him much sought for and active and powerful in his own right. 28:19-29 The fourth fifth suggests the ascent theme of the standing position as the patron's city of Manbij rises to greet his procession. He is now addressed in the second person instead of the third as in the middle fifth. This intimacy brings him closer to the reader who has ceased to be a listener. 29:30-40 The visual communication habits appear in the description of the sword-pen that speaks like a lawyer in the court of his right hand. The poet-prisoner needs this kind of defender. He thinks that, like the pen, it could be made to vomit the blood it has drawn. Shuja's father, who was mentioned in poem 16, has produced men and jinn in his son and thus negates Adam's world. Thus the alphabet triumphs over the syllabic scripts of Adam's time. Speech has been made visible and free.

Tryst day with you, but where is the bond?
O no tomorrow for the day of your parting
Death has easier claws than your going
Life is more distant than you. Do not go!
She sheds my blood with her eyelashes but
Does not know that my blood will be on her
She saw my paleness and said: What's wrong?
She sighed as I said: The sighing sickness!
Away she went and shame colored her white
My color was as gilding that colors silver
I saw the sun's horn on the dark moon
Declining, a branch was bending near it
She is of the 'Ady bedouin, before her 7
Booty of souls and a fire of war is lit
Wayless deserts and horses and swords
The spears and the menaces and the threats
She showed her love in nights after we went
And fate went against her but it was hobbled
You go too far, O eyelid ills in the sick
The doctor is ill and the nurse is visited!
Yet his the folk of 'Abd al 'Aziz ibn Rida 11
Deserts and their camels are for any convoy
Who among men of noble rank does not say:
Who among you, Syria, but Shuja' is sought?
He gives so I said: What he owns is bounty
He attacks, I said: All born are his sword's
Descriptions lose their way with him for
They follow his paths on which they go far
In every battle the kidneys must suffer
They blame in him what spearheads praise
Vengeance on vengeance of fate he inflicts
As grace upon grace that cannot be disowned
In his affairs both his tongue, fingers,
His heart are wonderful to those who seek
Courageous, fierce lion-blood his dye
Terrible, death's hackles tremble at him
Manbij when you are absent is only an eye 19
Watching, your face its repose and eyeshade
The night when you approach in it is bright
And the dawn when you depart from it is dark
As you slowly come near it rises in pride
Until the double pole-star recedes in dust
Another city would have eminence like it
If such as you were found in such another
Enemies display happiness for you as if they
Rejoice though they have persistent anxiety
You ruin them by envy to show them as such
They are ruined by envy of one without envy
If they beat a retreat their hearts' heat
In the heart of noon would melt the rocks
Foreign chiefs watch, see none of theirs
When they see you, so they say: A leader!
They remain as if you were all of them
You stay among them as if you were alone
Disquieted, your fury has to plague men
Unless reason and leadership can deter you
Be where you like our camels reach you
For earth is one and you are unique in it
Preserve the sword, degrade it not for it 30
Pleads by your right hand as skulls witness
Blood dries on it, and though it is free
From a scabbard it seems it is in a sheath
Copious, if it vomited what you give it
As drink, a foaming sea of blood would flow
Death shares not in blood from the heart
Unless his blade in her hand gives succour

And unsheathed swords stayed not
   On the necks nor yet in the scabbard
They led the field on battle morn
   Against every army in vast numbers
The Kharshani and his flock turned
   Like sheep trembling at the lion's roar
They were shown terror in wind's sound
   The neighing horses and fluttering flags
Who's like an Amir son of Amir's daughter
   Or who like his fathers and grandfathers?
Running to heights and they were youths
   Ruling and giving when they were cradled
O lord of my service whose affair is   18
   Gifts of silver and the freeing of slaves
I called to you when hope was lost
   My death was like a rope on the jugular
I called to you when grief thinned us
   And a weight of irons weakened my legs
Once their movement was in fine shoes
   But now their gait is held by the chains
I was then one of the folk in assembly
   But here I am in an assembly of monkeys!
Can you urge duty's penalty upon me
   And my age a bit before prayer's duty?
They said: You offended the world--
   Between my birth and learning to sit!
You should not accept false words
   Witness-strength is in strong evidence
Don't listen to those who hide hate
   Don't worry about the calf of the Jews
Distinguish between the claim: I wished
   And the claim: I did it by conscious plan
In your hands' gift is what you give me
   Of myself, though I am more sad than Thamud

31

This poem shows that the poet's release from prison has not made a coward of him. 31:1-2 Abu 'Abdallah Mu'adh, the Father of the Servant of Allah who has taken Refuge, has reproached him for being too bold in the conflict. But the poet knows its origins in infancy which are hidden from adults. 31:3-4 The auditory communication habits appear in the feminine calamities which represent semantic values and the masculine time that suggests the syntax of the spoken word. The poet is not afraid of either one of these. 31:5-6 Visual communication allows the poet to overcome the nights who cannot seize his bridle. The eyes of the horsemen will know fear when they face him.

O Abu 'Abdallah Mu'adh as for myself
   My stand in a battle was hid from you
I consider my goal a great one so
   We risked the soul in the body for it
Can calamities seize on one such as I   3
   Or he be anxious at meeting with death?
If time were to appear to me as a man
   My sword would stain his hair's parting
Nights will not achieve their purpose   5
   Or pass with my bridle in their hands
When horsemen's eyes are full of me
   Alas for them whether awake or asleep

32

This poem again asserts that the poet's courage is unabated. 32:1 The dogs represent the hostility of the external world as judged by the standard of the infant's prenatal experience. But the poet's self-confidence is greater than their teeth. 32:2 The repetition of the roots for nobly born and pure in this couplet suggest auditory communication habits. 32:3 It is the spear-pen that will teach the owners of the dogs the lineage of the poet.

I am source of rule for a great chief
   Though your dogs aroused me by barking
Are nobly born other than nobly born
   Or those of pure race other than pure?
They know me not, but if I live a bit
   Spear heads will give them my lineage

33

A three part poem which relates the drinking of wine to the babbling stream and the infant's recollection of the prenatal ocean. Prison was a kind of womb from which the blood of the grape flowed. As in the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen the bloody wine turns into the cornerstone. 33:1 The poet rejects the Khandarisan, aged or veiled, wine which like the infant's babbling can

recall the urinary anointing and prenatal bliss as illusory substitutes for what the external world does not give. 33:2-3 The poet chooses instead the conflict with external foes which can assure him the resurrection of his words in fame. This resurrection is a function of the crawling phase which develops the spoken word. 33:4 Visual communication is suggested by the thought that wine might be acceptable on the basis of its sweet taste, artistic or otherwise, and the poet might accept it then from the hand of Abu Dabis, the Father of Evil.

More pleasant than Khandarisan wine
   And sweeter than the cup's practice
Is the practice of blade and lance
   My rushing with troop against troop
My death in battle is my living
   And I see life as the need of souls
But if I drank from a pal's hands
   I'd rejoice that it was with Abu Dabis

34

These two couplets can form the second and fourth fifth of the preceding three part poem. The first couplet shows the origin of the wine in the vine's roots just as the babbling stream has its roots in the prone position of the infant and the seated position of the second fifth of the pattern. The second couplet has the ascent theme of the standing position in the fourth fifth in the upright lances and the saqi winebearer. The death implied in the idea of menstrual blood is balanced by the resurrection of the rebirth as the cornerstone in the parable. In this way the name can be made holy.

When you drink wine straight with joy
   We drink the like of the vine's drink
O bravo men whose friends are lances
   They pour freely and the saqi is resolve

35

A poem again rejecting the unhallowed nirvana of wine in the babbling stream and prenatal sea. 35:1 Friends and lovers like the bad nurse can pour such drink as part of the deceptions of the tactile communication habits. 35:2 But the poet refuses to drink because speech is a substitute for liquids, not the thing itself. 35:3 For him the sword-pens make music which can be read as poetry made visible.

It is my friends who fill
   The cup with the pure wine
For them to be lavish
   And yet for me not to drink
Until swords are heard
   And I am making the music

36

This poem is the first part of a three part poem of which poems 37 and 38 form the second and third parts. The rhymes for these poems are: 36 u, 37 u, 38 i.

In this part the poet addresses a patron who plays the role of the full moon that controls the tides of the drinking party who make up his majlis or assembly. The son is the Farqad or pole star around which the other stars or drinkers of the moon's light revolve.

Don't you see what I see O my lord?
   As if we were in a pathless heaven
Your son a Farqad, the lamp another
   You a night moon, the majlis the sky

37

Here the mouth listens as it drinks the audible wine of the rhymes which the auditory communication habits can provide. Thus they function as part of the babbling stream and its dreamlike return to the prenatal experience.

The rhymes do not make you sleepy, rather
   Efface you until you are what is not found
As if your ear was your mouth listening
   And they an opiate on which you got drunk

38

This poem is addressed to a feminine person who plays the role of the Muse or womb of Allah's mercy, root rhm, by which the poet reveals his written words. They have overflowed their hiding place as tears or like wine from the saqi's jug. They are the product of the night moon, the babble made holy.

I hid your love since it was honor from you
   Then my secrecy and openness became one to you
It seemed to rise until it overflowed my body
   And the sickness in my body became my secrecy



39

A two part poem which can serve as the second and fourth fifths of the prededing three poems. The first couplet shows the drinking companion and the wine interrupting the babbling stream by making the poet break his vow. The second couplet has the ascent theme in the ranking of sins so that drinking wine is below the sin of divorcing the wife. The Khurtum wine that the poet drinks is the words of the spirit that the nose, root khrtm, breathes. But wine as daughter of the vine, a phrase often used by the poets, is the monthly blood of the bride of Christ that must be sanctified as the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen explains.

A brother lured us by divorce from a vow
   To drink again and again from this Khurtum
I made my denial of his wife a worse sin
   Than drinking it and I drank without a sin

40

A three part poem which is addressed to a patron named 'Ubaid Allah, little servant of Allah. It thus serves to remind the reader that the poet is describing childhood communication habits. 40:1-7 The love prelude shows the lover at the deserted campsite, but no coward or weakling. The root drs meaning worn trace is also the root for the word madrasa, a school. 40:8-9 The journey passage shows the crawling position of the infant in the comparisons of the sons to horses and lions, their enemies to dogs. 40:10-15 The praise of the patron and his sons locates them in Tripoli, the city that is three cities. This witnesses to the triple pattern of insight and suggests the three cities of Manbij, Aleppo and Hims which have been most important in the sequence of poems up to now.

O wild fawn, but for a human fawn, I'd
   Never be in this pass of unlucky passion
Nor would I water earth, as clouds deny
   The tears, and my soul is dry with sorrow
Nor stand three nights with a body
   Worn with grief near the worn camp traces
A murder of her eye inquiring of a camp
   Killed by languor of eyelid and red lips
A virgin, if sun saw her it wouldn't rise
   If willow branch saw her it would not sway
Before you anklets were never tight on
   Fawns nor did I hear of damask on a covert
If fate's disasters strike near me
   They strike a man not coward or weakling
Enviers of your sons O 'Ubaid Allah ransom 8
   Them as horse hoofs ransomed by onager heads
O father of chiefs who guard the neighbors
   Leaving lions like dogs without their prey
His the whitest forehead so his turban 10
   Seems to cover the light on a live coal
Near and far, beloved, hated and joyous
   Elegant and sweet, bitter, soft and hard
Generous, aloof, eager, true, trusty
   Keen, noble, wise, fine, content, witty
If his hands' bounty were morning showers
   Rare the dry place for desert sand grouse
Best of men, heaven envied earth for them
   And every city has fallen short of Tripoli
What kings do I shun if they are my goal
   What foes if they are my sword and shield?

41

A three part poem in which the idea of parting is transposed from its childhood context in the previous poem for 'Ubaid Allah to an adult context. 41:1 The beloved who is leaving is here a male friend. An echo of the nurse's breast in his masculinity is hinted at in the contrast between great and small. 41:2-3 The reciprocity implicit in morning and evening and the exchange of gifts suggests the dialogue involved in the spoken word. 41:4 The truth that finds its way to the patron's hand in the poem draws attention to the visual communication habits, difficult as they are.

I loved your truth when you wanted to go
   And I found the greatest I had was small
I knew you were desirous of noble acts
   In love with them morning and evening
So I made what you gave me a gift
   From me to you, and its cover was hope
Truth found its way easy to your hand
   But its bearing was a difficulty for me

42

This poem addresses a patron named Ibn Zuraiq from the root zrq meaning blue. In the diminutive form of zuraiq it can mean a little blue snake or sparrow hawk. Thus we return to the childhood



context where the supine infant is tied to the bird breast of the flying nurse as in Jesus' parable of the Sower. 42:1-9 The love prelude emphasizes the theme of abandonment and the thirst which results when the infant no longer has the nurse beloved with him. Only the Greek physician Galen can prescribe a cure for this illness. 42:10-23 The cure is in the patron Ibn Zuraiq who represents the infant's supine position as a little blue snake or the nurse's breast as a little blue falcon. In either case he encourages the kind of exaggeration that is characteristic of the spoken word when it is not verified by reality. The poet praises him extravagantly by comparing him to Dhu'l Qarnain, Alexander the Great, who according to a romance about him traveled to the land of darkness like the hero Gilgamesh. The patron is also compared to Jesus in the Lazarus story, to Moses at the Red Sea, and to a successful opponent of Iblis, Satan. All of these stories suggest the resurrection theme in the crawling position. 42:-24-30 In the last part of the poem the poet turns to the visual communication habits by praising his own ability to produce the pearls of poetry and to put to flight his rivals. He has succeeded in the three Greek named coastal cities. Two are named here: Tarsus and Antioch. The third is Latakia soon to appear. These cities parallel the Arab cities of Manbij, Aleppo, and Hims.

O you who appeared to move us deeply
   Then went away and did not heal the dying
You made my joy in you happiness in sleep
   And left me sitting under the two Farqads
You cut off a bit of drunkenness in pain
   To pass around the wine of parting's cup
If you are with those departing, my tears
   Fill your water bag and the camel's thirst
Beware lest such as you become a miser
   Lest such a face as yours should frown
An embrace like yours lest it be forbid
   And such a gift as yours, if it be small
A woman exciting between me and critics
   A war while she left the heart a furnace
Pure, her coquetry guards her from proud
   Talk, and shame protects her from swerving
When I found my sickness' cure with her
   The prescription of Galen was easy for me
Zuraiq remains on borders as one praised 10
   So precious he remains for precious souls
If he rests, hoards part with his wealth
   If he sallies, bodies part with their heads
A king who if you hate self you hate him
   And you prefer deserts if you hate friends
One who plunges into depths without aid
   Expeditious when the spears are thrusting
I examined all creation but I never
   Found any subjects beside him as leaders
A man who depicts the heights of miracle
   He baffles thought and corrupts comparison
A miser's in him for mankind, not to them
   He is sad for them, and not because of them
If Dhu'l Qarnain made use of his wisdom
   When he came to the dark, suns had risen
If his sword had struck off Lazarus' head
   In a day's battle Jesus had been helpless
If the sea's waves were his right hand
   They'd not split when Moses crossed them
Of if sun and moon had his forehead's glow
   They'd be worshipped and the world Magians
When I heard of him I heard of one alone
   When I saw him I saw a battalion of him
I saw his fingers, they ran with gifts
   I touched his sword and souls ran from it
O him! in his shade we refuge from him
   Forever, by his name we drive off Iblis
Fame is true to you, its painting short 24
   One who is in Iraq can see you at Tarsus
You stay in a city, your memory travels
   It dislikes a siesta, hates a late sleep
If you seek your prey you depart from it
   When you withdraw you take it as your lair
I scatter pearls so take them as real
   The tricksters are many, beware of a fraud
I kept them veiled from Antioch's folk
   I show them to you as shining bridegroom
Best of birds are in palaces, the worst
   Take shelter in ruins and roost in the tomb
If the world gives, it ransoms you by men
   If it wars it conscripts anchorites for you

A poem addressed to the same patron. But now the bird from Jesus' parable of the Sower is made

to give instead of devour. 43:1 By placing him in the position of the tactile communication habits his role as the prone serpent changed to the bird breast is justified. 43:2 The journey theme of the auditory comunication habits based on the child's learning to crawl appears in the poet's trip to the patron. 43:3 The patron's hand, like that of the writer, flows dangerously with the bounty of the written word.

Muhammad ibn Zuraiq we know of none who
   If we lost you would give before he vowed
I sought you out, the journey was short
   But the house was far and provision gone
Keep your hand from flow, stop its shower
   When I am content, or else the land drowns

44

Another poem addressed to a patron who represents the theme of childhood in his name 'Ubaid Allah, with the added name of Ibn Yahya, son of John, thus suggesting the Greek Gospel of the Messiah and forerunner John the Baptist. 44:1-4 The love prelude personifies the desert campsite which is like the fields of the parable of the Sower. It is a living being that can stir pain and return greetings. 44:5-10 The journey theme appears as the poets travel to Ibn Yahya and recite poems for which he is the model. 44:11-17 The visual communication habits praise the patron more directly by relating him to Qahtan whose name means to scrape a pot clean and thus suggests the cleansing of baptism. His generosity is such that his mouth never says No.

I wept O quarter and almost saw you weep
   I, and my tears, ruin myself in your abode
Be kind this morning for you stir my pain
   And return our greeting as we greeted you
By what rule of time can you be taken for
   A desert fawn, instead of maid in your clan?
Some days suns appear not with you for us
   Except they draw blood, a glance's shedding
Life is green and ruins of the camp gleam   5
   As if light of 'Ubaid Allah were over you
One is safe O Ibn Yahya if you are a goal
   Camel riders betrayed if not turning to you
You inspire poets to poetry, they praise
   All those they praise by what lies in you
They teach men glory by you and have power
   Over the finest meanings from your meaning
Be as you wish O you who are incomparable
   Or how you wish for no being approaches you
Suppliant's thanks to whom you give show me   11
   The way to your bounty by well-trodden paths
Your great power in the region tells me
   My little praise of you seems to mock you
It is enough eminence you are of Qahtan
   And if you boast then all are your clients
If I fall short as you exceed in bounty
   To men, they would see me as your enemy
Here for your cry, it calls, makes me hear
   My friends your ransom with men, I ransom you
You still follow a last gift with another
   Until I think my life is among your gifts
If you say: Here! it's usage you're known by
   Or if: No--but your mouth has never given No

45

Another poem for the same patron as in the preceding poem. We now discover his last name is al Buhturi, a descendant of the famous poet Walid al Buhturi who died a decade before al Mutanabbi was born. Abu Tayyib is reported to have said that he and Abu Tammam, an older friend of al Buhturi, were philosophers whereas al Buhturi was a poet. Since the Buhturi name is the only name of an Arab poet early in the diwan it emphasizes the philosophic, that is, Greek influence on these poems. This is one strand in the Messiah concept as set forth in the Greek Gospels. 45:1-5 The love prelude emphasizes the intoxicating taste of the beloved's saliva which is like the wine that changes to blood as her glances pierce. 45:6-9 The kinetic element in speech is given in a journey theme in which the camel has poetry for blood to prove the fluency of the spoken word. The patron is now called Ibn Walid, son of the child, and his bounty exhausts every resource. 45:10-20 Vision appears as the patron outshines the moon and is called Abu Ahmad, that is, father of Ahmad, the poet al Mutanabbi. His name of Buhturi is also mentioned here. It means short and stocky to direct our minds to the small size of the child. The satire of poem 42, called the dinariya, is not implied here.

Is it your saliva, cloud water or wine?
   In my mouth it is cool, on my liver coals
A bough or sandhill or a maiden, you
   And what I kissed, lightning or teeth?
My critics saw the face I love at night
   They say: We see a sun but dawn rises not
They see what is magic in her glance
   Swords with edges ever red with my blood

Quiet beauty attains the utmost in her gait
   No excuse for not dying in sight of her face
To you Ibn Yahya ibn Walid a camel crosses 6
   A desert with me, her flesh and blood poetry
With your memory I wet her burning heart
   She goes earth's length, a span in her eyes
To a lion of war whose sword feeds lions
   To bounty's sea in whose wave seas drown
If his bounty leaves any of his heritage
   It is like what flight leaves to the lover
A man, each day he gathers souls as wealth 10
   His lance is honor, not the brownish Rudaini
Difference between him and a cloud is great
   But his gifts are rain and his favors a sea
If the world submit to his judgment's hand
   The world will discover its greatness small
His power's majesty makes his size little
   But his power is not power for the dreadful
If he turns his face toward the heavens
   The stars fall and the moon is in eclipse
You see him as earthly moon and king with
   Dominion after Allah, and glory and esteem
Much wakefulness of eye without illness
   Keeps him awake with ennobling thoughts
His is a bounty that destroys praise as if
   Thanks swore he could not be repaid for it
Abu Ahmad, no honor but for his clan nor
   Boasting in affairs not touching Buhturi
They are men but belong to noble actions
   Cities enriched, travelers guided by them
By whom do I make proverbs or compare
   If the age and its men are short of you?

46

Another poem for the Buhturi brothers that emphasizes poetic abilities as the outcome of philosophical thinking. 46:1-4 The love prelude shows the lover worn by tears just as the campsite abandoned by his beloved is worn by showers. 46:5-9 The auditory communication habits appear as the poet addresses 'Ubaid Allah's brother Abu 'Ubada, father of holiness or worship. The roots of 'Ubada and 'Ubaida, 'bd, are the same but the words are variations. 46:10-14 The visual communication habits appear in the question as to the origins of glory. The poet thought it came from Mudar, the north Arabs whose name means sour milk. They were sons of Nizar, the little one. But now he has traced the Buhturi to Udad who are sons of Qahtan of the south Arabs. Udad comes from a verb meaning to behave resolutely in difficult times and thus suggests a goal embodied in vision.

Passion is not content with me in this
   Grief, until I am without heart and liver
Nor do the campsites where the beloved was
   Complain to me nor do I complain to anyone
All the rumbling showers wear them down
   Illness thins me till my body tells of it
Each time my tears run, patience wanes
   As if my strength flowed from my eyelids
Where are the sighs I was loaded with 5
   Where, Ibn Yahya, are your lion's attacks?
I weigh the world with you, you exceed it
   So the large numbers of men seem few to me
Joy never settled in my soul for a day
   O Abu 'Ubada until you settled in my mind
A king, if his treasury is full of wealth
   He has it taste the mourning mother's food
An alert mind, troubles appear beforehand
   In his heart as his eyes see them afterward
This glory, this light is not of mankind 10
   Nor is generosity in it bounty of the hand
What a hand to rival rains in two seasons
   When they depart one returns, the other not
I had been thinking glory was of Mudar
   Until al Buhturi, and now it grows in Udad
People who if their swords rain death
   You think a cloud is generous to the land
I find no end to my ideas of your traits
   Rather I find their end is eternity's goal

47

A poem which continues the theme of Greek influence since the patron here is a man named Musawar, he who rushes in drunken fashion. The commentators say he was also called Ibn al Rumi, son of the Byzantine. 47:1-10 The love prelude speaks of the beloved in masculine terms as did the prelude for poem 26. There the prison context was part of the explanation. Here the elegy that

will appear in poem 49 helps to explain the homosexual theme which is a part of tactile self-centeredness. That same kind of self-centeredness will tell us something of what death means to poet and reader at this point. In addition to the rejection of the lover by the beloved the theme of parting is also portrayed. 47:11-15 The journey theme makes the kinetic element in speech produce a north wind, the breath of speech, which is beaten by the poet's camel. The journey is so dangerous that the convoy can only sing: Allah akbar. The patron is himself an unmilked camel. His name is Abu Muzaffar, the father of the claw of victory. 47:16-34 The description of the patron's warlike abilities implies the visual communication habits. He was the Amir of the forces of the Egyptian Ikhshid in this part of Syria and thus noteworthy. His violence is compared to that Noah's flood which in its model in the Gilgamesh poem comes in the last third of the pattern where the flood of ink both destroys and preserves. The satire of poem 42, for which he was paid one dinar, has returned.

Bad as it is for me it may yet be worse
   Is wormwood food for this singing fawn?
Drunkenness plays in his walk, makes him
   A statue among statues except for breath
He pays no mind, I look at him and his
   Cheeks blush but my heart feels wounded
He shoots but his hands aim not, an arrow
   Hits me that still hurts--but arrows stop
The visit nears but no visiting occurs
   The heart is early as we meet and it rests
Our secret is disclosed to you, our hint
   Thins us so a declaration is plain to you
When camels start away my soul is broken
   With grief and they are like palm trees
Parting reveals the beloved's beauties
   Beauty of patience is ugly if she is gone
A hand waving goodbye and lifted glance
   A heart that melts and tears that spread
The dove grieves, if it had my sorrow
   The arak tree would aid the dove's lament
If a north wind went that length with   11
   Rider on its back it would kneel exhausted
I strove with camel stirrups whose convoy
   For fear of death sang: Glory be to Allah
But for the Amir Musawar ibn Muhammad
   It would not tempt danger or reject advice
If she fails with Abu Muzaffar as her goal
   A fitting fate for her and me is our death
We see his flash but the sky has no cloud
   Freely he gives but winds do not milk him
Hope of some profit, fear of some evil   16
   Makes evening cup praised and morning cup
Raging at purses of silver which bring no
   Consolation and forgiveness to wrongdoers
If noble sharing were shared as wealth
   With men there'd be no greed in the times
His ears disregard the blame and tolerate
   The hole in the nose that shows its filth
One who when the age is forgot, his memory
   And his story are explained in their books
Our hearts overcome by his handsomeness
   Our clouds are disgraced by his kindness
He ruins by jousting, retrieves no spears
   Splintered to bits though armor is whole
That saffron on the dirt is from blood
   The hair cloth on the sky is battle dust
He steps from corpse to corpse, in front
   Lord of horses, behind him the prostrate
Profound love in his beloved joys him
   The hidden hate of his enemies is an ulcer
One veils enmity, it cannot be concealed
   The enemy glance reveals what is a secret
O son of him whom no cloak holds as son's
   Eminence, or tomb covers like that father
We ransom your bounty if gifts are asked
   Your terror if blood and sweat are mingled
If you are a sea you will have no shore
   If you are a cloud, wind is too weak for you
I fear for land and its folk due to you
   Since there is no Noah to warn Noah's folk
A free man is weak if poor, before him
   Is provision of Allah, and your open door
Verses blame my intent to take refuge
   With another than you as object of praise
Sweet garden perfumes are in their words
   Needing [illegible] they seek praise and spread
Force is [illegible] but what of bounty's son?
   If you [illegible] well by it a tongue is eloquent

48

A poem for the same patron as the preceding one who is now connected to poem 31 through his uncle's name: Mu'adh. 48:1 The love prelude implies that Musawar, whose name is also related to the word for bracelet, is associated with the bad nurse, the female sun's arc and the self-centered lion. The homosexual hint strengthens the impression given in the love prelude of the previous poem. The beloved has returned unexpectedly with the istadh, the tutor and viceroy of the Egyptian Ikhshid, Kafur. 48:2-10 The auditory communication habits appear in Musawar's victory over the caliph's lieutenant Ibn Yazdadh. His name suggests the verb zad which means to grow. It thus represents the growing flood of sound in the middle of the pattern which comes to a climax when we read that Musawar's captives stain their thighs with urine. Even decapitated heads speak the praise of this horseman. 48:11-17 The poet's satire on Ibn Yazdadh's mistaking spearpoints for dates suggests a comic inversion of the visual communication habits. The spear-pen is forced to dip itself in filthy ink.

Is this Musawar or the sun's arc, or
  A jungle lion who precedes the istadh?
Sheathe what you unsheathed, you left its 2
  Blade broken and it left peoples uprooted
Grant you broke Yazdadh's son and ally
  Don't you see all men are Banu Yazdadh?
You left their faces, where you met them,
  In pieces as their necks and their livers
In the battle death stood against them
  In its narrows, and it gained the mastery
Their souls petrified as you approached
  You poured and gave to drink with steel
They saw you, saw your father Muhammad
  In armor and your father's brother Mu'adh
Striking off heads you urge their tongues
  To say: There is no horseman but this one!
Heedless, you rose on them like a cloud
  Raining death in storms and small drops
If one is captive you stain his clothes
  With blood and wet his thighs with urine
Against him the Mashrafi bar the ways 11
  He cannot turn to Aleppo nor to Bagdad
He sought border command but his origin
  Was somewhere between Karkh and Kalwadha
As if he thought spearpoints sweet bits
  Or thought them dates of Bernia or Azadh
Before you one found when lances varied
  None who made joust refuge from jousting
One for whom life and its sweet is no
  Success until his forceful will succeeds
Accustomed to wearing armor he thinks it
  In cold like silk, in noon heat, cotton
Wonderful your taking him but how much
  More wonderful if there were no taking!

49

A three part elegy on the death of Muhammad ibn Ishaq al Tanukhi. Each part was written separately when the patron's relatives asked for more. His death occurred about a year or two before the poet's imprisonment and the fact that this poem is placed after the prison poems contributes to its use of the theme of resurrection in the seated position and second fifth of the pattern. His last name is given by commentators and is derived from a verb meaning to make a camel kneel. As son of Ishaq, the Biblical Isaac, his name may refer either to Jacob or Esau. Esau is considered the ancestor of the Arabs and his name in Arabic is spelled 'Isa which is also a spelling for the name of Jesus. This poem is thus a lament for the death of the Messiah whose imprisonment the poet has described in the preceding poems. He identifies with this role and its good qualities that are preserved in the poem. He also dramatizes the descent idea of the second fifth of this first part of the diwan. But the self-centeredness of the tactile communication habits have not only made him a captive unable to explore the external world but also a self-destructive person whose death is a preliminary to resurrection. More precisely, the suppression of the babbling stream which recalls the prenatal ocean, is a prelude to resurrection in the sounds of speech. The elegy also represents the reader who is brought to life by the poet. Over many generations the poet's public is made up mostly of dead men and women. 49:1-13 The love prelude puts Ibn Ishaq in the role of the nurse beloved who abandons the infant. He is like the hill of Radwa (a hill near Madina associated with the prophet) and so a symbol of the nurse's breast. Mount Sinai and the angels also respond to his death and he is compared to the resurrected Jesus and Lazarus. As in the two previous poems the lost beloved is a man. 49:14-26 The middle part of the elegy suggests auditory communication habits insofar as it is a response to those who blamed the dead man's relatives for not mourning him sufficiently. The fluency and violence of the patron earns the favor of the interrogating angels Munkar and Nakir. The laughter implied in the name Isaac is an antidote for the sadness of his death. 49:27-33 The visual communication habits are suggested by mentioning the deceased's uncle, Ibrahim, who like the Biblical Abraham earned Yahweh's promise to make his seed immortal in the script. Ishaq as Abu Husain is also mentioned and this was the poet's own father's name. This fact is also of importance as we begin the second fifth of this first part of the diwan. The rhythm is kamil, the perfect, and thus suggests the perfection of a prenatal world.



As for me, I know my heart feels
Life, even as I covet it, is a delusion
I see everyone is comforting himself
With some excuse but moves toward ruin
Is not a tomb's vicinity pledge of rest
In which rays and light are from his face?
I had not thought before your burial in
Earth the stars would penetrate this dust
I did not hope before your bier I would
See Radwa being borne by the hands of men
They went with him, each mourner behind
Gave the cry of Moses the day Sinai shook
The sun in the center of the sky was sick
The earth was disturbed and nearly quaked
A rustle of angel's wings was about him
The eyes of Latakia's people turned upward
When one came to the tomb its door was
As if cut in the hearts of each individual
Ruin's shroud provided from his wealth
Asleep with camphor as kohl for the eyes
In him was eloquence, generosity, piety
Bravery complete, reason and all goodness
Praise sure for him at his life's end
When buried and as it were resurrected
As if Jesus ibn Mariam were his memory
And as if Lazarus had his shape in the tomb

*

His fingers dried up and yet were seas — 14
His wiles quenched and they were flames
He was wept for but his rest was unquiet
In the tomb until the houris greeted him
Banu Ishaq's patience is generous to him
As great ones are patient in great matters
For every pain but yours a comparison
For every loss but his there is an equal
One day a sword hilt in his right hand
The handclasp of death too short for him
Long did skulls flow with the red liquor
And the breast bones at his sword edges
I free his brothers, by lord Muhammad,
Lest they grieve, for Muhammad is happy
Or lest they prefer homes to a tomb
Where Munkar and Nakir wish him well
People, if sheathes are free of swords
Then the last day of the enemy is at hand
When they meet an army it's sure it is
Resurrected from desert birds' bellies
The horses' bridles turn not in pursuit
Rather lives of those pursued are cut off
I sought their distant home as goal, for
The beloved is visited from afar by slaves
I am content with meeting and first look
Since a little bit of the beloved is much

*

Do Ibrahim's folk after Muhammad have — 27
Anything but eternal longing and sighs?
A wise man in their affair has no doubt
After him comfort for them is forbidden
Tears make their cheeks bloody, parts
Of their nights pass and they are ages
O uncle's sons every sin in this matter
Is pardoned but not slander against them
The gossips dart on the purity of their
Loves like flies hovering over the food
I was lavish toward Abu Husain in love
My bounty to his enemies was squandering
A king who attained what he wanted as if
Destiny came by decisions of his judgment

50

A five part poem on the same theme as the preceding one. The gossips persist in saying that Ibn Ishaq, that is, the Messiah 'Isa, has not beenproperly mourned. As the babbling stream who recalls the prenatal bliss he deserves more. But as Abu Husain, that is, the poet's father and nurse, he can be rejected as the poet prepares to substitute the sounds of speech for the joys of the laughing Isaac. 50:1-2 Destiny or time, root dhr (like the root dhwr which means to devour, to defecate, be eloquent) represents the bad nurse whose actions cannot be controlled. 50:3-4 The descent theme of the seated position appears in the contrast between the dust of battle and heaven and its stars. The retreat of the foe also suggests inhibition on tactile experience. 50:5-6 The reciprocity of spoken dialogue is

suggested by sword-suns that move from east to west as one attack brings another. The opposition between syntax and semantics is also involved. 50:7-8 The ascent theme is plain as the poet puts himself above the gossips who are questioning his motives. 50:9-10 Visual communication appears as the blame for the gossip is laid on a Jew who like Jacob cheated his elder brother Esau by exploiting Isaac's blindness. So too the Jews in poem 30 gave bad advice. They represent the inner world that does not grasp external truths. It is the overly elaborate system of vertical vowel signs that makes the Jews into scorpions with dangerous tails. They and the folk of Latakia, Greek for people's justice, go to extremes.

What changes of destiny do we criticize
   In which of its griefs do we ask revenge?
Gone is he at whose loss we lost patience
   He gave courage but patience was far away
He raided foes with dust clouds in heaven   3
   His spearheads on their flanks were stars
They fled from you and it's as if swords
   Whose edges were dull were the beaten ones
They rose like suns, scabbards were east   5
   For them, while skulls of men were the west
The scattered attacks unite as calamity
   He does not stop till other attacks follow
Ones not kin to him weep father's brother   7
   We were distant and yet nearest relatives
It's plain that gossips wanted his death
   If not, may the swords visit his sideburns
Is it not wonderful among father's sons   9
   A Jew's child should creep as as a scorpion?
O indeed was not the passing of Muhammad
   A proof that he could not overcome Allah?

51

A three part poem addressed to Husain ibn Ishaq, the brother of the man elegized in the previous poems, and thus related to Abu Husain as the poet was to his own father. 51:1-4 The love prelude emphasizes the idea of parting. 51:5-9 The journey passage tells of the dangers faced by the kinetic soul as the auditory communication habits are being formed. 51:10-25 The praise of the patron is extravagant and can be understood as the writer and reader's childhood idea of what the sword-pen can accomplish once it is endowed with the power of making true statements. This sword speaks from his mouth and justifies his role as son of the Messiah who must die in order to be resurrected. The last part of the poem falls into two equal parts which shift from third to second person to suggest an increasing intimacy with the patron.

This is parting when people won't delay
   When, O heart, you are among those I leave
We arose, what increases grief is our stay
   As two parts of love: each beloved and lover
The eyelids have become red with weeping
   And the roses became yellow on the cheeks
Due to this men perished, united, parted
   The dead and newborn, the hated and loved
Ask deserts: What are jinn to us amid them   5
   What the male ostrich to one with a Mahari?
On many a dark night the desert seemed
   To show us your face and it was our guide
Its dusk endless but for your face's glow
   Nor would riding beasts go, except camels
Jogging put sleep to flight till it seemed
   I was drunk in the stirrups, a torn cloak
They chant of Husain ibn Ishaq, the saddle
   And its pillow shake hands with their necks
Earth's hair stands if he walks on it   10
   The towering mountains are made to quake
A youth, a dark cloud feared, hoped for
   Its rain hoped for and the thunder feared
But these pass while his character is true
   They betray our hopes and he's ever faithful
Aloof from worldly society, not absent
   From thought of him are its west and east
He feeds Indian swords with heads and necks
   These are their combs and those the collars
For them rent garments when he is at war
   By them the beards and the hair are dyed
A death unheeded by him is far from them
   He burns those whose souls are cut from him
One thinks by him: No speech if he's silent
   He is mute but a sword speaks for his mouth
I knew you not when my wonder lasted long
   But no wonder in beauty that Allah creates
It seemed in giving, you hated wealth
   And in every battle you were death's lover



O short time they stay due to what comes
   The lance and war horse are used by you
Dark will be shamed by you while stars gleam
   Caravans guided by you as long as dawn glows
Destiny supports none whom you forbid
   Nor do fates forbid those whom you support
Days break not apart what you have joined
   Nor do the days join what you have broken
The best, I seek no wealth but yours
   Nor stay elsewhere than here in Latakia
This the farthest goal your face reward
   Your house the world, you all its people

52

A five part poem in which the poet addresses the dead man and again protests the sincerity of his praise for him as his father Husain and representative of the Messiah 'Isa. 52:1-2 He denies that the fluent words that he has substituted for what the nurse did not give are filth. True, the babbling stream is formed on urinary flow but Uranian poets are also heavenly. Filth uses the same root, hjr, as Hagar, the mother of Ishmael who is Isaac's brother. 52:3-4 The inhibition of the second fifth is seen in the bitter sword and the idea that the poet is only twenty years old and ready to lose his life for crimes. 52:5-6 The auditory communication habits appear as the poet asserts his right to speak about the fluency of speech with the words: I say. 52:-7-8 The fourth fifth again makes the ascent theme by placing the poet and his patron above his attackers morally. 52:9-10 Visual communication is seen in the poet's becoming the star Suhail and making his foes into mere specks of dust. Sons of harlots cannot be true to anyone.

Do you not know me as brother O Ibn Ishaq
   Do you think others' water is from my jar?
Would I speak filth of you after I knew
   That you were best of those under heaven?
Most bitter tasting of the sword's edges   3
   And the sharpest in matters of law courts?
My years do not reach more than twenty
   Why should I be wearied with long life?
Did I drown your description in my praise   5
   And only to scant a bit of it by mockery?
But grant, I say, this dawn is night
   Are people who know blind to the light?
You subdued jealousy and you are a man   7
   For whom I am ransom, they are my ransom
My satire for those who distinguish not
   Between my word and that of the worthless
Indeed it's surprising you have seen me   9
   And equated me with smallest dust specks
I am ignorant of their death, I am Suhail
   I bring the death of these sons of harlots

53

A three part poem which returns to the praise of Husain ibn Ishaq, that is, the poet as son of 'Isa the Messiah. 53:1-6 The love prelude blames the distance between lover and beloved and values the saliva which he turns into the fluency of speech. 53:7-12 The journey passage tells of the energy which results from the child's shifting from prone to four footed locomotion. It has thinned him to the slim edge of a knife which resembles the one-dimensional nature of speech as opposed to three-dimensional touch. He has traversed the earth on his breath which produces words with the same magic power that Alexander built the great wall of China. 53:13-39 Visual communication appears in the praise of Husain as the poet mentions his grandfather Yusuf who like the Biblical Joseph had great beauty in his visual appearance as well his soul. The poet's eulogy of him makes readers characterize it by the poet's name to show uniqueness in both men. It can resurrect the dead and distract maids from their lovers. Here again this part of the poem has two parts which shift from third to second person form of address. This move toward greater intimacy in the last nine couplets hints at the poet's love of the patron whose beauty is said to attract lovers away from the poet and to compensate the poet for their loss.

I blame distance, its evil is great evil
   Perhaps it has some of the sickness I have
If not jealous it cannot block meeting
   If not desirous it would not be my rival
Will the fawn be good enough to return?
   She gave her first shower without a second
I sucked her lips at dawn and it seemed
   I sucked warmth of love from cool saliva
A girl whose necklace was like her speech
   Her smile was a pearl in beauty and harmony
The smell of her breath incense, Qarqafa
   Of aged vintage both in aroma and in taste
Rude to me the most eloquent in her clan   7
   Bravest with a gray horse who seems black!

My death was wary as if I were its death
When a serpent stung me my poison killed
Length of Rudaini, my blood breaks it
Brightness of Suraiji, my flesh cuts it
A night trip trims me thin as a knife
My body lighter in saddle than breath jogs
More sharp sighted than Zarqa of Jawwa
When my eyes look my knowledge equals them
As if I covered the earth with my wisdom
Or Alexander built the wall by my resolve
To meet Ibn Ishaq whose mind is keen 13
Amazing as it glows with fineness of wit
Listen to his words which are the speech
Charming my ears even if it holds my blame
Banu Qahtan's right hand is Quda's head
Their nose the moon of Banu Fahm's stars
When you meet a foe at night their hearing
Has spears' whistle before bridles' jingle
Conqueror of strength, comforter though he
Destroys them: bereaver, helper of orphans
If his spear brings ills to hearts yet
Those touched have healing from poverty
Girded with despot's double edge he tries
Skulls, except that it is unfair judgment
He had enough of sparing blood as if he
Saw his own death leaving heads on bodies
We saw Husain ibn Ishaq as his grandfather
In the number of his battles free from sin
In resolve, until he intends to leave it
Then his leaving makes resolve stick firm
So in war if he were to desire a retreat
His retreat has a noble nature's progress
His mercy brings bones to life, anger
Has a surplus for sin, rather than sinner
He has a kindly face, if you fix a glance
On his cheeks the print trace is not lost
His beauty attracts maids who want me not
But he is chaste and repays their shunning
Ransom are those in dust, first am I
For this noble glory, excellent prince
His sword came between jinn and believers
No fears of Arabs or Persians after jinn
He scares if they but look at his armor
They melt in fear without a fire or coal
Bounteous! if his bounty were not sober
We'd say: Noble! the vine's daughter gives
We obey you ever loyal O Ibn Yusuf's son
With our desires in spite of jealous ones
We trust what you give and if you give not
We believe by force of habit you have given
I acclaim your praise in every assembly
One wants to give my eulogy of you my name
You tempted me with gifts I had not taken
The like of before, until I desired stars
Whenever you conquer a warrior you share
Measure the gold for me once by his wound
Yamani pride drives off my blame of you
You yourself attack by it forever in battle
How many talkers if they had such a form
Would make its mask cover the largest army?
Many a word sways earth in wonder at me
A man who walks with my weight of thinking
Great when one does not address you in fear
You are humble, greatness greater than pride

54

A five part poem in which the conflict involved in coming to terms with the babbling stream as a source of spoken sounds is again related to the drinking of wine. 54:1 The dangers of wine as a substitute for what the bad nurse does not give are noted as a part of the tactile communication habits. 54:2 The inhibition involved in the seated position appears as the poet turns from the wine that is the color of golden urine and prefers the fluency of sounds that are related to the cloud water of saliva. 54:3 The poet is jealous of the edge that is on the lips of father-Husain, the little beauty. The root for glass can also mean the butt of a spear and thus suggests the speaker's tongue in his mouth. 54:4 The ascent theme of the standing position makes possible the shift from ear to eye in the fourth fifth of the pattern. 54:5 The patron's response to the poet's request is to ask him for another poem whose written form will make him immortal.

When the cup makes the hands tremble
   I stop so it's not between me and myself
I flee wine that is like refined gold
   My wine is cloud water that is as silver
I'm jealous of the glass that pours
   Over those lips of the Amir Abu Husain
As if its brightness and wine in it
   Were white of an eye with a dark pupil
We came to him seeking liberality when
   He sought the same himself as pay for it

55

A poem which again deals with the contrast between the babbling stream and its prenatal source on the one hand and the sounds of speech with their written signs which develop out of them. This poem is addressed to the cousin of the dead Ibn Ishaq. His name is 'Ali ibn Ibrahim. 55:1 Pure wine is thus opposed to the wine that makes one drunk. Ibn Ibrahim is Ishmael, the one who hears Elohim. Like Esau he is an ancestor of the Arabs. 55:2 The wine is compared to the sun shining on a full moon over a sea. The image suggests the dialogue of two speakers and the relationship of syntax and semantics in the spoken word. The sea is the prenatal perfection which forms a standard of value for speech. 55:3 The bounty that results from Abraham's covenant with Yahweh moves on the two feet of the green man al Khidr. He is sometimes identified with Gilgamesh, Elijah, St. George and other literary heroes. But his color here marks him as the representative of visual communication.

Pure wine wishes health to you Ibn Ibrahim
   Enjoy it as a drinker among drunken topers
I saw the nectar in the glass in his hand
   I compared it to sun on the moon in the sea
If we think of his bounty it is present
   Far or near it runs on the feet of al Khidr

56

Another poem praising 'Ali ibn Ibrahim al Tanukhi. His name of 'Ali reminds the reader of the son-in-law of the prophet who was the father of the martyred Husain. He too is called Abu Husain. He is thus associated with the death and resurrection of the Messiah who creates the world by articulate speech. 56:1-2 The love prelude portrays the long night of the abandoned lover who watches the stars that seem to be in mourning. 56:3-14 The journey passage shows the kinetic element in the auditory communication habits along with some of the discontent of a poet whose verses are not bringing the rewards he had hoped for. But the trip to the Amir 'Ali is worth the trouble since he knows how to pay those who have traveled the longest distances. 56:15-43 The praise of the Amir suggests the visual communication habits in a description of his conquest of the 'Ad bedouin whose rebellion he puts a stop to between the two seas of water and blood. In poems 26 and 28 there were hints that these bedouin were among those who supported the poet's seditious talk. It was this talk which led to his imprisonment. But the 'Adi are like poorly written script which must be erased. Whoever the poet praised before this were only models for this new garment of praise. So after two lines that address the Amir in the third person the rest of the lengthy praise of him is given in the second person. This extraordinary intimacy is part of the poet's identification with the patron. It is a way of healing the loss of Ibn Ishaq whose elegy began this part of the diwan. At the end of the poem he tells his intent to visit Tiberias down south in Palestine.

Is it a single or is it six of them in one
   Our little night suspended till the trump?
As if Daughters of Rising in their dark
   Were virgins unveiled in mourning dresses
I keep thinking about fate's perseverance 3
   And the reins of the horse high on the neck
My will is guarantee to Khatti lances
   For shedding blood of the city and desert
How long this falling off, falling short
   How long the stretching out of the goal?
Occupying a self in a search for heights
   By selling verses in the stagnant market
For youth's passing cannot be recovered
   Nor the day that is gone be brought back
When the eyes see the white hair of age
   They find it in their pupils as blindness
If I go on living after my extreme limit
   Then my decline coincides with my increase
Shall I be content to live unsatisfied
   With what there is of favor from the Amir?
May Allah reward a trip to him with good
   Even if the camel is left like a waterbag
My hardened beast meets not Ibn Ibrahim
   With blood in her to feed a tick for a day
Was there not between us a far wasteland
   Whose length was the width of a sword belt?
It pushed our distance as close as a span
   Kept near our closeness as near as removal

When I came to him he raised my position
   And he seated me above the seven heavens
He rejoices before my greeting meets him
   He gives his wealth before a pillow is set
O 'Ali we cannot blame you for any sin
   Except as you detract from all creatures
Your gifts are not offered to the good
   Lest some should call them goodness only
As if your bounty is Islam and you fear
   Penalty of renegades if you should change
It's as if skulls in battle were eyes
   And your swords sealed them with a sleep
You have bent the spearheads of desire
   They vibrated nowhere except in the heart
On the day you guided dusty-maned ones
   With their tails knotted up for a pursuit
Destruction circled with them over men
   Among whom wrongdoers of 'Ad at Latakia
On the west there was its sea of water
   And on the east was the ocean of horses
In it the banners fluttered for you
   Perpetually foaming with swords of steel
They met you with stubborn camel-livers
   You drove them and sword edge was driver
You tore rebellion's garment from them
   Dressed them with a garment of guidance
But they didn't leave a command by choice
   Nor did they profess your love out of love
They submitted not to Exalted discipline
   Nor were they joyfully led by leadership
Yet your fear blew in their breasts
   A wind blowing in the legs of locusts
They died before their death time and
   Your favor returned them before judgment
You sheathe swords if they do not repent
   You erase them with them as one erases ink
This recent rage even if it is strong
   Cannot be equal to inherited generosity
Let not counselors' tongues deceive you
   Their hateful hearts can make them fickle
Be like death, mourn not the weeper
   He weeps due to it, waters and thirsts
For the wound will swell after the time
   When the scab has grown over the rawness
And the water will flow from the rock
   And the fire will come out of the flint
How should a coward spend a night abed
   When you spread tragacanth thorns on it?
Asleep he sees your spears in his food
   So he fears that he will see it waking
I rejoiced O Abu Husain lauding people
   I came to them and left without reward
Once they thought I was praising them
   You were my meaning if I spoke of them
As for me after tomorrow I go from you
   Yet my heart departs not from your courts
Your lover wherever my steed turns itself
   And your guest wherever I am in any land

57

Another poem praising 'Ali ibn Ibrahim as the one who resurrects the babbling stream after its death in Ibn Ishaq Abu Husain. 57:1-13 The love prelude expands the frustration which was briefly indicated in the previous poem. But the sensuous description of the beloved is said to resurrect the lover just as the duration of his love will outlast the time it takes to drag off Mount Thabir, the mountain of loss. The rain of his tears may make the campsite thirsty or poison it like the fields in the parable of the Sower suffer their handicaps. 57:14-28 The auditory communication habits are introduced by the mention of the lover's long lasting devotion which continues until the patron knows fear. Sucklings will grow gray before that. His violence is part of it too. 57:29-41 The visual communication habits appear in the passage telling of the sight of Ibn Ibrahim which makes the poet forget his native city of Kufa, the place where the Kufic script flourished. Places in the city like Sukun, quiet, and Hadramaut, present death, Sabi'a, the seven, Kinda, unthankful, and even the poet's mother are forgotten in favor of the patron. These places are down south and so part of the descent theme for 'Ali, the high one. Here again the last part of the praise addresses the patron in the second person. The rhythm is wafir, the exuberant, to suggest the babbling flow.

O lasting rain make thirsty the quarters
   Or else pour on them these liquid poisons



I ask about their wandering inhabitants
   But they don't know and won't shed tears
O Allah curse them, but for their past
   Times of pleasure and the playful girl
Gracious, inaccessible with heavy hips
   Her words would force the birds to stop
Her buttocks let her dress fall free
   Keeping space between her double necklace
When she sways you watch its movement
   If it were not for her arms it would fall
Stitches hurt her but stitching is soft
   Compared to the hurt of a sharpened sword
Her arms are enemies to her bracelets
   Her bedmate thinks her forearm is his mate
It's as if her veil were a thin cloud
   That shades the rising moon as it glows
I say to her: Show me my distress
   My words more humble than her coquetry
Do you fear Allah resurrecting a soul?
   When does Allah rebel at any submission?
Each abandoned, mad lover comes to you
   Every shameless veiled one has appeared
I will love you till they say ants drag
   Mount Thabir, or until Ibn Ibrahim fears
Far famed are the sorties of cavalry 14
   At his memory the suckling grows gray
He casts down his eyes in art and craft
   As if he was and yet was not submissive
If you ask him to give you what he has
   In hand, you ask a secret and it is told
Your acceptance of his gift is a gift
   If it does not occur he sees it as ugly.
Scorning wealth he spreads a leather mat
   And at the division he hates to put it by
If the Amir strikes off people's heads
   He spreads a carpet but not for bounty
He gives no gifts unless they are many
   Nor does he kill any but thoroughbreds
He teaches not except by the sword edge
   The sword is enough for the whip's work
'Ali is one who forbids no opponent
   To show himself, he only forbids return
'Ali kills the champion, a ransomed one
   Exchanging his corselet for one of blood
He bends the lance against its bearers
   And it fastens one rib to the other rib
The liver makes its retaliation on it
   For it is there that it bursts or splits
So avoid him in meetings of horsemen
   Unless you are the fiercest of lions
If you try to look at him from afar
   You can do a thing no one can attain
If you disbelieve me get on a horse 29
   Imagine, you will fall dead before him
He is a cloud, often he rains vengeance
   So his shower makes sterile fertile land
He saw me after the camel was exhausted
   Going to him with broken saddle straps
His river flowed over my land in a pool
   His goodness made my year all of spring
He aided me with what he gave, as I took
   His gifts drowned my grasp with swiftness
Shall I not forget Sukun and Hadramaut
   And my mother and Kinda and the Sabi'a?
You went the limit in plunder of foes
   So return them their sleep from the loot
If you do not send an army against them
   You take captive their hearts with fear
They consent to you as one agrees to gray
   Compelled to the white forelock and tress
Not unarmed if you are without weapons
   Your glance has something which forbids
Or if you put in sword's place your mind
   You cut by it a breastplate and chainmail
If you exhausted your efforts in battle
   Yet you overcame all the world with them
You rose by ambition so rise and continue
   For you do not find content in any degree

Grant you give much till none is generous
    How can you rise till there is no height?

58

The series that began with the elegy for Ibn Ishaq comes to a climax here with more praise for 'Ali ibn Ibrahim. 58:1-11 In this poem the beloved appears as the Arab nation, the umma or mother community, who has abandoned high ideals by submitting to foreign rulers. But the poet's belief in himself has not left him. He still thinks of himself as a mountain peak that is his substitute for the unreliable breast. 58:12-31 The praise of the patron and his clan alludes for the first time to the name of the family. The Mahatta means a camp or station where goods are put down after a journey. The Tanukh derive their name from nakh, a verb which means to make a camel kneel when it is unloaded or unsaddled after a trip. Thus in the middle of the poem the poet alludes to child's learning to go on all fours to suggest auditory communication. Ibn Ibrahim is now 'Ali the high one who is resurrected. 58:32-44 The last third of the poem suggests the visual communication habits in a description of the Buhaira, the little sea of Tiberias or Galilee in Palestine. It represents the prenatal state of the infant as well as the descent into the imprisonment from which the poet has escaped. It is the creative womb of the Muse and of Allah al Rahman al Rahim with its root rhm which means womb as well as mercy. It is a mirror in which inner reality is reflected so it can be seen. But the people who surround it are false and low. They have betrayed those other prophets who came from this region: Deborah, Elisha, Jonah and Jesus himself. The mountain winds, the fingers of the Muse, play on it like a lyre. It is fed by the golden stream of the Jordan and its Greco-Roman ruins were still to be seen in al Mutanabbi's day. It was also the home of the twelve disciples of Jesus and after that of the scholars who composed the Mishneh and Talmud, the Massoretes who developed the system of vowel points for the Old Testament. Verse rhythm, bahr in Arabic, means sea or river.

Aims: first traces erased by your tears
    The past most recent thing in their time
Yet folk must stay with their kings
    Arabs are unlucky with foreign kings
No culture among them and no respect
    No covenants for them and no loyalties
In every land that you tread, the people
    Seem ruled by slaves as if they were sheep
One thinks silk rough when he wears it
    But the rush was worn out by his toenails
As for me if I blamed those who envied me
    I did not deny what a plague I was to them
Why can't a man be envied as a high peak
    That has advanced over the heads of all?
The more polite sort of men fear him
    And heroes dread the edge of his sword
For I am a man who has enough of blame
    The noblest thing I own is generosity
Wealth harms the greedy, if only they
    Knew, as poverty can never harm them
They belong to wealth, not it to them
    And the shame remains while wounds heal
Whoever seeks glory let him be as 'Ali   12
    He gives a thousand while he is smiling
He jousts horsemen, all strokes pierce
    No pain is in them since they are swift
He knows an event before it occurs
    Nor has he any regret after it happens
Command, denial, long-tail horses, swords
    They are his as well as slaves and clients
And those attacks you have heard about
    The mountains almost are broken by them
He respects your word as hearer of pleas
    And yet he is deaf to any foul language
He shows you his rarities in his nature
    How the spirit is created with his glory
I went to one who, almost between two,
    If you are clients, would divide himself
After taking a gift from him there was
    For one I loved: earrings and bracelets
No hand so generous as when he gives
    No mouth so guided to what he speaks
The tribe of fierce Mahatta are lions
    And their spears are made into the lair
A people for whom the maturity of boys is
    Thrusting at warrior breasts, not puberty
It seems as if bounty is born with them
    No little one is excused nor any old men
When they follow a foe they make it known
    If they do a good action they keep it hid
You'd think from your losing the count
    That they do favors and do not know it
When they flash lightning death is near
    And if they reason it is correct and wise



Or swear a solemn oath and strive in it
    They say, as an oath: May my client fail!
Or if they ride horseback without saddle
    Truly their thighs have the determination
Or if present in fierce battle they take
    Of the souls in armor what they think best
Their ideals and goals shine like dawn
    As if their nature were in their souls
But for you I'd not have left Buhaira   32
    For Gaur was hot and her waters were cool
And the waves were like foaming horses
    They rumbled there with no reins on them
Birds above wave troughs seemed to be
    Piebald horses whose bridles were broken
As if she, while winds drove them about,
    Were an army in battle pursuing, pursued
As if she in the daylight were a moon
    The darkness of gardens surrounding her
Soft is her body and no bones in it
    She has had daughers but has no womb
Her belly gave forth these eternally
    She did not complain and did not bleed
Always birds made music on her shores
    The showers enriched gardens about her
And so she was like a mirror encircled
    The top of her cover had been laid bare
But the folk in the towns disgraced her
    Bastardy and vile origin are a disgrace
O Abu Husain, hear, since your praise
    Is in acts before the words set in verse
First showers are friendly to you in it
    And rains that impregnate are bounteous.
I make you safe from time's changes
    They are what is ruinous to generosity

59

A poem addressed to a patron whose name was Mugith from a root meaning to receive a shower of rain. He thus continues the theme of the prenatal sea and the descent with its shower of articulate sounds given in the previous poem. He also belongs to the tribe of the 'Ajli from a root meaning to hurry, a wheel, a calf. The calf of the Jews as seen in poem 30 uses this root. 59:1-10 The love prelude describes a beloved who dwells in the lover's heart which is a tent whose ropes were set in childhood. But she is a deer too. 59:11-30 The auditory communication habits appear in the middle of the poem where the patron's words are said to be like egg pearls come from the prenatal sea. His gifts have a sweet taste. His name is also said to be Ibn 'Ali here to link him with the preceding poem's patron. Insofar as his tribe is the 'Ajli they are related to the Yellow Cow, often associated with the Golden Calf, of the second Surah of the Quran. Its sacrifice produces the yellow stream of the creative word. 59:31-39 The visual communication habits are hinted at in the last part of the poem as the poet says that he receives news of the patron while he is in Aleppo and the patron is in Antioch. The latter name means, in Greek, an attack from the rear. The poet himself rides the camels of poverty and culture. He intends to make war his mother and spear and sword his brother and father. So the milk of the word turns into violent excretion when written with hands that have once been feet.

A tear flows to fulfill duty to an abode
    To its folk, can it heal without a grief?
We turn, for parting ruins what's left us
    Of sanity and what is gone cannot return
I water it with tears, thought to be rain
    As their flow from eyes makes them clouds
A camp visited has a ghost to menace me
    Nightly, my eyes neither believe nor deny
I move, it comes, I pursue, it departs
    I warm and it rises, I kiss as it rejects
A heart longs for an Arab girl who dwells
    In a heart-tent with ropes she did not set
Crime against a waist to see it as sapling
    Wrong done to saliva to compare it to honey
White, one longs for that under her dress
    But it is hard to attain when it is sought
She seems a sun whose beam eludes the hand
    Of the grasper, though the eye sees it near
She passed us with her maids as I said:
    Of what people is this young bedouin deer?
She smiled and said: Of Mugith who is   11
    A thicket lion but his ancestry is 'Ajli
She told of the bravest name, most generous
    Of givers, finest of composers and writers
If his mind settles on cripples they walk
    On fools they know, or the dumb they speak

When he appears, respect veils your eyes
   But no curtain hides him if he draws a veil
The bright face makes the sun dark to you
   A jewel in a word seems like an egg pearl
Decision's sword whose motion repels swords
   With dripping edge stained by heart's blood
The life of a foe if he meets him in dust
   Is less than goods' life if he makes gifts
Watch out for him or if you wish to test
   Become his enemy or some possession of his
His taste is sweet until when he is angry
   It sours, if it drips in water do not drink
The earth covets a place where he settles
   As horses are jealous of those he rides on
His mouth rejects no suppliant hand
   From himself yet he repels army clamors
When two dinars meet as mates in his
   Hand, they part before they are friends
Wealth, it's as if parting's raven saw
   Or shrieked each time one said: A client!
A sea whose wonder is untold in night talk
   No miracles in the sea after these marvels
Gaining a place does not satisfy Ibn 'Ali
   If a seeker complains of effort or default
Banu 'Ajli unfurl a banner for him, he is
   Their chief and all become their followers
They are the ones who abandon easy things
   They are the ones who try what is difficult
Their horses' armor is swords that take
   Skulls of warriors as bait for their spears
If the fates meet them they stand still
   Fearfully desiring both advance and retreat
Theirs is high rank, thought follows
   On its trail as it goes beyond the stars
Eulogy exhausts my verse trying to fill it   31
   And it returns unfilled by it, yet not dry
Yours nobility to surpass the world's
   Who is able to attain a fleeting thing?
When you stay in Antioch riders come
   Again and again with news to me in Aleppo
I go to you, I turn not aside for anyone
   I whip my two camels: Poverty and Culture
My time made me savor grief, I choked
   If one tasted it he'd weep, howl lifelong
And if I live I will make war my mother
   My spear a brother and my sword a father
As each unkempt one meets death smiling
   Until it's as if his dying were a reward
Heedless, almost a horse-whinny hurls him
   From his saddle lively with joy or sorrow
Death is more excusable, courage finer
   The land wider, a world for one who wins

60

Another poem in honor of the same patron as the preceding poem. The 'Ajli calves still imply the descent of the Israelites and the golden shower here. 60:1-17 The love prelude continues the attack on the umma or mother land of the Arabs. They are little people cowardly as rabbits. The poet is a mine of gold who like the yellow cow in the Quran knows what sacrifice is. He does not joust with grass spears that grow from underground warrens. He knows the difference between women's darkness and their brightness. 60:18-35 The auditory communication habits appear in the comparison of the patron, Mugith the shower, to the mountain of Lukam. He is now a breast producing the fluency of speech since Lukam means to strike on the breast. But Mugith is no mountain of rock. The poet is his suckling or produces his necklace of verses as threaded pearls. Mugith is like Qais in his love for Laila. The meanings of Qais can include famine and a penis and Laila's name means night in which speech is heard but touch and vision are lost. 60:36-43 The visual communication habits are seen in the shift from third person address to second person. Mugith's wealth is like a hand, the writer's hand, which strips off gifts like leprosy in the way that the skilled Samaritan doctors did. The root smr can also mean a man who talks at night and a man who tempted the Israelites to give their gold earrings to make the idolatrous calf. But the patron is a visible guide for a vast army, a flag leader.

This is a heart wine cannot console
   An age such as avarice makes a gift of
These are times whose men are small
   Even if their cadavers are monstrous
I live among them but am not of them
   And yet the gold mines are in the earth
They are rabbits--other than kings
   With their eyes open they are asleep



Bodies that are where a battle rages
But competition there is only for food
Horsemen before whom jousters don't fall
As if horsemens' lances were grass spears
Your friend is you, not one you call so
Even if the courtesies and words are many
If the government is held without reason
Yet the sword avoids the sharpener's neck
A thing's semblance is attracted to it
The likes of us in our world are stupid
If only one with rank were able to rise
Warriors would rise and dust would fall
If only the meritorious were to rule
In their rank beasts would be herdsmen
He who tests women finds that they
Have a brightness, but inside are dark
If youth seems drunken and gray hair
Only care, then life is death itself
Not everyone is excused as a miser
Nor is everyone blamed for stinginess
I see neither my friend's like or mine
In my remaining with the likes of them
In a land where in all you want, you
Find nothing is lacking except honor
O would faults of folk were in it
Would that perfections were in them!
You see two mountains of honor and rock 18
The highest is Mugith the other is Lukam
That is not his proper place, rather
He passes over it as the clouds pass
Allah grant that nobility's brother pour
For me a drink, not weaning his suckling
A person, one of whose gifts is giving
And one whose single gift is the custom
Times have hidden him on our account
As a necklace hides the pearls' thread
Manliness delights him even if it hurts
As he who loves delights even in longing
He loves it with a love of Qais for Laila
And embraces it but no sickness is in him
He scares the sedate and melts the brisk
So one doesn't know--is he elder or youth?
Problems possess him as to bounty
But he has no success in any argument
Accepting his gifts is honor and glory
But taking gifts of some people is blame
Many a gift of his shines on the necks
They are the collar and men are the dove
The generous are counted, 'Ajli is all
Like stars that rise and set in the year
Their shields protect their foreheads
When the blows grow hot on their edges
If you ask them on judgment day for gifts
They give what they prayed and fasted for
Though clement, horses among them
Are swift and their spears contentious
With them the meat platters are crowned
Jousting right and left and double blows
We take them by blushes at our glances
But arrows are blunted with their faces
A tribe that bears the highest things
Like the bony structure bears the body
A tribe you are part of yet you are you 36
As your father is Bishr, royal and heroic
Giving his wealth tears it to pieces
All creatures share in his huge bounty
We do not call you its lord to please
For with lordship protection is a duty
Stripped off as if you were Samaritan
A hand with leprosy to be shaken by hand
When the learned come to you they say:
You be ransom for us O instructed leader
When flag bearers see you they say:
By this one the vast armies are guided
A season's made fine by you until it's
As if you are the smile on time's mouth
Your gift is what creature never gave
Your lord's blessing on you and peace

A poem for a patron named Abu'l Faraj, the father of the open mouth. Faraj can also mean to part the legs and hence a relief as in excretion, the pudenda, the womb. He is thus the counterpart of the patron in the previous poem, Mugith, the shower that falls on the mouth. He is called Ibn Husain and thus echoes the poet's own name. 61:1-11 Another sensuous presentation of the absent beloved who contrasts with the evils of the umma here represented by the jinn. But her absence is as hard on the infant as the possibility that she might be one of the evil jinn. 61:12-28 The patron suggests auditory communication in his role as judge who speaks his sentence on the criminal. His culture seems a mountain peak rooted in the soil of wisdom and his fingers bring the showers of fluent speech like rain clouds. 61:29-38 Visual communication is suggested as the poet turns from the third person to the first and second and alludes to his role as a writer describing the patron. Like Abu'l Faraj al Isfahani, al Mutanabbi's contemporary and author of the Kitab al Agani under the patronage of Saif al Daula, Ibn Husain suggests a profusion of stories for the poet's pen. The power of the spirit is seen in the comparison of the nose to the tail and the patron's bounty is expressed mathematically at the end. A single consonant can count for much.

Jinn or maid on whom a curtain is raised!
   Or wild deer, no, the deer has no earrings
Shy one, soldiers scare her for her neck
   And beads, her waist and buttocks are heavy
Her silk dress makes us think of the like
   A sapling bent to us, gazelle looked at us
Growth of white hair is loss of my growth
   And the power of love weakens my strength
She who is my passion makes my blood flow
   My passion and my love and hers are a bond
She, each time I strip her of her clothes
   Draws to herself another dress of soft hair
Buds of a willow branch come near to me
   A moon bends over and a sandhill restrains
Is it a trick O parting that you persist?
   Our homes not close as our lives not clear
I'd repeat alas if alas would end a need
   I'd echo too bad if too bad healed thirst
Love's illness is as poison hid in honey
   I, unwitting, enjoyed it and joy was death
It strove, my soul could not avoid till 11
   Abu'l Faraj the Qadi became shelter from it
Little sleep is his, if sword and spear
   Are his ideas no helmet or armor will hold
A frown on his face takes an army's place
   A consonant in his words will exceed words
If he loses a bestowal his right yearns
   For it, as friend who goes longs for friend
Culture peaks root in his breast's wise
   Land, earth's mountains hills beside that
Liberal, his hand aspires in good and evil
   On high, so fate wishes its name were hand
He appears, among men every ruler of
   Men finds opponents except in his rule
They ransom him till it seems their blood
   Waits in their veins for his love's flow
Estate upon estate in thanks as gifts
   His gifts bequests, their thanks endowment
When we lost his like our search was long
   For him, but loss stayed and search removed
Fancy is no more excited by greatness
   Of such as him than eye is by his beauty
Rage and evil give no more in envy of him
   Than goodness will give out of his bounty
His thought knowledge, his talk wisdom
   Within religion and without graciousness
He calms winds of blame and they are storms
   A high camp lost and bounty's trace erased
Before Ibn Husain we saw no such fingers
   They pour to put to shame thick rainclouds
Nor such a busy one achieving glory's peak
   With his acts that description cannot reach
Nor any bearing a heavy load as he bears it
   He belittles the world yet a horse bears him
Never has a deep sea sat still for clients
   Beneath it the carpet and above it the roof
O wonder for me to attempt description 29
   In writing and pages withering before it
Profusion of stories about his good deeds
   One kind passes away and another kind comes
They smile with qualities that are as his
   Teeth of a beloved whose saliva never tires

I made you my goal, those who hoped for it
Were many but the tail is not like the nose
Nor bright silver and refined gold the same
In their use to the poor, but both are spent
You're not small, a shower fears smallness
No end of the gift beyond which is another
You are not just one among men of society
Nor one of a few but rather you are double
Nor yet double when double follows double
Nor twice twice double, nor like a thousand
O our Qadi this the family of which are--
I make a mistake, it is not a third or half
My sin is remissness, I did not bring praise
As my sin, rather I came to ask forgiveness

62

The patron in this poem is named 'Ali ibn Mansur the Hajib. Ibn Mansur echoes Ibn Husain of the previous poem and thus suggests the poet's own name again. Mansur means victory and this idea is related to the patron of poems 56-58, 'Ali Ibn Ibrahim. As a hajib the patron is one who veils or secludes his lord from those who might hurt him. Here he separates ideas given in the previous poems from those which are to follow. 62:1-11 The love prelude accordingly speaks of many veiled women who represent various ideas of the bad nurse. 62:12-32 The praise of the patron emphasizes the fluency of the spoken word by saying that the Dijla, the muddy Tigris river, is not enough for him to drink. Bagdad as a center of culture is therefore submissive to him. Though he is named the Keeper, people are at a loss what to call him. His violent acts, like those of most of the patrons up to this point, exist only in an unhistorical realm of poetry. 62:33-40 The visual communication habits appear as the patron is addressed in the second person in the role of the sun that was first ascribed to the beloveds. The poet himself assumes the role of recording angel as he is writing of him. The power of the Keeper lies in the veil of the script.

My father! suns decline to the west
Those ones who wear their silken veils
Those who plunder our hearts and reason
With their cheeks that sack the plunderers
Soft ones, killers, revivifiers of life
Who put in force the signs of a coquetry
They try to speak but they fear a guard
So they put their hands above the breast
They smile with cool teeth I fear to melt
In the heat of my sighs, for I am melting
O well for those who saddle up, well for
Wadis where I veil myself from virgin sun
What hope to be free of these calamities
After they have fixed their claws in me?
They isolated me and united with grief
Extreme, for they have made it master me
They set me up as target for arrows to hit
Suffering sharper than the edges of swords
The world made me thirsty as I came to it
Seeking drink, she poured her griefs on me
I was given in place of hollow-eyed camel
Black feet when I became a walker on foot
Such a state if Ibn Mansur knew of it 12
Time would come to me repentant for it
A lord whose lancehead and whose fingers
Rival each other in blood and bounty's flow
He makes big dangers small for his folk
And thinks the Dijla not enough to drink
Noble and if you told him about himself
And great things done he'd think you lied
Ask of his bravery and visit him in peace
But beware and beware again of him in war
For death is known by telling his nature
And he makes no creature taste death twice
If you meet him you meet only an army
Or the dust or jousting or the slashing
Or fleeing or pursuing or the desiring
Or the dreading or agonizing or lamenting
When you look at the mountains you see
Them above the plain as spears and swords
When you look at the plains you see them
Below mountains as horsemen and squires
The steel stands out in a darkening dust
Like a negro smiling or gray locks of hair
If day is dressed with it there is dark
Night, and the lances bring up the stars
Calamity makes an army with it as an army
Men form battalions with it as conscripts

He leads away a lion whose prey is lions
   He is a lion for whom the lions are foxes
As to rank, men are kept from gaining it
   Eminent so they call him 'Alì the Keeper
They call him from excess bounty, lavish
   They call him from anger at souls, robber
He is one who expends gold making gifts
   His enemies are dead and fate put to test
He disappoints critics in what they hope
   From him but he denies no hand by refusal
What you see of him when he is present
   Is like what you see of him when absent
Like the moon wherever you turn, you see
   He guides to your eyes a penetrating beam
As a sea he yields gems for those nearby
   As bounty and raised up the distant clouds
Like the sun at heaven's zenith, its light   33
   Overwhelming the land in the east and west
O degrader of their bounty and despiser
   Leaving all the liberal people with censure
They show their virtues, you show honor
   Their virtue is found disgraceful by that
I'm here O permanent rage of the envious
   Truly we witness wonders from your bounty
Labor with experience thinks of tomorrow
   But onslaughts of fools fear no outcomes
If a client turns away from a rich gift
   You expend it in searching for a recipient
Take my praise for what it is worth but
   What is fit in praise is not expected of me
I marvel at what you do, less than it
   Astonishes the guardian angels who write

63

This poem is dedicated to a patron named Abu Hafs, the father of a leather bucket used to clean a well. It thus suggests the descent in the seated position. The root hfs can also mean to eat. 63:1-11 The prelude again deals with the theme of a forbidden love which the lover's tears reveal. The lover's emaciated body wastes away like the camp traces of the Sower's fields. 63:12-33 The patron is the one who rescues him. He cleanses the channels of communication like a bucket cleans a well. It was part of his role to arrange the ransoms between the Byzantine and Muslim armies and thus make it possible for the two sides to speak to each other. He does this task so well that the poet is full of childhood hyperboles about his good qualities. 63:34-39 The visual communication habits appear when the patron's other name is mentioned. It is 'Umar ibn Sulaiman. 'Umar means life and as the son of Solomon he is an expression of the power of vision to produce the insight and foresight found in writing. He gives the rasul's, prophet's, faith as a gift.

We know parting grave but dislike is more
   And we suspect gossips and tears from them
He whose heart is with another, how is he?
   Whose secret is in his eyes, how hide that?
When we met, distance and our guard were
   Forgetful of us yet I wept and you smiled
I had seen no moon smile before her face
   And before me you had not seen the dead talk
One hurt by love, as her back by her thighs
   With waning strength he complains of her act
With hair returning night in dawn's glow
   A face bringing back dawn in a dark night
If my heart were hers it would be empty
   But yet the army of love there is immense
Hearthstones are fired like the heart
   The traces destroyed like my emaciate body
I wet my gown there and a shower helps me
   Its tears were pure and my tears had blood
If what flowed on my cheeks weren't blood
   The trickle would not be red nor I be sick
By my soul a dream visited me after sleep
   Its word was: After us do you savor dozing?
Peace! if fear and greed were not there   12
   I would say Abu Hafsa had said a goodbye
A lover of bounty longs to give wealth
   Ardently as the enslaved lover makes love
I swear if each hair of him were not
   A lion we would say of him: You are a lion!
Don't we diminish his joy since he grows?
   We decry him and disparaging is forbidden
He exceeds comparison for his hand is no
   Sea, nor he a lion or his thoughts swords

Nor his wounds healed or his holes seen
   Nor can his edges be dulled, or notched
Nor anything be tied which he has untied
   Nor any matter loosed which he has knotted
He does not trail skirts in self-conceit
   Nor does he serve the world as it serves him
He wants no permanency, giving destroys
   Nor is the foe safe from him as he is safe
Sweeter than wine with water his mention
   Better than fortune if a poor man meets him
More scarce than the 'anqa bird his equal
   More rare than one he denied as his client
More supplied with gifts after the giving
   Than shower after shower in continual rain
High in bounty, if he saw his eyes' sleep
   As avarice he would swear he would not doze
If he said: Bring a dirham not yet given
   To a client--men would have no such dirham
If what delights him troubled me before
   His bravery and generosity affect him most
He pours the mulberry juice in every raid
   With a sheath's bright orphan as he orphans
Ransom price not put from his saddle a day
   Saddled horse bridled after going on a raid
He crosses Rum lands, and gloom is bright
   With his swords, but air is black with dust
To a king of tyrants, how many regiments
   Encounter him as their death and know it?
How many virgin Christians show to him
   The fair cheeks that soon will be clawed?
Rows for a lion among lions whose guard
   Is in backs of stallions and upright spears
Fate is absent from them when he is absent
   And approaches their camps if he approaches
O good for you to free captives as you do   34
   'Umar ibn Sulaiman and the wealth he shares!
He rewards you who gave his rasul's faith
   As gift, hand and mouth cannot give thanks
Be gentle for if you are not merciful to
   Yourself in giving yet you are granted mercy
Your home is the goal and your enemies
   Silent, your rivals lost, your gifts myriad
Visiting you for me is putting aside kings
   When the sea appears the dust is not for me
Live, if slaves are ransom for a lord from
   Death, you are not lost and earth is at peace

64

This poem takes up another theme expressed in the patron's name. It is 'Abd al Wahid ibn 'Abbas ibn Abu al Asba'i, Servant of the One, Son of the Frown, Son of the Father of the Fingers or toes. For the infant the variety of approaches to the world in touch, hearing and vision is complicated by the multiplicity of the toes and fingers that model the articulation of sounds and signs of script. They have to be unified if one is to get a grasp on one's experience in the descent. 64:1-11 The camels and the tears are further examples of the multiplicity which stands for the theme of separation. The beloved's embrace is like a cloud watering the camp where the Sower's seed is scattered. 64:12-24 The patron's name as Servant of the One provides a solution where it is most needed, that is, in the auditory communication habits which are capable of generalization but do not have the permanence needed for careful thought. 64:25-37 The patron's other names appear in the last part of the poem where visual communication is important. He is the son of the frown 'Abbas but he has become a rajul, a man or leg, who unifies the toes or fingers of his hand in the pen that writes. It is for this reason that he can call poems camels. So too the Greeks: theo, to run and theo-, god-.

O the camels of the beloved! truly tears
   Beat the cheeks like they pound on stones
They know her whom parting loaded on you
   And they go softly with obedient bridles
Once it was shame that forbade me to weep
   But today weeping forbids the prohibition
Until it's as if a sob in every bone is
   Under their skin and in every vein tears
To shame the fawn there is enough light
   For lovers and my being slain in this way
She unveils but parting veils her in pallor
   Veils her eye's hollow though it has no veil
As if it, with the tears dripping over it,
   Were gold, a double thread of pearls inset
She displays those three locks of hair
   To nights and they show my night as fourth



She opposes a moon in the sky to her face
   And shows me two celestial lights at once
Return my embrace as clouds water a camp
   If your caress is like that, it has no end
Thunder shows you sky lightning, a plain
   Like a sea, and the hills a fertile meadow
Like 'Abd al Wahid's flowing fingers that   12
   Gush and shelter one who yearns but fears
He was familiar to manliness from youth
   As if he had it with milk sucked in infancy
His gifts kept as charms on his account
   One is used to them and if lost one fears
He leaves good deeds like flashing swords
   And the high acts like spears at the ready
Smiling to his clients a gracious smile
   Its flashes cover the blazing lightning
Revealing to his foes impetuous pride
   If its shoulders touch the sky it shakes
Determined, wakeful, strong in knowledge
   Prudent, warlike, generous and brilliant
A writer, brisk, persuasive, bounteous
   Intelligent, rational, elegant, eloquent
A soul who owns the people of the time
   Waster of souls, separating the gathered
Gifts that have the bounty of rainclouds
   Poured out on settled land and wasteland
He ever splits huge masses collected
   Gathering masses of bounty to be split
He rejoices in gifts as a sword rejoicing
   On hope's day his joy is as on battle day
O riches, meeting him is poor man's hope
   His prayer after a service when he prays
Stop! but you do not stop until the goal   25
   You go with stars beneath as you succeed
You settle in places where acts are high
   Such a place as no men or jinn settle in
You seize their good and what contents men
   In it, but no man joys in what contents him
Judgment is done in what you desire as if it
   Were yours, if you decide a matter so it is
Stubborn fate submits as if it were
   A slave when you say: Come here swiftly
Your honor devours a boaster, and camels
   Of my art limp as they turn from their goal
They run the sun's course in her sky
   Cross to her west and outpass the orient
If the world joined to another such as it
   They'd cover it and fear, not being content
If one denied claims for you beyond this
   Allah witnesses the truth of what is claimed
A speaker gives proof of your condition
   He keeps little things among many estates
If a hero is claimed to be no other than
   Such a rajul then call all other men toes
If glory did not achieve bounty except
   Thus, then rain would be the stingiest gift
'Abbas made your splendor, O his son, go
   As a vision for us and until resurrection

65

In this three part poem the poet addresses the problem of the unity of the self from the point of view of the prenatal experience, the Faradis or Paradise where all desires are satisfied. This unity is important as the babbling stream is broken up by the articulation of sounds and signs. But unity is also an evil, like a lioness, if the standards it imposes are not judged by inner and outer reality. Cats seem to be more self-centered than dogs and some other childhood pets which can be more useful to the child's developing self. 65:1 The poet requires the lioness to be hospitable as the bad nurse often seems not to be. If she cannot do this he must say farewell. 65:2 But both seem surrounded by foes as the auditory communication habits tell one more of the world one lives in and articulate speech becomes possible. 65:3-4 The poet makes visual communication the basis of his offer to live and share with that prenatal perfection which cannot subsist without help from postnatal experience. The written word is needed for that. Poem 73 will give the sequel to this poem.

Is your region hospitable O Faradis lion?
   Then dwell with me, or if base then goodbye
Behind me and in front of me are many foes
   I'm wary of thieves both among you and them
Do you agree with me in what I desire?
   For I know more about means of livelihood



So your food comes to you from each region
   As you are rich in your plunder and I share

66

The patron's name here is 'Abd al Rahman ibn Mubarak and as such emphasizes the theme of the poet as the servant of the Merciful, that is, the womb of Allah, the son of one who kneels. It thus recalls the poems elegizing Ibn Ishaq al Tanukhi since both roots nakh and brk mean to make a camel kneel and hence the descent theme. The root rhm also has the meaning of inward parts of the body in general and thus suggests the infant's prone position. 66:1-6 The contrasting terms in several of these verses imply the theme of unity in diversity which was used in the previous poem. The description of the deserted campsite again suggests the Sower's fields. 66:7-16 The journey theme of the warrior poet has an auditory touch in the Jadila camels. The root jdl means to speak forcefully and argue. This balances the patron's name of Ibn Mubarak. 66:17-37 Visual communication habits appear in the name of the servant of the womb's mercy which brings to birth the written word out of the spoken word. The new appearance is like the poet's assuming the feminine role of the Muse after his masculine role of the speaker. But here only a few verses use the second person address while the majority are in the third person.

Departure's gift and flight in union
   Returns me to illness like a waning moon
For the body suffers decrease as what
   Diminishes in it increases in sadness
Stop at the traces in the plain of Rayya
   A beauty spot beside beauty spot on cheek
At the deserted mounds like the stars
   Near courtyards that are like the night
And drain-trenches as if they were
   Ankle rings making no noise on plump legs
Blame me not, I'm most loving of lovers
   To her, O most censorious of reprovers
What does distance want of a viper who 7
   Tasted heat of deserts and cold of night?
He is sharper in fear than death's king
   Going farther in darkness than the dream
By a death in glory a lover is fascinated
   Instead of lengthening his life in mean hate
We are riders like jinn in human clothes
   On birds who have the shape of fine camels
From Jadila's daughters going with us
   The gait of days to death in the desert
All of a good she-camel in a wasteland
   It leaves a fire track like a wick in oil
Aiming at a full moon, the sea and lion
   In Ibn Mubarak who is the most excellent
He who visits sees Solomon in his famed
   Kingdom and Joseph in all of his beauty
And like the spring a shower smiles in
   Flowers of thanks from gardens of eminence
From it east winds perfume us with sighs
   Bringing back the soul to the dead hopes
Friendly care is 'Abd al Rahman's desire 17
   And destruction of enemies and of wealth
The greatest blame for him is stinginess
   Jousting for him is the lion's prototype
Wounds for him are calls for help
   That precede his gifts to the clients.
This burning lamp, this heart purifier
   This remnant of the prophetic deputies
Take water from his feet and sprinkle
   On cities to ward off dread earthquake
Rub cloth of his shirts, you two, upon
   Your sores to heal them from a sickness
Filling with his gifts east and west
   And with his terrors the hearts of men
He keeps his right hand from the world
   If he desires he takes it with his left
He himself is his army, his acts victory
   And respect for him is blades and spears
His is a blow at the head of affluence
   Whose impact is on the heads of heroes
They are always in fear of him, in time
   Of attack though it is not a battle day
A man whose clay is made of red amber
   While the clay of mankind is earthenware
What remains of his clay when it meets
   Water brings sweetness to a cool liquid
His constant good judgment estranges men
   But it has the firmness of the mountains



I am not one your love of peace blinds
Even if you seem not to witness battle
That is what life takes care of for you
Your enemies are vile and few are equal
He is forgiving but if rage turns him
Their skulls are trod by horses' shoes
For horses that enter into battle bare
But come out with blood for horse cloths
Steel borrows its color and he casts
Its color on the locks of the youths
At times more bitter than deadly poison
At times sweeter than the freshest water
Humanity is where you are and men are not
Men are in the places where you are absent

67

The patron of this poem is named Abu 'Ali Harun, a katib or secretary. Harun is the Arabic form of the spokesman of Moses. He thus represents that stream of urinary and fecal matter which turns to golden idolatry unless it is sacrificed as is required of the yellow cow in the Quran. The patron's name also echoes that of the great caliph Harun al Rashid. His foundation of the 'Abbasid empire was being dismembered in our poet's day. 67:1-8 The love prelude discusses the impossiblity of concealing the visit of the beloved Muse who nevertheless makes her poet lover mad and emaciated. Like the lamp of Allah's light in Chapter 24 of the Quran the Muse cannot be hidden. However the poet has not lost confidence in the heroism of his role. 67:9-29 The journey passage addresses the patron as Abu 'Ali, the father of the heights, and this is appropriate to the mountains of once fluent but now snowy Lebanon which the poet crosses in order to reach him. It also suggests the descent theme of the second fifth of the diwan. The patron's ear for poetry is the pathway for rhymes that are the key to his generosity. Sounds are wealth to him. Like the guided Harun al Rashid he knows how to balance the inwardly directed Jewish vowel script with the outwardly turned Greek script and so take the middle path of the Arabic script which is rightly guided. 67:30-47 The praise of the patron, all in the second person, uses his name of Harun to emphasize that it is the visual communication habits which produce the birth of the written word. So too the poet imitates the productivity of the female menstrual cycle. The moon is the sole of his shoe in spite of its monthly changes. Through him Eve becomes productive. There is a competition between the name Harun and other names as to which will have the honor of being attached to him. The root hra means to mock, to dye rags yellow and thus is a hint of the urinary stream as the basis of babbling and of articulate sounds. Homosexual love is involved in this process as in other poems where the intimacy of the second person was used.

Guards are safe from your visits at dark
Since where you are in the dark is light
Restless beauty unveils her for she is
Musk, her moving in the night is the sun
I grieve for grief by which you derange
For knowing it when by it a veil covers me
My complaint is of the loss of sickness
Which existed when limbs were still mine
You painted your eye in my mind as wound
A wideness of both of them is copied there
It pierced my fine-wove armor and seldom
A brown shafted lance broke through that
I'm a wadi rock dashed against by floods
And when I speak I'm the bright Jauza star
If I hide from the simple my excuse is
That the eye of the blind cannot see me
Habits of the nights make my camel doubt: 9
Is my breast or a desert broader for her?
Going all night in haste fast on her fat
Emaciation speeds her through the desert
The saddle straps slacken and her hoofs
Are pierced, though her path is a virgin
She changes color for fear of perishing
There, like the chameleon changes color
Between me and Abu 'Ali stand, like him,
Mountain peaks and like them are the hopes
Heights of Lubnan: how to cross them?
For it is winter and summer is as winter
The snows have obscured my paths for me
As if in their whiteness they were dark
So a generous one as he stays in a city
Makes the silver flow and the water stay
Rains freeze, and if rainstars knew him
As they know, they'd been amazed, not shone
Longing for his script is in each heart
Until it is as if his ink were a passion
For every eye peace is in his practice
It's like his absence was an eyesickness
He's guided in action so poets cannot
Guide aright in speech until he directs

On every day coming and going for rhymes
In his heart, and attention is for his ear
There are raids on what he gathers, as if
In each verse were a band of bright heroes
He wrongs the stingy in charging them
So they become, even they, equal to him
We blame them yet by them we know virtue
It is by their opposites things are known
One whose profit is attacked, his hurt
Being left alone if only the enemy knew
For peace breaks the wings of his wealth
With his gifts, and battle heals them again
He gives, huge gifts from his hand's gift
Wisdom is seen by a glance at his thoughts
Separating two tastes, uniting strength
As if they were prosperity and misfortune
As if he were what his enemies do not want
While showing his partisans what they crave
O one whose soul is a gift of generosity 30
Even when no beggar will come to him for it
Thank your clients, worry not at their
Loss, for a legacy they don't take is a gift
The dead do not number a legion as few
Except when the living lament due to you
No heart splits from what is beneath it
Until some terror of you settles within it
O Harun unnamed until lots were drawn
And names were competing with your name
You came but others shared not your name
Yet men are equal in regard to your gifts
True universal, cities filled with you
You surpass all so this eulogy is paltry
Generous until you almost are miserly
Turning at the goal and from joy weeping
You originate things with source unknown
And you add to it so the origin is denied
Honor is balanced in you by shortcoming
Glory is free from any asking an increase
If you are asked it's not you create need
When you are hid your good deeds betray you
If you're praised it's not to gain eminence
Praise is for those who give thanks to Allah
If you have rain it's not that you are dry
Fertile land is watered, the sea rained on
No clouds imitate your bounty but rather
Are feverish for it so the downpour sweats
Our day's sun never confronts this face
Except with a face that has no shame in it
So with what foot did you run to heights?
Surface of the moon was sole for your shoe
The times are yours as a guard from time
And death is yours as a ransom from death
If you were not of mankind which is of you
Eve would be barren though bearing her sons

68

This hunting poem commemorates a hunt in which the patron of the previous poem uses his dog to kill a deer. One of the patron's names, al Awaraji, the one who keeps a ledger, is relevant to this poem insofar as the dog keeps track of events. The deer is said to be daubed with sandalwood oil which was used as a medicine for genito-urinary ailments like gonorrhea. The color of sandalwood also suggests the yellow cow of the Quran and the killing of the deer represents the sacrfice of the cow which breaks up the babbling stream. This brings to birth the new creation of the spoken word as a consequence of the four footed resurrection in the dog. 68:1-5 The solitude of the tactile communication habits is suggested here. Plants like khuzami and garanful have sprung from the seeds of the Sower. But the gazelle is a doomed soul. 68:6-18 The chase represents the kinetic element in speech. The detailed description of the dog's appearance and activity suggests the power of the artos, the joined words that are daily bread for the hunter who is poet and reader. 68:19-28 The mention of the Quran as the Revelation brought down and Hippocrates as the dog again suggests the yellow cow as the written word. The Arabic spelling of Hippocrates is Buqrat and this echoes the Arabic for yellow cow: baqarat. Here, as with the mention of Jalen in poem 42, Greek medical science, the healing power of Jesus, joins with the straight path of the Quran to bring Allah's power to the poet. The dog's tail points the way to script. The hairy hunter and the womb of Allah have made a sexual contract.

A campsite is no resting place for us
Nor for anything but these morning clouds
Dew on the khuzami and odor of garanful
Dwelling place of wild beasts not settled
Grazing gazelles appeared to us there
With a doomed soul who is far from shelter

His fine neck does without ornament
   In the habit of nakedness without dress
As if he were daubed with sandalwood oil
   Confronting one with what seem oryx horns
He comes between the dog and a hope 6
   As the trainer loosens the tightest leash
Wide-jawed with a collar and chain
   Thin, but a leaper who is tough and fast
If they bleat at him he does not stir
   Strong of back and with his lithe muscles
His glance is straight if he turns
   Around, as if he were looking in a mirror
He runs where it's rough as on a plain
   He chases, reaches the game, is trailed
He sits like a bedouin warming himself
   His four fine twisted legs without a flaw
Front ones wide-set, back ones light
   The tracks print themselves on the rocks
In leaping almost by folding them
   He can join the breast and the haunches
Between his top and his bottom parts
   The first shower of running and the second
As if he were fashioned from a stone
   That has been fixed on the flexible lance
With stripped tail, undocked as it
   Traces on the dust its florid script
As if it were separate from his body
   Its feeblest movements would ruin a whip
Desire attained, hunter's authority
   A hobble for the deer and death for fawns
The two oppose each other alone in dust 19
   The one behind swears death to one ahead.
In the dirt neither is to be distracted
   He does not fail to avoid every mistake
He is rushing on the place of terror
   As he makes a vast sea the width of a brook
Until one says: You've got him, at him!
   He bares those fangs as if they were swords
They do not know the smith's file work
   A vehicle for the pains of the Revelation
As if they had the north wind's speed
   As if they had the weight of Mount Yadhbul
As if they were of the width of plains
   As if he from his knowledge of a killing
Could teach Hippocrates a vein's flow
   Or change what leaps to that which falls
So what is in skin comes in the pot
   Nor does the lack of a falcon worry us
While you remain in peace O Abu 'Ali
   The power is almighty Allah's and then mine

69

This is the first of the sequence of poems devoted to Badr ibn Isma'il. The sequence is the third of the five parts in the first fifth of the diwan. The poet met Badr when he was 24 in the year 939 about four years after he was released from prison. He was the first patron whose political importance was sufficient to raise the poet onto a new level of professional prestige. The symbolism of the full moon given in Badr's name implies both control of the flood of spoken words which is appropriate to the middle fifth of the pattern and the thought of menstrual blood in birth and rebirth or resurrection in the phases of the moon. They relate to the poet's use of the babbling stream after the experience of imprisonment and death in the elegy for Ibn Ishaq. This suggests that an embryo listens while in the womb but cannot see. The root bdr can also mean to hurry, as the moon does in moving through its phases, or as speech does when compared to touch or vision. The crawling of the child in the middle fifth of the pattern emphasizes this speed. 69:2-7 Auditory communication appears as the poet speaks of the father of the moon which motivates him to give his light. This is the kinetic soul of speech. Another meaning for the root bdr is a bag of gold coins and this supports the idea of Badr's generosity. 69:8-20 The conflict involved in the spoken word's acceptance of visible form makes Badr unique among Adam's children. It was they who changed the syllabic writing on the clay tablets represented by Adam into alphabetic script. Immortality is in this script.

Is it a dream we see or some new times
   Does creation renew in this living shape?
He beams on us and makes us shine by him 2
   As if the stars found us in the ascendant
We see by means of Badr and his fathers
   The moon has a father, full moon children
We seek his joy by leaving what pleases
   Us for him, and so we leave the prostration
A prince who is prince, from him bounty
   Generosity is stingy when he does not give



He speaks about his bounty with dislike
As if he had the jealous person's heart
He goes on except in regard to fleeing
He has power except in regard to profit
As if your liberality were part of fate 8
For what you give by it we find happiness
Many an attack in the battle you repelled
With a flexible brown one dark with blood
Many a fear revealed, many a blade broke
Many a lance you left splintered in ruin
Many a gift you gave without a promise
Many a hero you outdistanced by a threat
With your swords' flight from the sheaths
The necks desired that they be scabbards
To a skull they return from the like of it
They see the return from a drink as drink
You destroy the enemies' souls with steel
Until you ruin the steel with their souls
You consume what lasts in their lives
And make last what you own by consuming
As if you from poverty desired wealth
From death in battle desired immortality
It is a nature leading one to its lord
And a sign of glory shown to the slaves
He is upright and sweet yet bitter
We scorn the sea and lions through him
Description is far in spite of nearness
Though it bewilders, wears out a seeker
For you are unique of Adam's children
But are not lonely for loss of an equal

70

In this five part poem the poet commemorates a physician's bloodletting of Badr thus causing more blood to flow than was necessary. This suggests the theme of the menstrual flow of blood whereby the womb of the Muse and of Allah is cleansed and made ready for the birth of the word. The image retains the idea of prenatal perfection as a standard for judgment. This is the theme of Jesus' parable of the Wicked Husbandmen who shed the blood of the lord's servants in their struggle for the bloody wine which also represents the fluency of the word. In this poem Badr's full moon produces this flow of the wine of the word which has already been hinted at in poems 11 and 33-38. 70:1-6 The love prelude notes that the sensual details of the absent beloved are drunk like intoxicating wine. Her buttocks are heavy to suggest their importance in the development of articulate sounds. 70:7-10 The journey to Badr is described in terms of the poet's poverty since it is made on foot. It thus suggests the theme of descent in the second fifth of the pattern. He is even forced to do without male companionship here. 70:11-18 The middle fifth of the poem has two parts to suggest that the auditory communication habits have a semantic and syntactic side to them. This first part suggests the semantic values of the patron in his wealth and sagacity. 70:19-24 The second part of the middle fifth points to the syntax of the spoken word in the description of Badr's horse. The child's ability to crawl is seen as the source of verbs and nouns, adverbs and adjectives which categorize events and conflict with external order. 70:25-35 A second passage of praise for the patron raises him to new heights in accord with the ascent idea in the fourth fifth. He is a cloud and a moon as well as a sea and a bush. He is dark as the star Zuhal, the planet Saturn. 70:35-44 The final passage describes the inept surgeon's bleeding technique. It represents the flow of the ink from the poet's pen which materializes the spoken words. The fangs of the dog which were compared to the scalpel of Hippocrates and the weight of Mount Yadhbul in poem 68 have now done their work by giving the poet access to the fluency of speech and writing.

Farthest away from beauty is stinginess
It is distance which no camel undertakes
I'm patient of what lasts but is not hers
The weariness of lasting weariness in her
As if her outline as she turns were
Drunk with her eye's intoxicating wine
Buttocks pull on her below her waist
As if they were trembling at her going
I find passion's heat sucking her mouth
Patience leaves me if it is uninterrupted
Lips, breasts, ankles and wrists
Are my sickness, and that black hair
And many a desert I crossed on two feet 7
A trained, strong camel foundered there
With my girded sword and my experience
Rewarding me, enveloped in the darkness
As a friend I reject his companionship
The changes do not worry me at his parting
Coming, going between dawn and sunset
And change of cities from their sisters
In visiting the Amir Badr ibn 'Ammar 11
Employment apart from work for mankind

He is wealth himself, as his wealth is
   For one needing it without hint or asking
The times are easy on his heart so
   Neither grief nor frivolity shows in it
Due to death's submission to him almost
   He destroys one whose term has not yet come
Due to his will's strength almost what
   He does is done of itself before his doing
His qualities are known by his eye
   As if he had anointed it with sagacity
I tremble at the kindling of his thought
   For by that I fear he'll burst in flames
A noble chief, his foes if they yield
   In flight want to boast of what they do
He turns each fast horse's face to them 19
   Her four legs arrive before her eyes appear
Short-hair, filling a girth with a belly
   The tail hairs are longer than her tail bone
She turns her back, you'd say she has no neck
   She faces forward, you'd say she has no rump
A lance thrust twists as earth shakes
   As if in her heart terror were struck
Blood has already stained her cheeks
   As shame stains the cheek of a maiden
Horses are weeping, their skins sweat
   With tears that the eyes do not let fall
A leader, there's no plain for his army 25
   As if all the flat land were mountainous
Lest rain should touch them, an assault
   Protects, so thick the lances interlace
O you are a moon, O a sea, O a cloud
   O a lion of the bush, O a death, O a man!
Truly the fingers are what ponder him
   Since you make proverbs in every place
You are of those people who making gifts
   Find all short of their lives stinginess
Their hearts an edge soon unsheathed
   Their body's height is the couched lance
You are he who disproves his name when
   An Indian sword and flexible lance argue
You, by my life, are shining as Badr, yet
   In the uproar of battle are dark as Zuhal
An army is booty if you are not its lord
   A land has no ornament if you adorn it not
You are sought from its east and west
   Until beast and roads complain of you
You leave nothing but a little good health
   And illness would be sent if begged of you
The excuse for your two accidents is 36
   The coward doctor and the brave lancet
You offered a gift to the leech's palm
   And hope did not know how to make a cut
If treatment could harm the inside of it
   Often kisses oppressed the outside of it
Bloodletting tore open its vein but
   Censure cannot split his bounty's flow
Fear made him slip when you yielded
   As if he were in a hurry due to his skill
He strove to effort's limit and arrived
   Without success: May his mother be bereft!
Practice achieves the goal sought for
   But in deep matters there's many a slip
Weep for it since, with what it possessed
   And what it shed, it has given much to you
The like of you O Badr does not exist nor
   Is government sound except by such as you

71

In this poem the poet again addresses Badr but raises the issue of his relation to other poets at the patron's court. His name of the Self-Made-Prophet, al Mutanabbi, has clung to him after his prison experience. In poem 11 he had already compared himself to the Messiah, the Anointed one whose prenatal perfection established the high standards that are the foundation for many of the extravagant claims for his abilities. These claims arouse jealousy among the other poets at the full moon's court. They feel the pull of the patron's tides. So al Mutanabbi must vindicate his right to have chosen 'Isa, Ibn Ishaq, as his model. The force of his speech depends on this. 71:1-12 The love prelude has a striking image to emphasize the theme of parting in the camel that is kneeling on the lover's eyes but when it rises the tears begin to flow to compensate for thirst. 71:13-17 The journey theme gives the idea of change as a part of the kinetic element in speech.



71:18-46 Visual communication appears in the light of Ibn Raiq, the Caliph's commander in chief, whose name means bright and to wet one's clothes in urinating. This brightness is reflected in his lieutenant Badr and controlled by the Caliph Muttaqi whose would-be powers of piety confirm those of our poet. He is higher than the Thurayya, the rainstars, with respect to the would-be poets who do not realize that Badr has no equal. The lion clan of Banu Asad give him perfection. But the criticism of the Hippocratic surgeon in poem 70 has brought on its own criticism by the rival poets. The Greek vowels have shed too much blood.

My survival wishes they would not saddle
But bridle suffering's beauty, not camels
They turned away suddenly as if parting
Scared me and I was surprised by deceit
The gait of their camels is easy paced
But tears' flow in their track is strong
As if a camel is there upon my eyelids
Kneeling, then it arises and tears flow
Parting screens gazelle maids from me
And it assists the veil and the curtain
They wear brocade not to be beautiful
But rather to protect beauty with that
They plait the braids not for ornament
But for a fear the hair should go astray
By my body! someone wastes it and if my
Sash has a pearl's hole it will be loose
If I were otherwise than asleep I'd
Spend nights thinking I was my ghost
She is a moon bent as a willow branch
To spread amber, look with gazelle eyes
Unjust in judgment when she appears
Fairest to us in her straight stature
Grief seems madly in love with my heart
The moment of her flight it finds embrace
So the world was for those before me 13
Misfortunes did not last in its mutability
Perplexity was strongest for me in joy
Its master was sure of this variability
I got used to traveling and made earth
My saddle and my Gurair camel was strong
I wanted no resting place on earth
I have not decided to stop at any place
On a swaying one as winds seem beneath me
I steer it to the south or toward the north
To the full moon Ibn 'Ammar who is not 18
The crescent at the first of the month
He does not increase from any decrease
He continues as Amir and will not cease
Without compare even if you observe
In him the model for every remote beauty
He is Ibn Raiq's sword who is the hope
Of al Muttaqi's sword in the day of war
Spearhead on Banu Ma'add's lance he is
The Banu Asad when they call for attack
Strongest of victors in hand and sword
In power and in protection and in family
Eminent in honor by himself and his folk
Noblest in father's and mother's lineage
He is most worthy of praise which is
For the world and its folk an absurdity
Double remains to be said about him
When one has not omitted anything to say
O son of thrusters with each light lance
In places where a hero complains of cough
O son of strikers by every sharp blade
Among the Arabs both on high and below
I see would-be poets rage to condemn me
Who praises sickness that can't be cured?
Having a mouth bitter with illness
One finds bitter for him sweetest water
They say: Has he brought you to Thurayya?
I say: Yes! if I want to come down to it
He is the destroyer, war horse, hostile
The Indian steel and the long dark lance
Their leader who teaches them briskness
With a tribe that he overwhelms at dawn
And horses roaming with upright spears
As if on their shafts were flaming wicks
If they tread rocks with their forelegs
They turn to sand by force of hind legs
Reply to one who asks if he has an equal
No! nor is there to you if you ask, O no!



Everyone is safe from poverty by you
    They count their hope in you as wealth
Some hearts are cautious of you until
    Their fear becomes cowardice for them
Your happiness is to make all men happy
    You teach them familiarity with you by it
If they request you thank them for it
    If they are silent you beg them to ask
Happiest is he who sees us as seekers
    To gain a request that he can well grant
Your arrow dispatches one it encounters
    As from bow released that strikes no man
For these arrows never remain at rest
    The feathers seem to seek out the point
You get ahead of winners and run not
    You cross the heights and do not climb
I swear if you were on a thing's right
    Men would never be fit for the left of it
I am turned by you as my eye by heaven
    If it rises its stars are the qualities
I am amazed at you: How could you grow?
    You were given perfection in the cradle

72

An impromptu poem recited at a drinking party with Badr and the rival poets present. They are made to realize the connection between wine, the monthly tides of the moon, blood and the power of the spoken word which is born at unexpected times. 72:1-3 Badr plays the role of the unpredictable nurse who may bring reward as well as disappointment. The back side of the horse equates waste products to blood. 72:4-6 The four footed crawling of the child is seen in the wolf and that greater emphasis on violence that includes the development of speech. 72:7-9 The written word requires the power of spirit in the narcissus but Badr is better than that. He knows how to unite sound and sight which often go separate ways. This is due to the Arab horse who knows 'irab, grammar.

Truly Badr ibn 'Ammar is a thunderhead
    A downpour of reward and of punishment
Verily Badr is misfortune and redress
    And the fates and thrusting and slashing
No horse roams unless it praises him
    By its fast feet, though necks blame him
The death of his foes is not his worry — 4
    He guards against chagrin to the wolves
He has fear for those who fear him not
    His bounty is hoped for and not feared
He pierces horsemen's eyes right and — 6
    Left, the battle dust is veil to the sun
Dispatcher of himself to terror with
    No return for a soul which falls therein
My father! your perfume is no narcissus
    Your stories not those of this drinking
No disapproval if you come out ahead
    No prohibition for the Arab horse to win

73

In this poem the theme of the prenatal sea whose tides are controlled by the full moon Badr al Asadi as they yield the sounds of speech is transposed to another theme: that of the lion as a symbol of self-centeredness in the prenatal and tactile experience in the early part of the pattern. Lions as members of the cat family appear to be more self-centered than the teachable dog who is their main rival as a household pet. But self-centeredness, taken as selfishness, is a bad quality that must be mastered before it can be useful to the child. Once that mastery is attained the altruistic nature of the hunt becomes apparent. Hence the lion hunt described in this basically three part poem contrasts with the deer hunt in poem 68. 73:1-7 The first part of the poem shows the beloved leaving the lover in tears and the camel groaning under her heavy buttocks. They are the lower world that produces the urinary flow on which babbling is based. 78:8-15 Badr is praised as the protector against the selfishness of the nurse beloved. His monthly blood is productive. 73:16-28 The lion is described in the middle part just as Badr's sequence holds the middle fifth of the five series that make up the first part of the diwan as a whole. The lion's bloody exploits are a further hint of the monthly flow of blood which underlies the fluency of speech. They echo in the Buhaira described in poem 58. 73:29-31 The description of the patron's fine horse with its trained skills occupies the second half of the middle third to balance the selfishness of the lion. The lion represents the semantic value of speech just as the horse shows its syntactic value. 73:32-42 The death of the lion suggests visual communication insofar as the written word has the widest, most penetrating scope of any form of communication. Badr's triumph is the triumph of creativity. 73:43-49 The second part of this third compares Badr's flow of words to those of the Torah, Evangel and Quran and thus makes it clear that prenatal perfection and its result in the poet's fluency is a standard of greatness in words and creativity for the Buraq stallion of the Host and Allah's mercy. But eventually Badr will abandon the poet, who takes his stand with the Quran, and follow the extreme of the Greek Evangel.



Its cousins hear of it and its state
   They escape in a flight afraid of you
Its flight more bitter than what it fled
   Like its death if it did not die fighting
The ruin which took bravery as friend
   Exhorts one who took flight as companion
If your knowledge of Allah were shared 43
   By men, Allah had not sent the Messenger
If your words were among them he'd not
   Have sent down Quran or Torah or Evangel
If what you give them existed before
   You gave it them, they'd not know hope
You were known and yet not really known
   Are unknown yet not ignored in obscurity
Fate speaks content with your authority
   What a fine horse accepts with a whinny
Not all who seek the heights get up
   To them, not every man is a stallion

74

In this three part poem the Caliph rewards Badr for his battle against self-centeredness by making him a gift of the city of Tyre on the sea coast. Here the tides of the sea are more obvious than at Tiberias where he lived. 74:1-2 The poet contrasts the smallness of Tyre as compared with the greatness of Badr to suggest the difference in size between infant and nurse. The Arabic for Tyre, sur, can mean a trumpet in accord with Badr's role as promoter of fluent speech. 74:3 The kinetic element in speech appears in the traveling lands. 74:4 This line gives eyes and a mouth to the city to suggest the written word as a vehicle of speech.

Do you enjoy Tyre or do we for your sake?
   Tyre is small to you, you are one of his
Not small are Jordan and the coasts
   Given by him except alongside your worth
Lands envy each other if they have souls
   The east and the west would travel to you
And if the city were to lose its prince
   It would weep if it had the eyes and mouth

75

The Caliph's gift of Tyre as a trumpet to represent Badr's auditory power is further explored as the poet sees the official robe of office folded up after having been worn. Speech is a kind of garment worn over the tactile base of the personality which has the spoken words under its control. 75:1-2 The poet regrets that he was denied the chance to see the robe on the patron and thus suggests the infant's loss of the nurse. 75:3-4 The conflict between inner and outer reality is a consequence of auditory communication habits. 75:5-6 The visual communication habits can bring out the perfection which both tactile and auditory habits fail to achieve.

I see the beautiful garment folded up
   My ills kept me from seeing it on you
Granted you folded it and took it off
   Have you put away what is fine in you?
Its external honors are continually 3
   In conflict with what is near your body
Eyes look on you when you are in it
   As if the hearts of the men were in you
When I told your virtue in words 5
   It is as if I counted grains of sand
And if in a robe and words is lack
   Yet you are their goal of perfection

76

In this poem the poet describes Badr's return from the sea coast where he had been invested with the domain of Tyre. Al Mutanabbi did not accompany him on this journey but was subjected to the criticism of the rival poets who did accompany the patron. This criticism is a consequence of the high standards stemming from the infant's idea of prenatal perfection that must be modified. 76:1-7 The beloved denies words to the abandoned lover who as yet has no power over their sounds. But like words she is a product of his dreams and he travels the deserts of the world in search of her and them. 76:8-21 The second fifth of the poem praises Badr for his warlike abilities. The descent theme is hinted at when the poet says he finds the loss of his unsheathed sword more bitter than the loss of a beloved. A further hint is that Badr is called Abu Husain here. 76:22-31 The middle fifth has the journey theme as it describes Badr's return from the seashore. Since Tyre is north of Tiberias this reminds us that Badr, as noted in poem 30, came from Kharshana which is still further north in what was largely Rum or Greek territory. The pull of the full moon on the tides and the bloody stream of fluent speech carried to excess by the inept Hippocratic surgeon are thus in the background of the return. 76:32-34 To suggest the ascent theme in the fourth fifth of the pattern the poet now claims to have high motives in not accompanying the patron to the seashore. The rival poets gossiped about him in his absence but he has followed the straight path, mustaqim as the Quran says, which runs between those who stray. The

On the cheek, as the tribe decide to go
   A rain by which cheeks increase sterility
O evil glance you destroy sleep and leave
   On my heart's edge what I feel as dullness
It had some of the kohl of my need but
   My death depicted the desire in my heart
I find avoiding others than you bravery
   And patience fine except for your absence
I saw your many coquetries as loveable
   And I saw a little coquetry as wearying
The camel groans at your buttocks on it
   Complaint that finds your love intrusive
A bridle's pull on her heart makes me
   Envy her mouth toward you seeking a kiss
He protects from killers other than her 8
   This eye, this Badr ibn 'Ammar ibn Isma'il
He dispels great care the same as she
   And he leaves the great kingdom abased
Steadfast if a debtor delays in his debt
   He has a sword to pledge what he intends
Eloquent when speech puts down his veil
   He gives a wise heart in his discoursing
His bounty forces the time so it gives
   Through him, yet time is miserly of him
As if lightning on the back of a cloud
   Were Indian steel unsheathed in his hand
The place for its hilt flows with gifts
   If they are a stream it has no river bed
Its edges are thin and seem to display
   Emaciation from their love of the necks
O a fierce lion hits dirt by his whip 16
   For whom do you keep the polished sword?
A misfortune befalls the Jordan in it
   It piles a mound of skulls in a company
A red one, it reddens Buhaira drinking
   Its roar reaches the Furat and the Nile
Stained with rider's blood, having
   In its lair a dense thicket as its mane
Its eyes are not met without appearing
   In darkness as part of a traveler's fire
In the solitude of a monk, except it
   Does not know what is lawful or forbid
It trod ground confident in its pride
   As if it were a doctor probing an illness
It erects its forelock at its skull top
   Until it becomes for its head the crown
You think, since it echoes itself,
   It attacks that in its fierce rage
In fear they shorten step as if
   An armored warrior rode his horse hobbled
It throws down prey and roars before it
   You come near as it suspects intruders
For you are alike as to bold nature
   But different in lavishing nourishment
A lion sees his legs in you, both pair
   Slender at the back and muscular in front
In the saddle of a fine-limbed one, spry 29
   Her uniqueness rejects every comparison
One who gets to a goal, if she does not
   Yield the bridle's place, it is untouched
Her neck-sides sweat if you spur her
   The knot of her bridle seems to be loose
The lion contracts itself to its chest 32
   Until you think its width is its length
It beats on rocks with its chest as if
   It wanted a way into the mountain floor
As if its eye tricked it and approached
   Not seeing the great calamity impending
A noble pride has a defect that leaves
   The greatest numbers small in its eyes
Shame is painful and there is no dread
   Of death for one who fears what is said
It anticipates meeting by a rushing leap
   If you hit it not, it shoots past a mile
Its strength deserts as you confront it
   It thinks to win by yielding, by falling
Its death grips it by legs and neck
   As if you held it in that iron collar

Fools' tricks return upon themselves
   A poet's hostility is an evil possession
A society of gossips is cursed, for it is
   Like a guest telling regrets of our guests
But jealous hatred if I find you content
   Is a misfortune too light for me to weigh
He who is an unbeliever in you as lord
   Apart from us is safe in your favor to us
Lands lack the rising sun in their night
   Allah atones with you so they are not sad

77

This poem reverses the situation given in poem 75 where Badr wanted to display himself without his robe of office. Here he wants to seclude himself. In both cases the urinary tides and menstrual flow are the cause of the difficulty. They must be purified, made holy, before they can become the babbling stream that underlies speech. This poem also begins a series of some 20 short impromptus which are to balance the bloody fluency of speech implied in Badr's inept surgical phlebotomy. Abu Tayyib is able to show the rival poets that he knows what restraint is. He does not accept the script of Greek medicine with its consonantal vowels that overemphasize external fact. 77:1 The helplessness of the infant is noted here. 77:2 The root jbn for forehead can also mean a coward. This hints at the boldness of speech in contrast to cowardly writing. 77:3 But Badr is outwardness itself and hence cannot take refuge in a screen. As a northerner he is prejudiced in favor of externality.

You order that screen for seclusion
   Alas you have no power over the veil
One whose bright forehead and gifts
   Are not hid, cannot be hid from sight
If you veil yourself you are not hid
   If you go in you have an outward eye

78

These two lines can be taken as the second and fourth lines which make poem 77 into a five part pattern. Thus the theme of self-centered tactile experience in that poem is put in the context of drinking forbidden wine. The first line emphasizes the theme of seclusion and descent. The second points to the theme of openness and elevation.

You know no one I drink with but you
   This is only due to your love for me
Not for the love of wine, and so I
   Greet you as I hope and as I fear you

79

This poem emphasizes the forbidden nature of the wine but says that Badr's role as Amir, commander, makes it legitimate since the full moon is light, knowledge, as well as controller of the menstrual tides. 79:1 The spies are the gossips who blame the poet's pride as the Self-Made-Prophet. 79:2 The hand that writes the spoken word is a flowing cloud of bounty. 79:3 The poet may be too drunk to stand but his written words make it unnecessary to steady him.

Drinking with an Amir blames one who blames
   Me for drinking--it is enough answer to spies
Your hand's cloud pours rain on my lands
   I give you thanks, your kindness is my bearer
When I rise to praise you, do not help me
   For words of you are a speaker's highest power

80

This poem relates wine to truth through the metaphor of the fluency of words spoken and written 80:1 The drinking pals of the Amir are denied his power just as the infant is denied the power of the nurse. 80:2 Wine and blood are equated to suggest the aggression, as in the inept phlebotomy, involved in the spoken word which develops under the influence of crawling. 80:3 Truth is in the wine yet it must be avoided since wine is a kind of waste product.

O king whose drinking companions are
   Partners in his rule without his power
Each day among us the grape's blood
   Makes you repent repenting to kill it
Truth has the wine's nature so tell us
   Do you repent of wine or of leaving it?

81

Badr is praised for his generosity in spite of the difficulties he is having with deciding whether to drink or not to drink. 81:1 Badr as his own client suggests the idea of self-centeredness in self-denial. 81: The second fifth introduces the theme of inhibition in the seated position. 81:3 The two clouds on the left and right of Badr's face represent the semantic and syntactic features of the



vertical script of the vowels in the Torah, and the horizontal script for them in the Gospel are two extremes which only Quran avoids. 76:35-41 In the last fifth the visual communication habits show the jealousy of the rival poets in its true light. They can't understand his middle way and hence are angry at his success. They are not guided by his sense of prenatal perfection which makes him see in Badr the rising sun, reflected in the full moon, that Allah sends to dispel their night as Surah 54 of the Quran says.

Love is what denies words to the tongue
   Lover's sweetest sigh is what he declares
I wish a lover who fled with sleep, lost
   Without sin, would come as emaciation came
We slept, if you paint us you won't know
   Our color among those that change a color
And our souls are kindled so that indeed
   I fear the gossips will burn up between us
I'm ransom for the departed whom I follow
   With a single glance between double sighs
I knew not the bad events that one time
   But I recognized them as they came often
I traveled world deserts and my camel
   Was there and my time dawn and midnight
And I stayed where bounty made me stop 8
   I gained my reward from Badr ibn 'Ammar
Abu Husain's vessel is too small for gifts
   Even if the vessels are those of the times
Bravery! he needs no mention of that
   Its fame forbids cowards to be cowards
His sword hangs at his warlike shoulder
   He never retakes, how return and not turn?
As if his thrusting on in front of him
   Were in fear lest he be struck from behind
His sharp wit cancels the uncertain
   He judges hidden matters with certainty
The strong fear his unforeseen attack
   They are ever in a shroud in his solitude
He promotes his will, it's sure for him
   He thinks of what is far and it is near
He finds iron on his skin's softness
   A garment lighter than silk and softer
More bitter than beloved's loss for him
   Is loss of a sword that has lost sheaths
Fear does not settle within his breast
   For the day, nor good will doing no good
The future is deduced from his knowing
   As if what will be was written in that
Understanding falls short of his goal
   As it does what is in heaven and earth
He who is not killed by him is freed
   He who does not submit is one he destroys
When you ride from the shore to us 22
   The desolation goes to it from among us
The way exhales for you pass no place
   Except a perfume remains settled in it
If trees understood what you bring them
   They'd bend their branches to greet you
Jinn follow the awning paintings for
   Love of them, they turn their eyes to you
Our wagons rejoice and we imagine they'd
   Dance with us, if shame did not hinder them
You approach smiling but the horses frown
   They trot with double ring mail and spear
The hoofs suspend the dust around them
   If you want a fast pace for it, they can
The order your command, and hearts thrill
   In the battle between death and the reward
Amazed until I no longer wonder at swords
   I looked until I couldn't see the flashing
I see you as an army of generosity
   Amid an army, and a mine of eminence
The heart knows what I did in absence 32
   And what I left in fear so you would know
Your departure clear to me as penalty
   Nothing that I suffered by it was easy
Forgive me as I'm your ransom and grant me
   To be chosen for a gift of which I am part
Forget advice about me by those in error 35
   A free man is tormented by sons of whores
When a fellow flings out words openly in
   Majlis, take his word for what it means

spoken word as related to the two halves of the body. 81:4 The birds hovering above the battle suggest the ascent theme of the standing position. 81:5 Visual communication appears as Badr's fame outlasts time in the poet's written words.

Badr is a man, if he's his own client
   A day, his joy will outweigh his wealth
One's acts are amazed at his actions
   He minimizes what he does by his demands
We see a moon! two clouds in the place
   Of his countenance on the left and right
He sheds blood by bounty not his power
   Nobly, for birds of prey are of his folk
If he destroys what he has yet memory
   Remains and time will cease before its end

82

The two verses of this poem may form the second and fourth parts of the following three verse poem. In poem 80 the poet implied that Badr was uncertain about whether to drink or not. The request mentioned in this poem is similar to that in poems 33ff. where the poet asked to be excused from drinking with the other guests. This request implies an inhibition on the wine as urine that must be made holy in the form of the babbling stream that is to be the basis of speech. Such a sublimation is hinted at in the second couplet.

I returned with a request granted
   I feared its delay in the assembly
You are one who has long life in him
   Better for my soul than my life in it

83

Here Badr, the full moon who controls the prenatal tides, is associated with the hadith or stories about the prophet Muhammad's life on which Muslim law is often based. They suggest he is the babbling stream from which the spoken word issues. 83:1 The variety of hadiths imply multiplicity of tactile experience. 83:2 Gabriel as the voice of Allah who dictates the Quran hinting at auditory communication is said to be insufficient to bear Badr's stream. 83:3 The babbling stream though originally low rises highest when put into written form.

O Badr if hadiths vary yet you are one
   For whom creation does not have an equal
I magnify it till if you were revelation
   Gabriel would not have been trusted with it
Some of creation are set far above others
   And when you are present all above are below

84

The image of the horse is a metaphor for the child's interest in the backside on which the rider sits and in excretion in general. 84:1 The fact that the horses are unmarked suggests that the urinary stream has not yet been brought under control. 84:2 The poet's spoken verses gallop in their rhythms like horses. 84:3 But in their written form they excell the descriptions of men of old whose voices are no longer heard. They are like the prophet's horse Buraq and the Pegasus of the Muses.

Horses are your ransom and are unmarked
   And Indian swords and they are unsheathed
I described you in verses that galloped
   But while they are many, adjectives remain
The actions of men of old are darkness
   Your deeds are bright spots on their deeds

85

This poem relates the babbling stream and excretion as a function of the backside to the throne verse in Quran 2:225 where we are told that Allah's throne includes the heavens and the earth. It is the basis for his word by means of which he creates. 85:1 Badr's goodness is sweeter than the water of the clouds that represent the flying nurse. 85:2 The garland of his favors reveals part of the poet like his spoken word communicates part of him to others. 85:3 The allusion to the Quranic scripture suggests the written word which marks Badr's role as speech. The antecedents of the throne verse are in the older scriptures of Isaiah and Ezekiel.

Night passes but good in you does not
   Your face is sweeter to eyes than clouds
Thus I am garlanded by you with favor
   Part of me showing to others part of me
Peace in Him whose throne is above skies
   Marked by it O best who tread on the earth

86

In this three part poem the poet is playing chess with his patron during the rainy season. Poetry



too has some of the features of a game played by rules. 86:1-2 Badr complains of the clouds that the poet defends as saliva for the thirsty earth. 86:3 The poet, on the other hand, prefers Badr as the source of his fluency in speech over the game of chess whose warlike connotations are another aspect of the spoken word. 86:4 He breaks off the play since his drunkenness does not permit him to go on. The reader knows he'll return.

Don't you see O king of things hoped
The wonders which I see in that cloud?
Earth complains to it of its absence
And sucks its drops of water as saliva
One fancies my desire is for chess
But in you is my hope and in you my goal
I will go, peace be upon you from me
My absence my night, morning my return

87

These two verses may again be the second and fourth parts of a five part pattern for the previous poem. The descent theme is suggested by the first verse and the ascent in the second verse. The head steward can guide the helpless poet whose rejection of wine has gotten him into trouble. The poet is in danger of becoming like the inept surgeon who cut Badr's vein too deep.

It got of me what I got of it
By Allah what drunkenness can do!
As to my going to my quarters
Is there a head steward O Amir?

88

This three part poem comments explicitly on the effects of wine drinking. The word for wine here is mudama and differs from khamr in meaning. The latter has a connotation of being veiled. The other comes from a root meaning to last long and suggests more than confused thinking in the implication of prolonged urination due to drunkenness. 88:1-2 The bad effects of the wine are balanced against the good among which are the adornment of character, that is, truthful speech. 88:3 It is this true speech which makes possible rational behavior. 88:4 The fear of death which the taste of wine brings can only be overcome by the written word which outlasts one's individual life. The equation of wine to menstrual blood in the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen has resulted in a kind of death for the poet. But his resurrection in the written word is assured.

I found the wine overwhelming
It stirred the heart's passions
It spoiled the culture of a man
However it adorned his character
The best of a man is his reason
He who has reason hates its loss
Last night I died a death there
He who tastes it won't relish death

89

The winebearer or saqi, a girl, is here described in the role of the nurse who flies, dances, above the infant and forces it to resort to urination, wine drinking, to compensate for the nurse's inaccessibility. 89:1 The word for girl is jariya from the verb meaning to flow. The word for hair is sha'ar and echoes the word for poet as well as being associated with the idea of excrement. The word for half, shatar, echoes the word for chess shatranj used in poem 86. 89:2 The word for nosegay is from a root meaning to be able, powerful, and thus suggests kinetic force in speech. 89:3 The fact that she is ignorant of what she does makes the poet wise insofar as he is a writer. The word of excuse is 'udhru and comes from a root meaning to bridle a horse, to grow hair on cheeks, to circumcise, brand a camel, excrement, menses.

A girl whose hair is half her length
Is being appointed to perform her task
She dances and in her hand a nosegay
As her gesture includes dislike for it
If she makes us drunk her ignorance
Of what she does to us is her excuse

90

The poet here expresses his determination to drink from the girl saqi's cup in spite of any difficulty that may be interposed. 90:1 She has no spirit, masculine ruh, in her body and is thus opposed to the masculine drinker. 90:2 The bouquet or nosegay, as in 89:2, again represents the power of the spoken word to change salty urine into sweet goodness, the feminine rih that is the source of of the Hebrew vowel script. 90:3 The tears from the eye that spread on the cheek like ink on paper represent the dangers involved in the transition from the nurse's milk to the urine that underlies a babbling stream.

A girl who has no spirit in her body
In the heart of her lover is a passion
In her hand she waves a bouquet with
Perfume in all of its sweet goodness



I will drink the cup that she offers
   As my eye's tears spread on the cheeks

91

Here it is suggested that Badr as the controller of the prenatal tides that lead the infant to substitute urine for milk is the cause of the nurse-saqi's weariness. This leads her to fall as she dances. 91:2 Badr gives the answers to all questions asked in the dialogue of speech. 91:3 The final question is: Does the nurse have an inviolable rhythm in her movements through the upper air, or does she have a foot, that is, urinary canal and penis, which may be substituted for the breast even though both are feeling weariness? The rijl, foot or leg, can mean paper, excrement, a bow, or a gulf.

O eminent one and mine of culture
   Our lord and son of a lord of Arabs
You have knowledge of every wonder
   If we ask, aside from you is no answer
Is one who approaches you a dancer
   Or does she raise her foot in trouble?

92

The fall of the dancer is here described as the infant's breaking the power of the breast and substituting the urinary flow to restore prenatal perfection. 92:1 Prolonging the Amir's rule in prenatal content is the wish. But Mudar, one of the ancestors of the North Arabs, comes from a verb that means to sour milk or wine and hence implies the food quarrel. 92:2 The piece of wood that makes the dancer fall recalls the wooden hobbles put on the poet (called safsaf in a verse ascribed to him but not in the diwan) when he was imprisoned. Her father is neither of the jinn or men because she is the 'uios (Greek for fluency) son of God. 92:3 Her precarious fear of Badr can be related to the uncertainty of the moon's light which nevertheless makes vision possible.

May Allah prolong the Amir's rule
   Excellent! Mudar puts on honor in him
A girl amid drinkers, beneath her wood
   Her father was neither of jinn or mankind
She stood on one foot in fear of him
   She knew not what she did or did not

93

The girl has to be carried from the room and thus has become the infant who is immobile before the moving nurse. The dangers of two footed as opposed to four footed locomotion are emphasized. 93:1 She accepts this role without complaint because the breast has now become a urinary canal to replace the lost milk. 93:2 The determination of the girl to play her role accords with the support given to speech in the crawling phase by the four feet. 93:3 The sight of the smiling Badr is what pleases her and this good humor frees her from blame.

She did not move her foot in going
   Nor complain of pain in her giddiness
I saw none with her face before now
   Do as she did with such determination
Do not blame her for her accidents
   It pleased her that she saw you smiling

94

This poem contains further hints as to the identity of the dancing girl. 94:1 The two braids, with added meanings of pools or betrayals or abandonment or being dark in the root gdr, represent the two breasts that do not do justice to the neck of the girl or to the infant. 94:2 The word for flee, hajar, is the Arabic form of the Biblical Hagar, mother of Ishmael, hence the grandmother of Ibn Isma'il, and so Badr. This flight points to the kinetic element in speech. 94:3 The fact that she shows no pain in being borne away suggests that the written word which has less conflict in it than the spoken has triumphed.

With braids having no fault in them
   Except they play not fair with the neck
If she flees it is without prejudice
   If she visits it is without lustfulness
You had her lifted so she left us
   She showed no pain in parting's calamity

95

These two verses can be used to make the preceding poem into a five part pattern. In the first verse Badr says that he wanted to see what sort of comment the poet would make on the girl's accident. The rival poets had doubted his ability at impromptus but they have suffered a fall like the girl. They have Badr's cold northern vowels written as consonants. She has the Hebrew alphabet's excessive use of vertical vowel script which she could not support. The second verse elevates the poet to the heights of the standing position in the fourth fifth as a golden, root dhhb, dinar. He has stood the test of the underworld well. His prison and Ibn Ishaq's grave are behind him.



You thought you'd dispel doubt of my art
   You are the greatest of folk in this age
For I am gold well-known whose imprint
   Increases in minting a dinar to a dinar

96

In this three part poem the poet praises Badr, the full moon, for his generosity in bringing to birth the babbling stream on which speech will be based. Like the Surah 54, The Moon, in the middle third of the Quran, the clarity of scripture depends on observing Allah's words. 96:1 Poverty which plagues the infant is driven off by Badr. 96:2-3 The kind of drunkenness which results from attending to the urinary stream without developing its potential in the infant's babble is kept in awe by Badr's powers. 96:4 It is Allah as revealed in the Quran and reflected in Badr's moonlight who has the power of vision in script.

Hope of your bounty drives away poverty
   Insofar as you are hostile, life ceases
The glass boasts when you drink from it
   The wine chides the one who dislikes it
You're safe from it as it inebriates us
   As if the drunkenness were in awe of you
No one has any hopes for liberality
   Except from Allah, and from you O Badr

97

The idea of self-centeredness and the jealousy aroused in the rival poets in the Badr poems has caused a rift between the poet and his patron. The new patron is 'Ali ibn Ahmad, the high one son of Ahmad our poet. 97:1-10 The discontented lover takes an elevated role as he contrasts his opposition to tyranny with the baseness that submits to it. A beloved is not mentioned. Her role like that of the unfortunate dancing girl is temporarily incapacitated. 97:11-25 The names of the patron make it clear who this opposition is directed toward. He is of Qais which can mean to strut, to compare ideas in speech. His clan is Murra, the bitter, and his father was 'Auf which can mean a lion, a wolf, a rock, bird, penis...all derived from the verb to hover or float. His foes stumble like the stutterer who trips over "t's". He is a live coal that ostriches won't touch. The word for ostrich can also mean the stations of the moon, a hint that Badr is involved. 97:26-43 Visual communication appears when we read that 'Ali's victories are written by a sword which is a model for the pen. But the poet admits that some poetry is nonsense like the babbling stream which gives the infant confidence without much meaning. It is lung sickness not yet become wisdom.

No honor for one unless he is unoppressed
   In what he attains or fights for arduously
It's not constancy if a man is sick of it
   It is not purpose if obscurity hinders one
Suffering evil and the tyrant's face
   Are the food that make the body grow thin
He's base who competes with low life
   Many a life finds death easier than that
All clemency one shows without strength
   Is a pretext that the mean bring forward
He who is base sees scorn easy to bear
   There is no pain in wounds for the dead
My time hampers my arm so I am curbed
   But the generous want to do good to me
Standing beneath my soul's foot
   With mankind waiting beneath my feet
Do I find joy in quiet above sparks
   With a goal I covet, my enemies running?
When the Hijaz and Najd are choked with
   Those lances and the two Iraqs and Syria?
And air is filled with dust as he goes   11
   The lord of the vastness 'Ali ibn Ahmad
Cultured, educated, prince, lean one
   The sagacious, the subtle, noble hero
He has his time's doubts as his captives
   Among those who envy his gifts are clouds
He heals from great wealth by reducing it
   With generosity, as if wealth were illness
Handsome, but in his foes' eyes uglier
   Than his guests whom a pasture camel sees
If anything protects a lord from death
   Majesty and grandeur would protect you
Flashing nudity whose faith is license
   But yet their dress is that of pilgrims
Written on glory's page: In the name...
   And then Qais and after Qais is...Peace!
Truly those of Murra ibn 'Auf ibn Sa'd
   Are the live coals ostriches won't relish



98

This poem refers to the poet's hasty departure from 'Ali ibn Ahmad who could only be a temporary refuge from Badr's displeasure stirred up by his jealous courtiers. 98:1 The parting of infant and nurse cannot be avoided. 98:2 The peculiar aggression involved in learning to crawl avoids the shame of silence. 98:3 But such a sense of honor deserves a reward since it is rooted in the written word.

Don't deny my hasty parting from you
    For I have no choice in this departure
Often a man parts from his heart blood
    Ungrudging on battle day, fearing shame
I was tested by the envious I opposed
    So give bounty to some who have helped me

You thought y
You are th
For I am gold
Increases

In this three part poem the po
birth the babbling stream on which
third of the Quran, the clarity of
plagues the infant is driven off b
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Their night is their dawn due to the fires
   Their dawn from the smoke is longest night
Aspirations informed you of those ranks
   That imagination falls short of reaching
Souls who when they confront a battle
   Are consumed before an attack is finished
Hearts that are accustomed to terror
   As if their attacks were for a surrender
Leading on each rangy mare and stallion
   That the saddling and bridling wear thin
They stumble over heads as a stutterer
   Will trip over the "t's" in his speaking
Your overwhelmings lengthened misfortune   26
   Till the sword tells about you what I say
Swords have defended you from men until
   The pen has defended you from the blades
Experience protected you from opinion
   Until inspiration reversed experience
A knight buving a duel from you in honor
   Is not to be blamed for his sudden death
One gaining a glance from you as penury
   Drives him to it has a grace in poverty
The best of our parts is our head but
   The feet are better still in seeking you
Yes, by my life, I was short of you
   In the crowd's push and press for gifts
I was afraid if I was at your right hand
   People would take me for a gift of yours
I was guided not to visit you when near
   Visits are recognized when made from afar
Delay of your bounty to me was best
   The fastest clouds that come are empty
Speak, for many pearls on the string
   Wish that they were words in your mouth
Night and day fear you, if you forbid
   Them, time would not pass for your sake
Allah defends you from avoiding truth
   And so that no crime is directed to you
Why are you not wary of consequences
   In things other than vile and the taboo?
Many a friend has no cause for blame
   Yet you can blame him in respect to piety
Freedom from blame raised your worth
   Weighty business restrained your heart
Yes, some poetry is only nonsense talk
   Nothing at all, and some of it is wisdom
Excellence, generosity evoke some of it
   And some of it lung sickness draws forth

99

This poem refers to some of the poet's experiences during his flight from Badr's jealous courtiers who made it dangerous for him to take refuge with known patrons. They drove him into the desert. It is however a desert in which the poet realizes the value of identification with the elusive breast in the form of the not always satisfactory, but still more reliable, ability to urinate as represented in the fall of Badr's dancing girl. 99:1-2 The complaint against the nurse locates the trouble in poet's breast and not in her tent, in his sword and not her tongue. 99:3-6 In describing the journey the kinetic soul of speech hints at the loss of Badr's moonlight. 99:7-16 The visual communication habits are related to high ideals which seem like a pimple on a date stone. But the naqir, pimple, can also mean an epigram, a bit of foul language and hence suggests the transformation of the urinary stream, in such short poems as those dealing with wine, into the babbling stream. Instead of the usual praise of the patron there is satire for one of Badr's courtiers name Ibn Karawwus. The word means big-headed and comes from a verb meaning to be found, consecrated, defiled with dung and urine, a throne, the power of God. He is called one-eyed and this suggests the organs of excretion which like the mouth are single openings as compared with the eyes, ears and nostrils. The poet makes his mockery short since he says that the distance between thumb and index finger is no long trip!

Who aids me in the torments of things
   Dwelling in my breast instead of a tent
In smiles of battle that are wrung
   From the swords and not from the lips
I went toward them on my feet, girded   3
   And on every camel with restless tether
At times my saddle was in bedouin tents
   At times on the thorn tree of the camel
I turned my breast to sharp lance points
   And I set my face toward the heat of noon
I went through dark nights alone
   As if I had the moon's light there

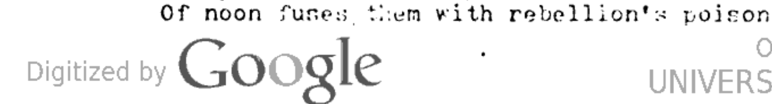


O speak of causes that end in nothing
   Of effort like a pimple on a date stone!
Of a soul that responds not to the vile
   The eye that does not turn to any equal
A hand that opposes none coming to me
   In dispute, except for honor and my good
But little help was given me with
   Evil from you O evil of the times!
Everything was hostile due to you until
   I thought the tells boiled in my breast
If I were envied for something precious
   I'd be generous with it as an evil joy
But not if I were envied for my life
   For there is no good life without joy
O Ibn Karawwus O half dim-sighted one
   Even if you boasted, yet O half-seeing
You hate us because we do not stammer
   Furious at us since we are not one-eyed
If you were a man to be mocked we'd mock
   But thumb to index is too short a journey!

100

Another poem in which the poet considers the difference between the function of excretion as a substitute for the absent nurse personified as the times and the babbling stream. 100:1-7 The love prelude shows the disgruntled lover blaming the powers who represent the infant's idea of the nurse. The high ideals of prenatal perfection are used to point out the inadequacies of men as they are seen in the present. 100:8-20 The journey portion gives a picture of the poet's stay with the bedouin whose poverty stricken life is far from the idea of pristine innocence. He criticizes their bad Arabic whose fluency is like a desert waterhole that has been fouled by camel urine and other filth. The spoken poetry of these desert dwellers has not yet attained the refined, sublimated style which characterizes the written poetry of educated poets. 100:21-42 The poet now names the patron who represents this visual form of the word. It is Khasib and means to be fruitful and wealthy, something the bedouin speech lacks. He is a katib, a writer or secretary, and his wealth comes from Rome and Yaman. He is a native of Antakya, a Greek name which means an attack from the rear. In the last lines of the poem he is addressed in the second person. For him the poet will make verses like mares and stallions whose back sides purify the excretion on which the word rests. With them the patron will flatten peaks like mount Hadani. This name comes from a root meaning a woman with one breast shorter than another...Badr's dancing girl!

The best men are targets for the times
   One free of wit finds them free of care
We are among a generation one and all
   Evil to noble souls as illness to a body
About me in every place are shapes
   You'd offend if you asked them: Whose?
I never settle in a place without risk
   Nor pass among men without being hated
I associated with none of their kings
   Unworthy of head struck off like an idol
I excuse them while I reprimand them for
   I upbraid myself about them and acquiesce
A mindless fool's need for culture
   Is the need of a heedless ass for a rope
I have been with beggars of the desert   8
   Bare of clothes they were dressed in dirt
Desert camel thieves with hungry bellies
   Lizard eggs became their food at no cost
They inquired but I gave them no story
   The arrow of suspicion did not miss them
Many a friend's trait I imitated for them
   Thus it seemed we were alike in ignorance
Many a phrase midway I fear good Arabic
   They aid me but I can't master a mistake
Patience makes easy for me every calamity
   Will softens the edge of every rough trip
What purity, glory for one seeking death
   What a drubbing with blame for the coward
Fine clothes do not awe one who is wronged
   Does a splendid shroud delight the corpse?
By Allah I hope for a thing denied me
   My fate wants it to be and puts me off
I praised folk and if we live I'll make
   Qasidas of mares and stallions for them
Beneath the dust their rhymes are lean
   And if recited they will not enter ears
I make no war defensively behind walls
   I do not make peace deceitfully with evil
The army tents are on a plain where heat
   Of noon fuses them with rebellion's poison



Noble things lost cast their noble acts
   On Khasib according to right and the sunna
They are under his care and when orphans
   Turn to him, he rises with glory and bounty
A judge, when two matters tangle, wisdom
   Occurs to him to separate milk from water
Fresh youth, far from its gray night
   Or turning his eye to excess and sleep
He drinks little and seeks no drunkenness
   His eating is to preserve the body not fat
A truthful speaker even if it harms him
   Uniting the kinds of thought and expression
He decides judgment so the ancients falter
   Showing justice to one unmindful of wisdom
His acts are lineage so one says of them:
   Khasib's grandfather shows a root in branch
Rain cloud, son of rain cloud who was son
   Of the rain cloud, and son of the rain cloud
They are at the world's origin and its end
   His fathers were wisdom's ropes among cords
As if they were born before they were born
   Their wisdom was in days when they were not
Ever those who walk proud over their foes
   Often praised as more guarded than warriors
Joy for those who await his approach
   He erases wrinkles on people's foreheads
As if Ibn 'Abdallah's wealth were ladled
   By his two hands in Roman and Yamani lands
We lose nothing in your rain but slime
   Nor yet of the sea except boats and winds
Nor yet of a lion except his ugly look
   Nor of his likeness but what is not good
When you gird Antakya it is safe
   It's as if those who feud were at peace
When you cross their peaks they strive
   To lie flat with no growth on their tops
Your gifts empty markets of craftsmen
   As your bounty does without work or skill
Kindness such as one trusts not to times
   And piety that is not at home in the world
This is respect that men attain not to
   Control of speech not found among gifts
Go, nod, obey as one revered among peaks
   Allah bless the course of spirit on Hadani

101

This poem laments the death of the poet's grandmother who played the role of his nurse. Her death at this point is related to the fall of Badr's dancing girl who represented the nurse as winebearer and winged angel. With her death the poet is forced to incorporate her good qualities in the babbling flow based on the urinary (ouranios) stream represented in the one-eyed Ibn Karawwus. The Arabic for grandmother, jadda, means serious and shows her appreciation of the poet's work. By contrast the dancing girl was a lu'ba, a playgirl. The grandmother thus represents the female reading public whose less specialized right and left sides of the brain allow for more objective judgments on literary work than men are capable of. 101:1-23 The poet assumes the role of the lover at the deserted campsite who is willing to accept the blows of fate without criticism. He knows that we must return to those first few months of life when we are unable to make full rational judgments on what happens to us. But he does accept some guilt for her death since a letter of his, after long silence, made her die of joy. The root for letter, ktb, can also mean to tie up an udder and thus suggests the shift from the nurse to the poet's own source of fluent words. She has the role of the poet's grandfather who represents the masculine form of the breast. 101:24-26 This self-reliance appears in the journey passage that represents the kinetic element in the spoken word. The violence of four footed crawling that is transformed into syntax is there too. 101:28-34 The visual communication habits appear when when the poet says that his soul scorns to live in flesh and bone. It lives instead in the written word which puts him beyond the vices of the world. In that he can unite success and reason, hard as that is, by means of his sword-pen. It is his pen that will destroy the tyranny of slavery to the inner and outer worlds and move forward on the straight path to his Creator.

O I know fates are not praised or blamed
   Their blows expected and delays pitiless
To what the man was, the man returns
   He ends as he began, sleeps as he awoke
Allah for you! unfortunate in her lover
   A murder of love no stain clinging to her
I long for the cup from which she drank
   I love her dusty grave and what it holds
I wept for her in fear during her life
   Each tasted loss of his friend beforehand
And if lovers' parting killed them all
   Let the town go whose folk feel the loss



I knew nights before they did this to us
They struck me but gave none of their love
Her profit hindered most others' profit
She fed, poured lest one hunger or thirst
My letter met her after despair and grief
She died in joy of me, I died wanting her
Joy is forbidden to my heart, for I truly
Count what died there as poison after her
She wondered at my script and words as if
She saw in lettered lines speckled ravens
She kissed it until its ink was becoming
The black on her eye-sockets and her teeth
Her tears' flow was thin, her eyelids dry
And my love left her heart after it bled
Nothing but death consoled her, and yet
Worst illness is what drives off illness
I sought joy for her, she went, it left
She was content I helped her with a share
I wanted a cloud to water her grave after
I sought battle's flow and the sharp lance
Before death I felt distance a big thing
But that became smallest which was great
Suppose I took revenge for you on the foe
How could I take revenge for you on fever?
A world didn't stop me with its limits
But the blind eye couldn't show you there
O grief, shall I not fall down to kiss
Your head and bosom filled with prudence
Shall I not meet your sweet spirit that
Has a body as it were of strongest musk?
If you were not daughter of best father
Your being mother to me was a grandfather
If gloaters rejoiced in her death day 23
She bore me to rub their noses in dirt
An exile finding none great but himself
And no way to wisdom but in his Creator
No path except that of the dusty heart
Finding no nurture except in generosity
They say to me in every land: Who are you?
What do you want? my desire exceeds naming
It's as if their sons knew that I was
Bringing them an orphan from its mine
Water and fire's union in my hand is not 28
So hard as my uniting success and reason
But I will seek victory with its edge
Riding with it, spite of all, at tyranny
On battle day its wielding is my greeting
Otherwise I am no hero as a warrior chief
When fear dulls my will for a far goal
The farthest possible is finding no will
For I am of folk for whom our souls
Seem to scorn dwelling in flesh and bone
Thus am I, O world, if you wish, end me
But O my soul put me ahead of its vices
May no hour pass that does not harden me
May no blood be mine that approaches evil

102

The boastful attitude in the previous poem was considered inappropriate by some of the poet's critics. In this poem he replies in two verses which can serve as the second and fourth parts of a five part pattern for the previous poem. The first couplet belittles the critics by saying they overrate the growl of the lion-cat in the poet. The second couplet drops that image and returns to higher imagery.

They overrate my growl in a few verses
They should not be envious if a lion roars
If they had any heart they'd understand
Fear makes them forget the jealousy in them

103

The patron in this poem is a member of the clan of the Banu Hasan. This name suggests the brother of the prophet's grandson Husain and the poet's own grandfather whose name was also Hasan. His father's name was Husain. 103:1-15 The description of the deserted campsite recalls the parable of the Sower with its rapacious birds, rocks and thorns. The theme of love looks back at the loss of the grandmother-grandfather. The lover compares his emaciation to the "a" vowel or fatha point which indicates the accusative case at the end of a word. This thin line hovers above the consonant like the bad nurse over the infant. 103:16-33 The journey part of the poem names the patron as Abu Fadl



ibn 'Abdallah, the father of virtue, son of the servant of Allah, and of the Banu Hasan. The funeral camel who bears the corpse of the grandmother is called Mother Stink but the stench is destroyed by the patron's goodness. His words are like swords as they accomplish this task. 103:34-43 In the last part of the poem the poet boasts of his abilities as a writer. The men of the time of Ignorance, the great poets of the Golden Odes, those of Babylon like the authors of the Gilgamesh or the Creation story, or of the adventures of Moses in Egypt, cannot equal the poet who has assumed the role of the Muse, the womb of Allah. The rival poets are like grocers trying to appraise swords.

For you O camps there are camps in hearts
  You are waste but they are peopled by you
They know this and you too know it but
  Worthiest of you is a weeper who discerns
I'm one whose eye is a mortality merchant
  So who is avenger when killer is destroyed?
The camps are empty of a fawn and with it
  Is the stray ghost from all the weanlings
Those who made attacks on my heart are shy
  I love them near to me but they are stingy
They shoot at us though they are fleeing
  They surprise us though they are unmindful
They resist us by their likeness to wild
  Cows for they have snares without any dust
Oryx young, jousters at breasts of men
  Bracelets and ankle rings on the lances
The eyelid's name is scabbard for them
  Since they are wielders of a sword's work
How many watchings filled you with love
  As a guard wondered at us and gossip grew
Short of embrace, thin as vowel points
  In accusative as pointer scans and crowds
Be gracious and rejoice for matters have
  Ends ever when they have their beginnings
You do not last as an object of beauty
  Youth's shade on you is a shade that ends
In pleasure is a flash that passes as if
  It were the kiss a departing lover bestows
Time runs away and no perfect pleasure is
  Among those who grow gray, no complete joy
Until we come to Abu Fadl ibn 'Abdallah 16
  Whose sight is reward and awesome resting
The roads that lead to him are rained on
  It curbs a bridle though the camel is fast
In it there is sun and cloud and ocean
  And the winds and the shape of the lions
With him is fine gold, culture redeemed
  And some of the sources of life and death
By quick wit he knows what you need before
  It is shown and he responds before request
Our eyes see him in front and they turn
  Away, but they return when he approaches
His words are swords, they are dividers
  All of the blows have muscle behind them
His generosity conquers all other bounty
  It is as if generosity were cavalry bands
They destroy stench and grief so you see
  Mother Misery and Mother Stink are bereaved
Most noted of the learned, this tide
  Does not end though all tides have shores
If births in each tribe were pure as his
  Women would bear without their midwives
If embryos would appear as generous as he
  The bearer would know the male from female
The noble Banu Hasan increase humility!
  As unlikely as the torch hid in darkness
They veil gifts as ravens hide the mating
  But it appears, should the rain cloud hide?
Nature boasts of them, they do not boast
  Of that as indication of a noble ancestry
Their elders pious in restraint of soul
  Their youths wear the simple chief's izar
O noble man, men do three things by you: 34
  They wonder at, envy, or ignore greatness
You rose, after that you did not worry if
  They knew if a speaker praised or blamed
I praise you, if you wish you can say:
  You're short but restraint is good for me
Those who are eloquent dare not recite
  Verses here, but I am the fiercest lion
Not all the Jahiliya men could attain
  My poems, nor did Babylon hear my sorcery

If my defects are to you as shortcoming
   That is a witness for me that I am worthy
Who warrants small folks' wit who claim
   The grocer can appraise a sword for them?
O by your truth! the highest of oaths
   You are truth and other than you is false
Goodness when its goodness comes over you
   You are water, as washer you wash yourself
Tongue never moved in mouth or fingers
   Turned the pen better than in your praise

104

Another poem dedicated to a member of the Banu Hasan, Sa'id 'Abdallah, a brother of the patron in the previous poem. This fact is not mentioned in the poem and the poet allows the reader to think he is praising his own grandfather on his father's side to balance the poem on his grandmother's death. She had the role of the nurse and was therefore destroyed as the reading public is destroyed from one generation to the next. But the two fathers survive because their names mean beauty. They represent the symbolic activity of verbs just as the grandmother suggests the semantic stability of the nouns. 104:1-14 The love prelude hints at the fear of the nurse's breast in saying that the sight of the beloved's wrist as she departs would so perplex the tribe that the guard would have to draw the curtains to keep them from going mad. The lover again boasts of his heroism. 104:15-33 The journey passage praises the patron by name and traces his ancestry back to 'Adnan, a name related to 'Aden and Eden, and thus suggesting he is the ancestor of all men. In fact the poet would ride all men as camels to him. Such is the power of the child's ability to crawl. 104:34-41 Visual communication appears as the poet changes from the third person to the second person form of address in order to show the patron more directly. His bounty is open as well as secret.

Parting has taught our eyelids separation
   Bleeding, association of a heart and sorrow
I hoped when they went to see her wrist
   A tribe perplexed might stop before going
If she showed she'd divert them as a guard
   Drew curtains to keep wits from her glance
By the camel, a driver and myself! a moon
   Is panting in the curtains from her motion
As for the dress if one strips its beauty
   Undressed one clothes her in beauty naked
Musk embraces it with a lover's embrace
   Until it is wrinkles on the belly folds
I was anxious in my tears for my sight
   But after you each dear thing is scorned
Clouds bring their watery breast to you
   For a beloved memories are in flashings
When I met terrors a heart went with me
   If I wished solace from you it betrayed
I appear and he who thought ill of me bows
   I chide him not with forgiveness and scorn
So I am among my folk and in my country
   What is precious is alien wherever it is
I envy virtue, a liar about my mark casts
   Down a hero and meets me if his time come
I'm not thirsty for what bruises no desire
   Nor do I reject whatever passes regretfully
Nor am I happy when others are praised
   Even if you brought me the time filled up
No one will attract my camel toward him   15
   While I am alive or while our saddle rocks
But if I had been able I'd have ridden
   All men as camels to Sa'id ibn 'Abdallah
For a camel is wiser than folk I see
   As blind to what he sees as benevolence
It is bounty even if his bounty is small
   Bravery even if he is not content as hero
It is provision his hand gained for us
   If he gives some of it he glorifies us
Time is light on his fingertips until
   They are imagined to be times for times
He meets battle, lance, and attack
   The sword and a guest's open, glad hand
You think from a warm heart he is aflame
   From his joy and cheer that he is drunk
Singing girls trail their gowns' skirts
   By his bounty and horses wear his halters
He gives a client a welcome beforehand
   As one does good to the thirsty with water
Paradise is the Banu Hasan's reward
   They are 'Adnan's nobility in their people
Allah did not count glory lost in their
   Ancestors, indeed we see it in them now



If written to 'or met or warred on they
   In script and word and battle are knights
As if their tongues in argument were made
   Like lanceheads on the spears in jousting
As if they came to drink death in thirst
   Or smelled the Khatti lances as sweet herbs
Beings, for whose hate I desire, worst
   Foes, for one I'm friendly with, brothers
Natures that if negroes had they'd change
   To thin lips, straight hair, or white skins
Souls whose brilliance makes them loved
   Perforce, even if far from you in hatred
Unclouded fathers like their foreheads
   And their mothers, their mind and thought
O hunter of armies whose flanks are fear 34
   Whereas the lions must hunt men one by one
Gifts, every hour is time for the giving
   But the donors dispense only now and then
You are one to pour wealth generously
   You accept clients for it as treasurers
Trusting to yourself as guard when alone
   You do nothing secretly you do not openly
I seek no increase of the noble in you
   I as a sleeper would awaken one who wakes
In such as you I glorify magnanimity
   Repelling what days hate by our content
You are farthest in fame and greatest
   In power and highest of them building glory
Allah honored earth in you as its dweller
   He honored men since he made men like you

105

The patron of this poem is named Abu Ayyub Ibn Ahmad and he is a member of the Banu 'Imran. According to the Quran 'Imran was both the father of Moses and Aaron and the grandfather of Jesus. Ayyub or Job, on the other hand, was thought to be a descendant of Esau, whose Arabic form is 'Isa or Jesus. These interrelationships are support for the poet's mention of his grandfather Hasan in the two previous poems about the death of the grandmother. Abu Ayyub as the son of Ahmad, part of the poet's own name, displays the patience of his namesake as the poet continues to bear his role of the Messiah Jesus, as well as the prophets Moses and Aaron, patiently. This patience has preserved the grandfather from suffering the same fate as the grandmother. 105:1-9 The separation theme makes the lover chaste in his thoughts about the departing beloved. The three qualities of mánhood, magnanimity, and authority which characterize the poet more than the lover forbid pleasure. 105:10-22 The names of the Banu 'Imran and Abu Ayyub appear in the middle passage where the historical relationships and the similarity of the sounds of the names suggest elements in the auditory communication habits. They involve the mobility of speech so much that their horses give birth while being ridden. 105:23-40 The visual communication habits are introduced by a reference to the poet's own name of Ahmad. The patron's chanting of the chapters of the Quran, the 'Ashura or Tens, is an encouragement to the reader, as the horse's ability to print with his hoofs was in the middle of the poem. The patron is the unique image in a qasida which the reader reads. However the patron has been ill and ordinary men have made the poet fear marriage.

A herd whose beauties I am forbid to own
   Marks are nearby but portrayal is far off
I paid for it and when I shot my glances
   At white skin, I saw their thinnest tears
My groans urge their camels behind them
   They fancy my sigh is their driver's cry
As if they were trees in the desert but
   Trees from which I pick death as the fruit
Would you were not on a camel, if I were
   The heat of my tears would blot out brands
I bore what you bore from the wild cows
   You bore what I have borne of their grief
I am in love with what is under her veil
   But chaste as to what is beneath her dress
Every beauty knows manhood, magnanimity
   And authority in me as hindrance to them
These are three that forbid my pleasure
   In private life, not fear of consequences
Among things sought I come to death 10
   With firm heart as if I had not come to it
Many a horse troop I left with horse troop
   As food for beasts who had been their food
I approached them with one nobly marked
   On its forehead the grace of Banu 'Imran
Confident in horsemanship like skins on
   Their backs with a thrust at their breasts
Knowing it as they knew them, for their
   Ancestors were the riders of their mothers

These gave birth standing beneath them
   And as if those were born in their saddles
Noble things without their generosity are
   Like hearts without their innermost cores
Such are conquering souls upon heights
   Glory wins them in spite of their passions
Their growth which watered men was watered
   By gifts of Abu Ayyub, best of their growth
No wonder in his giving gifts of flocks
   But rather at their safety in their times
Wonder at his fingers' hold upon reins
   Since their hold upon things is not usual
If he passes spurring among army ranks
   He prints their mim by his horse's hoofs
He puts lanceheads on whatever target
   He pleases, even to the holes in the ears
Grown horses fall behind you O Ibn Ahmad 23
   So then their legs are no longer used there
Shudders in knights' bodies due to you
   Run from points through the spear shafts
None more favored than you but he knows
   You, so seeing you he does not say: Give!
You deceive those who think Tens wonders
   Your chanting of surahs is their miracle
Nobility is clearly shown in your words
   A horse's breeding is clear in its voice
Your absence from your place is unlikely
   Moons cannot escape their constellations
We do not blame your illnesses, you are
   Magnet to men and magnet to their ailments
If you are far off they go ahead, you
   Meet before their telling their affairs
Fever's dwelling is the body so tell us
   What is its excuse in leaving its own good?
You surprised it by nobility, a long stay
   To give hope to limbs and not to harm them
You lavished all your soul loved until
   You lavished for this its health itself
It is stars' duty to visit you from above
   The lions pay a call on you from their lair
Jinn from their hiding and wild beasts
   From deserts and birds from their nests
Humanity is noted by us, if it's a qasida
   You are the unique image in all its verses
Men are examples whose life passes
   As their death and death as their life
I feared marriage due to such offspring
   So I left the women with their daughters
Today I go back to him who if he had
   The earth would think it small as a gift
A look at him is cheap for those who look
   As stubbing the toe is worth a blood price

106

Another poem in which the theme of the grandfather continues to expand that of the death of the grandmother that brought the sequence to a climax. The patron here is 'Ali ibn Ahmad whose grandfather on one side of his family is named 'Amir and on the other al Salt. 106:1-12 The love prelude features the hero-poet whose abandonment by his beloved has made him patient and yet bold. The tyranny of the world will feel his blow. 106:13-18 The journey passage shows how the poet's travels are a series of inner events which result in the resurrection of 'Amir, one of the patron's grandfathers. The crawling of the child thus motivates his speech. 106:19-41 The visual communication habits appear as the two grandfathers join to produce 'Ali ibn Ahmad who is the poet's namesake. The lines he writes about him make the ink white as they glow from a poem which is the patron himself.

I joust with horses whose riders are time
   Alone, what do I say? patience is with me
Braver than myself, each day my security
   It's not firm if it has no goal in itself
I wrestled with woes until I left them
   Saying: Has death died or is fear afraid?
And I went ahead in a rush as if I had
   Another soul or had a blood price on it
Let soul have its way before departure
   Neighbors whose camp is life must separate
Don't think glory is wineskin and singer
   For glory is only a sword and virgin fury
And cutting throats of men and watching
   Your black dust and the streaming armies



Your leaving in the world an uproar that
   A man's ten fingers must stop his ears for
If worth hasn't barred your thanks to evil
   For a gift, merit is his who had that gift
He who wastes his time in amassing wealth
   For fear of want is one who gathers penury
Every mare for me against a tyrant class
   Upon her a youth with breast tight in hate
With a spearpoint against them he passes
   A cup of death where wine is not asked for
How many mountains I crossed witnessing I   13
   Was a mountain, seas proving I was the sea
Deserts where camel's place was our place
   Middle of the saddle upon the camel's back
They trotted with us amidst it as if we
   Were on a ball or earth journeyed with us
Many a day we joined to night as if
   On its horizon red clothes of lightning
Many a night we joined to the day as if
   On darkness' back were dark green clothes
Many showers under which we thought 'Amir
   Would rise, not dead, or his tomb a cloud
Or his son's son who lives, 'Ali ibn Ahmad   19
   Gave there so I had not passed empty handed
A cloud that has honor over every cloud
   A cloud whose bounty is like his bounty
A man, no heart holds his heart's desire
   If a heart encloses them no breast covers
Goods are of no use if not for his bounty
   What are brown lances worth without hands?
Well-joined when al Salt and 'Amir met
   As when Indian sword and conquest embrace
They brought him of the broad revered brow
   You saw few men with him but they were much
Ransomed by men's fathers as noble chief
   He was the generous tide that has no ebbing
I did not stop until love led me to him
   And his fame went with me in every convoy
I felt tales strained before meeting him
   But when we met fact made the story small
We drove to you through every desert space
   On each fast camel, all she met was killing
If she swells from stings it rejoices her
   As if the tick wrapped a gift in her skin
We came to you short of sun and moon goals
   Short of you in your state are sun and moon
As if you were cool water no life without
   As by your water there's no ten-day thirst
Knowledge, clemency, wit called me to you
   Words composed and the gift that is prose
Almost the lines of what I spoke as verses
   If written made ink white from their light
As if meanings in these eloquent words
   Were Thurayya stars or your flower nature
Their hatred kept me from power's presence
   And what eagles gave me from their skulls
I look on difficulty as a finer spectacle
   Than the sight of a small man who is proud
My tongue, my eyes, my heart and ambition
   Love those things named in you and all else
Not I alone spoke these verses entirely
   My poem has a poem in you living in itself
What is in it had no brightness of beauty
   But cheerfulness came as it turned to you
And if you get to heaven I know for sure
   You will not get the degree proper to you
The days have stopped my reproach as if
   Their sons were sinful and you their excuse

This five part poem is addressed to a patron named Ibn Abu Sulaiman, the son (Absalom?) of the father of Solomon, that is, David, or to the son (Rehoboam, Jereboam?) of father Solomon. The theme of relative lack of conflict between father and son, as contrasted with the death of the grandmother, relates this poem to the previous poems praising a grandfather. The patron's other name of Ibn Sayyar, son of one who departs, nevertheless implies a kind of conflict. 107:1-18 The love prelude discusses the idea that various kinds of love are compatible with the child's complex relationships to the nurse. Among these are homosexual loves such as David had for Jonathon. The flea of pride can instigate conflicts that are self-destructive as well as heroic. 107:19-23 The journey passage



draws attention to the poet's own History of misfortunes and says that his going to Ibn Abu Sulaiman is the course of wisdom. It comes in the second fifth to emphasize the descent theme and the seated position. 107:24-27 The poet's praise of the patron addresses him by the name of Ibn Sayyar, son of one who is on the move. He is old in his youth and like fluent speech is in danger of melting at times. The violence of the breath in his words is a storm. 107:28-36 The ascent theme is given in a passage about the patron's archery skills. This draws our attention to the upper world and recalls the fact that Jonathon communicated with David by shooting arrows to let him know if he was in danger. 107:37-42 A passage about the patron's wakil or manager who had brought a poem for the poet to criticize occupies the last fifth. It may be translated as follows:

My heart is split
My tooth pulled out
In my nights my wits
Flee and don't return
O coy lover-fawn
Like a full moon rising
I saw him in his house
Peeping from the window
So I said: Get lost, lost
Lost! he said: Pass, fool!
Give a piece, a piece
Then a piece and a piece
Put it in hand or pocket
My dear I beg you to do it

The poem has homosexual connotations which are rejected in al Mutanabbi's poem. But his response can underscore the affection which grows between grandfather and grandson following the death of the grandmother. The poet, unlike the scientific, writer, is one whose gaze must be directed toward the inner world.

Various men are lovers of various types
The most defensive are the best in passion
No peace for me but in the enemy's death
Where are the visits that can heal hearts?
The birds stay with them in this event
Echoing it with a screaming and croaking
They have taken their blood upon them
As mourning dress but not to tear collars
We join their thrust and struggle until
We mingle our spearheads with their bones
As if our horses from their youth on
Were given milk drinks from their skulls
They rush upon them without any fear
Trampling with us brain pans and breasts
They go with fetlocks stained with blood
And youth, battles fling him into battles
Pride's violent flea is never anxious
If it strikes when it rages or is struck
O my will! this night is long, so see
If the dawn is afraid of you in return
As if first light is a lover's visit
Fearing a cloud's darkness like a guard
As if its stars were gold chains upon it
Its feet hobbled with the earth's surface
As if the air suffered what I suffered
Its blackness became wan from the fatigue
As if its dark captured my wakefulness
And didn't vanish unless that vanished
I flutter my eyelids in it as if I
Were counting with them the sins of time
There is no night so long as that day
That is mixed with the stares of jealousy
No death so hateful as the life
Where I see them sharing with me in it
I knew a young man's misfortunes until
If any traced them I'd be the geneologist
If the camels are found scarce we ride 19
The beast calamity to Ibn Abu Sulaiman
A beast that demeans none on her
Nor does one desire a convoy with her
It grazes earth's growths with us, nor
Have I failed her except by barrenness
To one with a nature my heart adores
Except for him I'd sing her a love song
Each sigh puts me in love's agony for her
But one can't compare him to a grown fawn
He is the time's wonder but no wonder 24
He comes from Sayyar's marvelous family
An elder in his youth but not an elder
As they call those who reach gray hair
He grows hard and lions fear his force
He softens and we fear that he will melt

More violent than strong wind in havoc
   And swifter in the giving than its blast
They said: He hit what we looked at 28
   I said: You only saw a target close by
How could he miss a mark with his arrow
   If he misses no hidden thing he thinks of?
When his quiver is emptied it is clear
   Its arrowheads make wounds for his arrow
He hits with one the notch of another
   If it does not break it splits the shaft
Each straight one transgresses no order
   Of his unless we think that it has a mind
Drawing bowstring makes you see between
   The bow and its struck target the flames
Aren't you son of those who thrive, rule
   And do not beget affairs without success?
They get their wish by easy resolution
   Their ants hunt wild beasts by creeping
The garden breezes are only theirs
   The graves clothe their dust with perfume
O you in whom glory's breath returns 37
   Whose times return from trouble renewed
Your manager came to me to praise me
   He recited to me some strange verses
Allah rewards you with a distressed one
   You sent him to Messiah as the physician
I refused no gifts from you but
   You added to them this cultured man
May your house never be without dawns
   O sun may you never approach the west
May you be safe from misfortune as I
   Have immunity through you from reproach

108

This poem is dedicated to the same patron as the previous one, that is, Sayyar who is now given the additional names of Ibn Muhammad, Ibn Mukaram. More importantly, he is traced to ancestors whose name continues the theme of the grandfather who complements the role of the grandmother in the middle fifth of the pattern. 108:1-17 The role of the hero-poet who judges the world harshly by the standards of prenatal perfection is again asserted. As in poems 60 and 105 the lover expresses his dislike of women even though they yield to him. The dead grandmother is the beloved here though not mentioned. 108:18-30 The journey passage praises the patron as a goal to which only the poet attains. As in the previous poem the patron's interest in archery emphasizes the kinetic element in the spoken word with a hint of the friendship between the Israelite heroes who sent messages to each other by means of arrows when king Saul's madness threatened them. 108:31-39 Visual communication is suggested by the names of the patron's ancestors, grandfathers, who live on in the patron like the written word preserves thoughts accurately over long periods of time. Tamim ibn Murra means Perfection son of the Bitter and Ibn Tabikha Uddu means Son of the Cooked hardness. He earned this name because he ate roasted lizards. Both names suggest the transfer of the child's single-object quarrel with the nurse to the double-sided quarrel with the father and mother in the middle of the pattern. The development of nouns and verbs, semantics and syntax is involved in this quarrel of the sun and the rock in the parable of the Sower. It is also the quarrel that the husbandmen have with the beloved son and his father.

My least acts, not the most, are glorious
   Diligence, whether I attain or not, is joy
I seek my right with spear and veterans
   Who seem beardless from long using a veil
Heavy when they attack, light if called
   Many when they are bold, few when counted
Jousting as if thrusts were not thrusts
   Blows as if fire were cold compared to them
So I want around me on each swift horse
   The men in whose mouth death seems honey
I denounce little people in these times
   Their wise men fools, their wills weakness
Their nobles dogs, their vision blind
   Their guards cats, their braves monkeys
A worldly evil is that a free man sees
   His enemy as needed due to his friendship
O harsh world why do you neglect
   The free man who has no adversary?
He goes, finds hated things on arrival
   And the days and hard times torment him
My heart, though I tell it not, is
   Weary, I hate its women though they yield
My two friends among men are grief
   And tears, no lack of them in lover's loss
My tears flow from eyelids as if sheaths
   Have rivers from the eyes of every weeper



A sip of water satisfies me altogether
I restrain myself as an ostrich restrains
I go as goes the spearpoint to a target
I hunger as a curly tailed wolf is hungry
My soul too large to reward backbiting
Slander is power to one who is powerless
I pity people who are weak and foolish
I excuse hate since they are opponents
His gifts keep me from all but Ibn 18
Muhammad: Gifts for me, small room to them
They come without promises and before
His nature without a promise promised them
A sword an Indian made went as my friend
To the sword Allah, not the Indian, made
When he saw me coming he moved himself
To me, a sword whose every side was edge
No one before me saw a sea walk to him
In love, or deny other fingers than his
Almost he hits a thing before he shoots
Makes possible a return for his arrow shot
He hits the thing's center, narrower
Than a black hair in the darkest night
By my soul he does not slight deceit
Even if means and ends multiply in it
The far from him are poor, the near rich
His honor is freedom, his wealth service
He does a good action of his own accord
Denies it to all whom the praise condemns
He scorns the envious in his thoughts
As if they were never a part of creation
His enemies are sure he has no baseness
Yet his hate is fitted to one who sins
If Sayyar ibn Mukaram came to his end 31
You are rosewater when the rose has gone
He and his sons went, you their virtue
A thousand when collected is one alone
They have handsome faces, generous hands
And much wisdom and the sharpest tongues
Green garments and obedient subjects
Spears on target and short-hair horses
If you live, they die not, nor their
Father Tamim ibn Murra or Ibn Tabikha Uddu
Some things that appear, those I hint at
But some that hide from me are what show
Today some blame me for loving him
It is right best beings be loved by best
So he, they stray from 'Ali and his ways
People of blame until a generous king dies
No retreat from eminence in your bounty
Nor any musk and dew in the dusty tombs

109

This three part poem bids farewell to Sayyar. The poet had formed the kind of attachment with him that the boy who is less hostile to the father or grandfather uses to explore his inner world. The artist must do this if he is to give an accurate description of the communication habits. For the poet the middle of the pattern emphasizes the quarrel between syntax and science, inner and outer worlds, less than it does for the scientist. 109:1 But the poet knows that parting from his patron, as from the nurse, is unavoidable. 109:2 The repetition of the word for "know" in this line suggests the auditory communication habits. 109:3-4 Abu Bahiya refers to the patron's wakil or manager who composed the suggestive poem that Abu Tayyib was asked to criticize. The name connotes a tent, the hollow of the chest, or the womb with a child inside. He is thus a kind of Muse whose horse like Pegasus-Buraq send the poet on his way.

As to parting, it is what I am used to
My twin if departure were something born
We knew we would have to submit to it
When we knew that we were not immortal
When fine horses of Abu Bahiya took us
From you the best I rode were at fault
One points with blame to parting but I
Am one who sees in these times no praise

110

This poem treats the theme of the relation between father, or grandfather, and son in reference to the praise of the patron Ibn Sahl al Rudhbari. He was a Persian and the mention of his ancestors as rulers in the Middle East who antedated the Arabs is a compliment to him which again negates the quarrel between fathers and sons that is usual in the middle fifth of the pattern. 110:1-13 The

poet as hero praises his sword which plays the role of the nurse's breast in a warlike context. It also suggests that the quarrel between father and son has been mitigated in the early part of the pattern before it develops in the middle. It is able to produce both rhyme and script. 110:14-23 The lineage of the patron is traced to the times of Parwiz who was a king inthe Persian Sasanid dynasty. The temporal quality of speech is thus noted. 110:24-36 Ibn Sahl, the son of health, is now praised as a writer. His spears are like pen points and he knows how the threads of thought are woven into the fine cloth of writing. He also is plagued by envious poets who are in need of discipline if the work of a true poet is to be recognized. He is too easily blinded by them. In this passage the poet returns to third person address. But unlike Abu Ayyub in poem 105 he is not sick.

Like my outside my sharp sword's sheen
   A joy to the eye, a tool for the battle
You think water written in fire's flame
   The finest script on protective amulets
Each time you look at its color a wave
   Forbids the sight as if shaken by you
Delicate bits of rays that are fine
   Repeating themselves in a straight flow
It comes to water so the edges drink
   Perforce whoever follows them is sated
Time's hanger supports it until
   There is a need for a belt maker
For blood does not stick to its edges
   Nor do affronts to the honor drawn forth
O you who keep dark from me, my joy
   On drinking day, my refuge in the desert
My Yamani, who if I were able would have
   My eye as its scabbard due to its rarity
My lightning, when you flash my action
   My cadence, when you clash as my rhyme
I do not wear you as ornament but
   To strike through necks and midriffs
To cut with you through iron on them
   So each of us in his way wins this day
Drawing is going after midnight in Najd
   So folk in Hijaz clap hands for a shower
I longed for a thing like it as 14
   I sought for Ibn Salh who was its equal
Not every prince comes from Rudhbari
   Not every thing that flies is a falcon
He's a Persian who has a crown of glory
   He was one of the jewels in Parwiz' time
His soul better than every noble root
   If I traced a father for him to the sun
A beauty of high things in his heart
   Apart from beauty of face and buttocks
As if the jewels, the pearl and ruby
   Were his words and the veins of gold too
His foes gnaw in envy at coal and iron
   As if they were chewing on Ahwaz sugar
Eloquence makes the difficult easy
   As he achieves fullness with conciseness
Bearer of war and vengeance for the folk
   And the debtor's weight and the fainting
Why does he not accuse, why not they?
   For his, not the accusers, is the trouble
O you whose courts are wide yet have no 24
   Lodging for a night for kings who pass by
For me the points of your spears at dawn
   Are as ends of locust legs about to jump
Rudaini lances swerve away from me until
   They make loops of letters by quivering
By your noble fathers! there is sympathy
   Consolation and strength for the departed
They left earth after they subdued it
   And it ran under them without any spur
Armies submit to them, they are feared
   The words of men to them are only a cough
Fine camel after fine camel came
   To you in numbers like grains of sand
A trip through the plain orders them
   So they are like paintings on a garment
One sees your acts in huge rich flesh
   They destroy strong camels as a treasure
Each time thought grows rich in promise
   From you your hands reward by fulfilment
A royal singer of the verses before him
   Approving a garment in a seller's hands

Ours is the speech, he knows meaning best
   He the better guided toward eloquent words
But some men are permitted around him
   Poetasters who seem to be buzzing flies
He thinks he is wise in this respect
   And in blindness he throws away his cane
Each verse equal to one telling of you
   Mind of the praised is like the praiser

111

The old rivalry among poets which was mentioned at the end of the previous poem is now set out in a separate poem which satirizes those who dare to contend with Abu Tayyib. This is a form of the rivalry between father and son but it is here reduced to its childhood origins in the name of Ubayy Tayyib, a diminutive of Abu Tayyib. 111:1 The dryness of the foolish poets is suggested by making them light as straws. Since the name Rudhbari in Persian means a place abounding in rivers it is implied that the patron will not support such chaff. 111:2 They are the offspring of Abu Tayyib who have rebelled against him. 111:3-4 The rival poets are said to be bastards, that is, offspring of the Muse as fallen woman who cannot be faithful to the truth, either inner or outer. Their father will not acknowledge such feeble grammar.

Has folly killed you before your death
   Or ants run off with you light as straws?
Little brats of Ubayy Tayyib the dog, why
   Is it you fancy a name if you have no sense?
If my catapult hit you and your fundament
   Were strong you'd break, so why if no root?
If you were of those who rule their affairs
   You'd not be offspring of one without a son

112

This poem is dedicated to Husain ibn 'Ali and thus continues the theme of the grandfather insofar as Husain was the poet's own father's name and 'Ali means the high one. It marks the end of the middle fifth of this part of the diwan. 112:1-10 The poet has again some hard words for women who represent the bad nurse and who drive him to the self-centered love for men that one needs if he is to explore the inner world. 112:11-27 The patron is termed the sword and spear of the poet to suggest the kind of conflict that is characteristic of the auditory communication habits and the crawling phase. They are the tongue that produces syntax and semantic values in words. 112:28-37 Visual communication appears as the poet tells of the way in which the patron aids him to overcome the envious rivals such as he had to contend with at Badr's court. His father, the patron of poem 97, gave the poet horses, like Pegasus or Buraq, by means of which to make his escape. They show the greater importance of the backside here as compared to the second fifth of the pattern. Poems are their reward.

Passion holds me for one distance holds
   O would I were distance and he the passion
I'm captive to strong love's memory gone
   Even if the hard rock is no longer under it
Waking comes to eyes from you as sleep, to
   Us bitterness as your camels graze on roses
Images, until it is as if you had not gone
   As if despair of your embrace were promise
Until almost you brush away my tears as
   Drops of your scent cling to my garments
If beauty tricks she is loyal to her vow
   Part of her vow is a vow not lasting in her
And if she loves she is violent in passion
   If she is angry, away! her rage has no limit
If she hates, no joy remains in her heart
   If she is happy no hate stays in her breast
This is the nature of woman and often
   Her direction strays and her guidance hides
But still loving veils the heart in youth
   Increasing bitter fate and intensifying it
May Ibn 'Ali pour from every pouring cloud 11
   Sufficient for her what is sufficient for you
To water as it waters lands you dwell in
   To make the honor and glory grow above you
For one eyes are raised to on parting day
   And the cloak is torn by the press of men
Fingers drop their weapons unwittingly
   Due to much waving at him when he appears
Striker at head-striker's head in battle
   Light when a saddle pad is heavy on a horse
Foresighted in taking praise in each place
   Even if the lion hides it between his teeth
By hope in him one is rich before his gift
   By fear he cuts to pieces before the sword
My sword! you the blade, not one you draw
   For blows and sword's metal is your sheath

My spear! you the lance, not one you wet
   With blood, without flint no spark spurts
They are ones to share thanks between us
   For they are the benefited as they benefit
My grace to them double, thanks for gifts
   And thanks for thanks which they give later
Their horses are standing at tent doors
   Their images run in hearts that fear them
Spendthrift of themselves for deputies
   Their home wealth envoy for that not sent
It's as if Husain's gifts were armies
   And among them slaves and perfect horses
I see a moon, son of a sun, with eminence
   Go slowly until the cheeks wear the beard
He expands the armor size at its joints
   Over a body whose cut is spear shaft cut
Beardless he announced the virgin bounty
   His fathers thus and they were beardless
I praised his father before him, he healed 28
   My hand of emptiness as sick eyes are cured
He gave me eight fast horses before which
   Was fear of my going as they drew far away
Desire to return was his right hand's gift
   Double, double though generosity was unique
I ceased not to foil those envious of them
   In their hands a rage and in my hands gifts
I had a prince's Coptic robe and wealth
   And they had disbelief which I had overcome
They aim at the goal of speech but yet
   A monkey only apes a man in what is foolish
They are in company a crow could not see
   They make a noise that a mole cannot hear
Men hope to ransom each rare word of mine
   They pay me by not blaming if not by praise
I've found 'Ali and his son the best folk
   Best people even if free and slave are equal
My poem becomes theirs in its setting
   On a neck of beauty with a necklace adorned

113

This poem begins the fourth series of the Shawmiyat dedicated to the nephew of the Ikhshid of Egypt. He resided at Ramla in Palestine. He was the patron with the highest rank of any so far and he thus represents the child's standing position in the fourth fifth of the pattern. In this standing position the child pays attention to the sphincter in the backside which counteracts the pull of gravity on the contents of the body. It is more tense here than in the seated position. This sphincter is important in the process of learning to form the written signs for the sounds of speech. The tail, opheilemata in the prayer, gives guidance to the sphincter and its body. 113:1-7 The abandoned lover is especially concerned with the traces of the deserted campsite which suggest the writing that records the spoken word. Thus the lance-pens dry up the fluency of speech as the signs of script fix the sounds in visual form. They know how to forgive the sins in the Sower's fields. 113:8-13 The hero-poet reflects on the descent theme of the second fifth. It expresses his reckless despair. 113:14-23 The journey passage gives a bird's eye view of the progress of the Ikhshid's army as it moves toward the east to attack the ineffectual caliph. Badr, the caliph's lieutenant, is thus confronted with the poet's new protector, 'Ubaidallah, the little servant. 113:24-29 The ascent theme is implied in the patron's grandfather's name of Tugj ibn Juff. The horse's tail, Turkish Tugj, was the insignia of a high military officer on land or sea. Juff is Arabic from a verb which means to dry out, a hollow, a tooth or flower. The sword-pens now dry the fluency of speech in a more fruitful way as signs of the written word fix the sounds of speech. As the prayer petitioned, they know how to forgive sins. The Quran has made clear whom we serve. 113:30-36 Visual communication appears as the poet speaks in his role as writer. He scorns the patron's foes, the 'Alids who were trying to establish the Fatimid dynasty in Egypt. They represent the wrong kind of dryness in the root for the word Hashim that means to crush.

I'm accuser, if I had time for blame I'd
   Know what's wrong with me by these traces
But I am one of them perplexed, enslaved
   As a river, my heart unveiled as a secret
We stopped as if all our heart's passion
   Had made stubborn the legs of our camels
We trod with the soles of beasts its dust
   I sought healing from the kiss of the hoof
Camps which are their homes are defended
   By the long lances, not guarded by amulets
Adorable, the brocade imprints its like
   When they sway, grace is in their bodies
Their smiles show pearls like necklaces
   As if their breasts were adorned with teeth
What is a world to me? my goals its stars 8
   And my course to them through snakes' jaws

It is reason you use ignorance against it
   When the ways of evil are broad with reason
If you desire water half of which is blood
   Drink where he won't drink who won't strive
He who knows days as I have knwn them
   Among men will water his lance without pity
There is no pity when they overcome him
   Nor any evil for them in an unjust death
If I attack I leave no reply to the bold
   If I speak I will leave no word to the wise
Or else may rhymes betray me and weakness 14
   Of will that hinders me from Ibn 'Ubaidallah
From one who has a legacy to give as legacy
   And puts aside greed with the sacred taboo
His foes desire the place of his clients
   And the weighty clouds envy his two hands
He meets no battle except with a heart
   Magnified with munitions for greatness
Possessed of an army no birds in front
   To snatch, nor beast stirred by surrender
The sun rises over it but she is blinded
   Passing between feathers of great vultures
When rays strike between the birds' wings
   They whirl above the helmets like dirhams
Thunder hides from you as lightning above
   From a flashing on its borders and uproar
I see between Furat and the wasteland
   The attack that leads horses over skulls
Jousting of a chief as he restrains them
   They know Rudaini lances before their toys
They guard him from the foe on every side 24
   Swords of the prince of Banu Tugj ibn Juff
They win in attacks in thick of battle
   Better than that their returns to bounty
They do best in forgiving every sin
   And are angry at the debts of every debtor
Modest, except in their onslaughts
   Less modest there than the sword edges
But for my scorn of lions I'd compare you
   Yet after all they're counted among beasts
Sleep left me due to my travels to him 29
   Whose good deeds travel to every sleeper
By freeing prisoners and destroying foes
   Rescuing those who weep and are in the dust
Noble, I shook off men when I reached him
   As if they were dry scraps after a journey
Almost my happiness equalled my regret
   For my absence from him in my past life
I left earth's evil, people and dirt
   The 'Alids whose ancestor was not Hashim
Allah beset envy of the Amir with his army
   And set him among them in place of a turban
For in swift death they found a peace
   In life they had only a throat slashing
As if you subdued one whose gift rivals
   Yours and aided no one who needed any aid

114

This and the following four poems form a five part pattern with the rhymes of i114, a115, i116, a117, i118. The a rhyme thus is a transition for the three part pattern.

Once again the poet is confronted with the choice of whether to drink or not drink wine. As in the second fifth of the pattern the pull of gravity draws attention to the urinary flow and the need to sublimate it in the fluency of speech and writing. 114:1 In accord with the patron's high standing drinking becomes a duty. 114:2 But it is the right hand that balances the tail as the backside sphincter teaches one to form the signs of script. To further direct attention to the loss of the breast the poet swears he would strike off his head if ordered to do so.

Your words were: Pour me the wine! My duty!
   But love for me doesn't mix with insincerity
If you swore by the right hand, insisted
   On my death with it, I'd strike off my head

115

The drinking of the wine is now permissible because in the seated position one is on a higher level where the giving of liquids can be hallowed as the giving of sounds and signs in writing. Thus the poet avoids breaking an even greater taboo, that of insulting a man of high rank. 115:1 Again the duty owing the Amir implies humility. 115:2 Only here is it possible to rise above the sin.



You greet with an oath, I ransom a swearer
Mankind existing for his glorious greatness
So I seek the Amir's pleasure by drinking
And I take it and avoid the greatest taboo

116

The sublimated sounds here turn into music whose words require a question in order to understand their meaning. The answer to the question is given by the eye of the Amir who sees what is written rather than what is heard. One has risen above the level where sounds are of first importance. 116:1 The Amir is one of the heavenly bodies and still under heaven. 116:2 But his name, Tugj, is the main attraction. The horse tail banner is the goal of the script.

What is it that he who sings is saying
O best of those who are under the heaven?
You turn my heart with an eye's glance
To you, away from the beauty of the song

117

The poet turns from the singer whose words were difficult to understand to the sword-pen. 117:1 With it the writer describes those inner conflicts out of which thought and behavior are born. He knows that his thought is what suits every proud youth. 117:2 But it is only when one tests the pen against another warrior that the words acquire a clear meaning.

I see the smith's astonishing thin edges
And they are what suit every proud youth
If you allow it as you have beforehand
I will test it for you with this warrior

118

The written word now shows the power of the visual communication habits. 118:1 As the poet takes leave of his patron at nightfall he realizes that at night sounds are capable of being heard but vision is at a loss. So night is taking the patron whose real value lies in his power to produce the written word in the poet. 118:2 But that power remains with the poet and the distance between his eyelids and the dawn of his patron shows that he is not in the grip of night after all.

Night strives with me competing for you
My departure is the sharpest weapon for it
Because each time I depart, my eye finds
Distance between my eyelids and that dawn

119

The upright posture facilitates that ascent to the right hand of the father which the son attains in the fourth fifth of the pattern in the Christian creed. In the second fifth of the Lord's Prayer it is both ascent and descent. The child no longer looks down as in the crawling position but sees that garden which is in the heights of heaven. 119:1-2 The dreamlike state in which the riders find themselves suggests that brave new world in which the infant seems to be lost. 119:3-4 But the immortal dwellers of the garden are the products of the Word, the 'uios who waters green and red plants of syntactic and semantic values. 119:5-6 The Amir's single truth is a consequence of the single body openings which contrast with the double openings in the eyes, ears, and nostrils. The mouth and excretory openings unify the truth.

Many a visit that was unpromised
Is like a sleep to waking eyelids
Horses ambled with us here
With the Amir Abu Muhammad
Until we entered this garden 3
Would its dwellers were immortal
Both green and red is the earth
As if it were on a youth's cheek
I wanted some comparison for it 5
But I found that nothing existed
Then you had recourse to truths
Single for the one who is unique

120

The poet as writer sees in Ibn Tugj, the tail of Pegasus or Buraq, the model of his written word. The child's control of the backside sphincter in the standing position, and with that the control of the tail muscles, is balanced by the control of the hand which writes. The hands have been unified from a duality in the middle fifth to a unity in this fourth fifth of the diwan. 120:1 The poet considers his relation to his patron under the aspect of eternity before adult time begins. This slowness is a matter of balance and weight. 120:2 The fluency of speech which was derived from the babbling stream in the first fifth is paralleled by the blossoming of written signs in the middle fifth in the scribbling stream as they move toward full manifestation in the fourth fifth where the patron's brow gleams in beautiful light. 120:3 The model of the written word which will immortalize the poet



and his reader appears in the florid Arabic script obtained from the blossoming water lilies.

Many a moment is an age for me with my lord
   He outweighs his people with me and much more
I drink in the beautiful light of his brow
   The blossoms you see in the murmuring waters
Folk make him a model and I do not lack
   My times in his court have become immortal

121

In this poem two courtiers represent the upper and lower parts of the body as well as the right and left sides. These pairs need to be coordinated as the child shifts from four footed to two footed posture. When the Amir turns his attention from the tail to the hand, one or other of these must be neglected. Similarly when he turns from one hand to the other, either the right or left must be dominant. 121:1 Both courtiers are cultured since communication patterns are a source of culture. 121:2 It is in the crawling position that the decision as to handedness begins to take shape. The torso has become more relaxed as the four extremities gain in rhythmic tension. The scribbling stream, to become articulate letters in the fourth fifth, is now being formed. 121:3 The neglected courtier does not understand why he is afraid but the poet sees, that is, understands what this strange behavior means.

Two courtiers differ from each other
   They are opposed though of fine culture
If you go to one the other turns in fear
   You go to the other the first turns shyly
Why does he fear who sees not his curb?
   But I see the strangeness in their behavior

122

Poems 122-128 form a seven part poem in which the middle five have the rhymes i123, a124, a125, i126, u127. The three vowels of 123-5-7 thus form the basic vowel triad in Arabic. These patterns suggest the symmetry of Arabic script.

This quatrain makes its first couplet suggest the quietude of right brain spatiality while the second couplet has the activity of left brain temporality. 122:1 Night as the time for speech is about to remove the patron who will be covered by the wing of the flying breast. 122:2 But the garden of heaven that results from the ascent theme in the standing position gives the poet power to order the patron to stay and not depart. The two verses taken together suggest the prenatal prelude to the communication pattern.

Day ends but light from you reminds us
   It does not end if night's wing is a cover
If a desire for a garden could hold us
   Stay, for every place with you is a garden

123

This poem emphasizes the theme of the elevation of the inaccessible breast along with the contrast between right brain passivity and left brain activity. 123:1 The height of the cloud suggests the nurse whose liquid the infant refuses knowing that it will not satisfy. 123:2 It is the king's tent from which bounty pours. The word for tent is qubba which echoes qabba and then means a stallion whose tail reminds us of the Turkish meaning of Tugj.

A cloud appeared to me as we returned
   So I said: Be off! the cloud is with me
Look at the king's tent who is our hope
   And hold off until he decides to pour out

124

The purity of wine, that is, the sublimated, hallowed, fluency of the poet's words is here compared to three things: the fume of aloes, the prince's face, and the singer's beauty. All suggest the seated position. 124:1 These three comparisons combine the smell of excretion, the tight sphincter of the prince, and the gut feelings of the singer into the purity of wine. 124:2 Again the poet commands these three to cure the drunkenness which precedes the sober understanding of the written word.

O fume of aloes and the prince's face
   And beauty of a singer: the purity of wine
Cure my drunkenness by my drink of them
   For I am drunk with a drink of happiness

125

This impromptu is said to have been called forth by a remark of Tahir the 'Alid on the poet's rejection of the Amir's habit of drinking. Tahir means pure and hence the abstract nature of the spoken word. 125:1 It is nearness to the Amir that allows the poet to reject his offer of drinking. 125:2 Allah and the Quran's injunction against drinking wine shows the power of the written word. In poem 138 Abu Tayyib will have a good deal more to say in honor of Tahir.



Is not goodness I did without
   Supplied by nearness to the prince?
Our exalted Lord set me up with him
   Just as He forgives those sins of yours

126

The Amir has ordered that his sleeve be sprinkled with perfume and this action suggests the child's feeling of the backside as it learns to stand upright. The poet interprets the action as a hint of the patron's bounty since the command to drink which went with it is purified when the products of the backside are sublimated in speech and writing. 126:1 The word for eloquence has the root fsh which also means pure milk. 126:2 The command suggests the left brain activity of speech and temporality.

O most generous of men in action
   Most eloquent of men in speaking
If you said by scattered perfume:
   Pour, then you spoke by way of bounty

127

The Amir has been on a surprise raid in the desert. He has the spontaneous (spoudaios, sun tous podes, Greek for with the feet) quality which makes him ready to act sur pied, on the spur of the moment, or auf der Stegreife. 127:1 Courage, iqdam, comes from a root which also means foot. This gut feeling and tight sphincter is the basis of fame. 127:2 Neither the night nor the rain can forbid or erase what the poet writes about these exploits.

Courage asks not in vain of you
   So whose the story and distinction?
We knew before you were one whom
   No night or rain could bar his wish

128

In the last of the seven stanzas Ibn Tugj has been visiting Tahir the 'Alid and his stay was over long. 128:1 The desire for virtue has been achieved with the purification implied in Tahir's name. No need to overstress it since the tensions of upright posture are difficult to maintain. 128:2 The word for home is dar and as a verb it can mean to turn. As a noun it is feminine and thus suggests the sphincters in the lower part of the body. They must be kept distinct from the mouth, ears and eyes in the upper part. Life after the completion of the communication pattern is thus implied.

You achieved your desire of virtue
   And true is that nobility of yours
If you travel not to your home now
   I fear that it will journey to you

129

Once again the poet is disgusted with a drinking party which represents the unsublimated basis of his fluency in words. 129:1 He acknowledges the sovereign power of Ibn Tugj but also the fact that this kind of freedom is a sort of slavery. 129:2 The fluency of speech is now seen as the generosity of the patron even though the poet can hardly bear it. 129:3 The poet's dismissal from the party is counted as a kindness. The word dismissal, however, has a root in srf which also means to decline a word according to correct grammar. This is the writer's specialty.

O you in whom I see clemency as folly
   And the freedom of a king as slavery
The drinking leans heavy on me
   And you are guided to generosity
If you favor me with my dismissal
   I count it as a kindness on your part

130

This poem concerns a memory of the Amir that his father, 'Ubaidallah, during a drinking bout had become light headed and was observed by a Jew. He expressed his shame by blaming the Jew. This contrasts the darkness of secrecy which is favorable to auditory experience with the light that is necessary for visual experience. The Jew like the disputatious Jews of poem 30 who wanted to keep the poet in prison represents the elaborate vertical vowel system which pays too much attention to the inner world. 130:1 'Ubaidallah is said to be the sun which is feminine in Arabic and recalls the dar in poem 128. 130:2 The Jew is praised since he didn't see the sun as darkness, a feminine noun too, when he knew it was light. There is thus an allusion to the Jewish hero, Samson, whose name also echoes the Semitic word for sun: shamsun. The ascent of the hand may suggest the little servant of Allah as Mary who in Greek mare also represents the hand. These couplets make poem 129 into a five part pattern.

Don't blame the Jew because
   He saw the sun and did not deny it
Because blame is for accounting
   Her darkness after one has seen her



The poet was admired for his ability to compose impromptu and from memory by means of the spoken word. These artajal (root rjl meaning leg) were on the spur of the moment and therefore excellent. 131:1 But he deprecates this ability saying that the Amir is before him and this implies the motivation of the hand to balance that of the horse tail. 131:2 The work of composition now appears as a weaving together of many strands of thought in a fine embroidery which constitutes the poem. These couplets may be added to poem 132 to make a five part pattern.

I hold the object of praise in my eye
   Not in memory when I look at the Amir
Many qualities when I look at them
   Are composed into a rare embroidery

132

The praise of Ibn Tugj is here given in more violent terms in accord with the greater muscular power required to hold up the body of the child learning to stand erect. 132:1 The root for the word reviver is b'th and implies the resurrection of the body. 132:2 The fluency of speech is thought of in terms of a bloody wound made in the body of the slanderer. This wound is a consequence of the tight grip which holds the sphincter in place. 132:3 Allah who holds the throne in the heavens is asked to bless the poet whose ink is like the blood of his foes spread on paper.

O reviver of every rare generosity
   And rider of every swift strong horse
Thruster in each broad bloody wound
   Opponent of every slanderer of sincerity
May Allah bless me before death's day
   By blood of a foe from the wound's depth

133

This poem describes the Amir as he was hunting with a falcon as part of the fourth fifth ascent theme. In contrast to the slow bleeding of deep inner wounds his success is said to extend to every thing he does. The claws of the falcon or a hand that learns to grip the pen as it balances the tail are both in search of prey. 133:1 The Amir is here the falcon of script who seems omnipotent to the helpless infant. 133:2 The semantic values of the spoken word are suggested by one who has not ruled. The syntactic values are seen in the one who has ruled. 133:3 The quail, sumani, has a root which can also mean plump, fat, clarified butter and thus suggests that the milk which was denied the infant is caught by the child with vision. The deep wounds bear fruit in the poet's productivity that wants to bleed.

Have you found the meaning of everything
   And outdistanced the world at every goal?
What do you give to him who has not ruled
   What have you left for him who has ruled?
It is as if the quail, when it saw you
   Pursuing it, had also wanted to be pursued

134

This is a hunting poem in which the patron ascends to a mountainous region with his dogs to pursue deer. Just as in poems 68 and 73 a hunting dog and lion were juxtaposed to suggest the conquest of self-centeredness, here the winged Muse-falcon of poem 133 is followed by the teachable dog who suggests the controlled script of the written word. 134:1-3 The love prelude has details of the bad nurse in the camel's thirsty neck used as a simile for the mountain breast. The narrow passes and solitude are nevertheless the scene of sport. 134:4-8 The description of the hunting dog suggests the crawling infant developing the auditory communication habits. So too the fawn whose harmlessness represents another side of the duality of language. Its fate is compared to a new beard on a cheek free of excretion. The beard is thus the lover's bond with his beloved. 134:9-12 The praise of the patron makes him a king who subdues warriors with an Indian sword that suggests the power of Indian mathematics and grammar in the use of the pen. But the poet is deprived of four footed booty. His front feet become the writer's hand. The claws and fangs of the leaping dog do their work.

Many a peak on this long mountain
   Remote, like the sick camel's neck
One goes on narrow ways and rocks
   As if the road's middle is rope knots
We visit it for things unaccustomed
   For hunting and the pleasure and play
With each shedder of the black blood 4
   Trained with the leash and the collar
With all the sharpened curved teeth
   Like files on both edges of the mouth
Seeker of revenge without any hate
   He kills what he kills without quarter
He pursues a fawn and won't lose it
   It starts from greenery wet with dew
Like growth of beard on hairless cheek
   It wishes to follow nothing but a death



prophet offers him is the garden of Arabic script in the Quran and the poet's own poems. The mention of Luayy ibn Galib takes us back to poem 3 at the beginning of the diwan. The rival claimants cannot compete with this.

Return my morning for it is with virgins
   Restore my sleep that has my love's vision
My day is night that is intensely dark
   To the eyes that due to your loss are weak
To distance between eyelids it's as if
   You hooked each eyelash end to eyebrows
I think if I wanted parting from you
   I'd be dead, for time is the foulest friend
O would what is between me and my lover
   In distance were between me and misfortune
You knew my body a thread so you kept it
   From you by a pearl lest it touch a breast
If I were thrown in the cut of a pen's tip
   By illness I'd not alter a writer's stroke
She scares me with less than she asks
   She doesn't know shame as the worst end
A sure day, bright as a white-leg horse 9
   After which the wailing is heard for long
Easy for one like me if he aims at a goal
   The clash of spears and of swords before it
Much life for a man is like a little
   It ends and life's scrap is as what passed
Be off! I'm not one who when on guard
   Against a snake bite sleeps on scorpions
Threats of claimants reached me and they
   Have brought Sudanese for me to Kafr 'Aqib
If they spoke true of their kin I'd beware
   But are their words about me alone not lies?
By my life! every surprise end is mine
   As if I were amazement in eyes of wonder
In what land have I not trailed my braids
   And what place have my camels not trampled?
As if my ready mount was the hand of Tahir 17
   And my saddle was fixed on the back of gifts
No creature lives who came not to his court
   They are drink to him in coming to the pool
A youth whose soul and ancestors teach him
   Beating the enemy and scattering huge gifts
He draws courtiers from every homestead
   And sends back to his homeland every exile
So the Fatimids, their fingers' bounty
   Is harder to erase than lines in joints
Men who when they meet the foe it seems
   Weapons they confront are only horse dust
They toss their forelocks as from bows
   Come bloody necked but the flanks unharmed
They are those sweeter than life renewed
   More often remembered than a time of youth
You aided 'Ali, O son of him by swords
   Of deeds, no dullness for them in striking
Brightest of Tihami signs is that he
   Was your father and your richest merit
If lineage's soul is not like its stock
   What use is that precious thing pedigree?
Comparisons of unlike folk never approach
   As comparison of similar folk never is far
If an 'Alawi is not like to Tahir, he
   Is nothing but argument for the Nasibis
They say stars have influence on men
   What then of his influence on the stars?
He rises on the world's back to every goal
   It has a gait of one obedient to its rider
It's right he outdistances men as he sits
   To reach unseeking what they do not attain
He makes shoes of kings' noses, they are
   Ones who on his feet find their high rank
The times' gift, union between him and me
   Separation by him between me and misfortune
Allah's messenger's son, his executor's son
   And comparison for them I compared with fact
He knows what is exposed in you to attack
   Is no worse than that exposed in backbiters
O wealth which has already been destroyed
   Take courage, for it is his way with armies
Maybe sometime you distracted his heart
   From generosity or increased the army at war

Nor can it fall except within claws
   It doesn't leave any plunder to a poet
Describing it to a glorious prince
   King Abu Muhammad the tribe's chief
Hunter of warriors with Indian sword
   And bright graces that appear and recur
If I want their number it won't come
   If I think of his bounty it has no end

135

The Amir is now complimented with the description of his falcon to again suggest the theme of ascent as the child learns to stand. As a hunter he turns into a bird of prey and the process of purifying the single openings for excretion in the lower part of the body is facilitated by identifying them with the falcon's eye that searches out the victims it hunts. 135:1 The beauty of the eye is surprising and thus sometimes disappoints like a bad nurse. 135:2 The equation of sounds to solid excretion to produce dirty words is aided by the connotation of nightshade as the foxglove berry, tha'lab 'nb in Arabic. The dog-fox of the previous poem thus reappears. 135:3 The light on the bird's shoulder suggests the shoulder of the upright child who has mastered the visual signs of the spoken word. The claw of the falcon grips the pen on high.

O how shall I prettify the eye
   If only beauty were not surprising
Yellow in its spicy saffron
   A small black grape of nightshade
When the falcon looks to his side
   It dresses a shoulder in light rays

136

The patron has complained that the poet has not praised him in a sufficient number of long poems. But the requirements of the ascent theme make the short poem appropriate to the expression of the idea of balance. The horizontal positions of the beginning and middle fifths are more suited to the long poem. And the articulation of the signs of script, unlinked by grammar and metaphor, make it seem as if there is less being produced than is the case in the scribbled stream of the middle fifth. 136:1-2 The poet admits his inability to praise the patron fully and thus he hurts himself as the self-centered infant will. 136:3 But the patron's nature has the sound of praise in it. 136:4 The poet's praise is a drink that he can pour when the ink flows from his pen. It is with the blessing of Allah that this occurs.

Leaving your praise is satire on myself
   If the praise for you is short it is much
I have not left off cuttings of verse
   In affairs such as mine there are excuses
Your nature is your praise, not my words
   And the bounty is envied due to my praises
Allah bless one making gifts by your hand
   For I pour out the drink for you O prince

137

Abu Tayyib's farewell to Ibn Tugj is cast in terms that suggest that the parting is a friendly one. 137:1 It is not a lover's farewell but one between soul and body, that is, between the signs of the written word and the bodily basis for them in the backside. 137:2 The cloud of the spoken word that is driven by the breath will cast no shadow on Ibn Tugj's city of Ramla, the sandy place. 137:3 It is the prince, the horsetail of battle, who is leaving the poet. He will return in a few poems without any anger for the poet.

This farewell is no sad lover's farewell
   This parting is parting of soul and body
As for the cloud, the wind drives it high
   May it not come near Ramla, gem of cities
O goodbye to a prince whose house is wide
   If you leave us a day may you not be angry

138

This poem honors the patron Tahir the 'Alid who was a courtier of Ibn Tugj. His name suggests the idea of purity which is important as the child in the standing position tries to control the anal sphincter against the pull of gravity. This control is the basis for right hand development of written signs for sounds. Thus the number of Arabic signs that suggest right rib pressure like > and) far outnumber those that suggest left pressure like ع 138:1-8 The love prelude stresses the emaciation of the lover who is so thin that he would not alter the stroke of a writer's pen if thrown into its cut. He is like a thread for a pearl that is forbid the breast. 138:9-16 The journey portion of the poem tells of some threats against the poet's life by some Sudanese blacks who at the town of Kafr 'Aqib, a name that means the heel denied to suggest the importance of one's stance, near Tiberias were acting on orders from false claimants to 'Alid descent. These men were opponents of the Ikhshid's regime in Egypt as well as of the caliph's lieutenant Badr. But the poet opposes the purity of Tahir to their blackness. 138:17-40 The praise of Tahir emphasizes his descent from the prophet and Fatima, his daughter, whose name comesfrom a root meaning to wean. The garden of praise that the



I brought him a garden with my tongue
My wit watered it as cloud water on meadows
May you be greeted by best son of best
Father of Luayy ibn Galib's noblest house

139

This poem praises the poet's colt Tukhrur whose name means a weak man or a fine mist. It thus suggests the problem which the child who is learning to stand has with the backside as he opposes the pull of gravity. The horse's back on which the rider rides continues the theme of the horse tail in Ibn Tugj. The fine qualities of the horse develop the purification of the backside expressed in the poem to Tahir the 'Alid. He is Pegasus and Buraq who elevate the poet. 139:1-5 The lack of fodder for the horse due to the snow is as an infant's inability to maintain its contact with the nurse. 139:6-9 The descent theme of the seated position is implied in the description of the horse's fine legs. 139:10-16 The movement of the horse is part of the kinetic element in the spoken word. He anticipates his rider's voice and his pounding hoofs make holes to catch the fluency of speech. 139:17-23 The ascent theme of the standing position is seen in the idea that it has the wings of an ostrich or a raven or falcon. Its hoofs are louder than thunderclaps and its ears more sensitive than a rabbit's. The balance between the winged upper world of the Muse's hand and the lower world of the hoof and ear leads to the signs of script. 139:24-28 The human or rational qualities of the horse appear in its noble lineage, and its brave behavior in battle. It is the property of Allah the Creator because it eats grass like ink peelings which become letters of the script. Like Buraq's lightning it carries the prophet.

Nothing green in fields or in gardens
Their herbage complains of the harshness
The snow has stayed there like a friend
Freezing on the teeth the film of saliva
But it left not returning after parting
With captains in its thaw and followers
It's as if Tukhrur is seeking a fugitive
He eats the grass that is short and close
Like your peelings of ink from a paper
I seek it like a shudhaniq hawk for this
Right leg different in color, long — 6
Neck, with the joints firm at the knees
A broad breast and the long muscles
Having wide nostrils and a lean belly
White legs, large, reddish, strong
Ample his blaze like the rising sun
As if it with its lightning colors
Hovered over the dust and desert rock
Cool at morn, eve, and hottest noon — 10
For the horseman riding him steadily
A coward's fear in a lover's heart
As if he were on a high mountain side
Ahead of speaker's sound in an ear
To outdistance the sun in eastern lands
He goes to the west with winner's gait
As he leaves the stones of the sandy hill
With imprint of gems taken from a belt
As he trots and if he runs it's trenches
If they come to sip from faithful cloud
There is enough for that five day camel
If bridle comes to him on a night trip
He opens his mouth as the croaking raven
As if the hide on the bare face bones — 17
Stretched from the curve of the crossbow
In his first hair he beats a grown horse
His legs faster than those of the ostrich
His hoofs are louder than thunderclaps
His ears more sensitive than a rabbit's
More alert to danger than the raven
He distinguishes between jest and intent
He warns the rider of every thief
Seems stupid, but is cleverness itself
Grooms himself at will as falcons preen
Derived from a fine mother and the father
Among noblest stallions and mares
His neck has grown like the palm tree
His throat held by a strangler's hand
Counts in the thrusting for a battalion — 24
A blow in the face on point of parting
Running in the fluttering banner's shadow
He bears me and a blade of double edge
It drips on the armor down to the shirt
I see the world with no lover's eye
And I do not bother with small success
You strike down each envious hypocrite
You are ours, all of us are the Creator's

The death of the colt and its mother due to a lack of pasture at Antioch is elegized in this poem. From the child's point of view this corresponds to the relaxing of the backside sphincter in the standing position and the realization that one does not need to always hold on to one's waste products. So one has one's sins forgiven and gains a broader view that allows one to forgive others their sins committed against us. The reading public is the saddle on which the poet rides into the future. 140:1-2 The taste of death in little things enables one to strive for the stars in great things. The ability to write is one of these. 140:3-6 The mare and the colt are compared to polished swords that were tested in the fire. That is, they are like the solid waste, or fluid, and the tongue which mimics it in order to produce the flow of dirty words and the signs of script. 140:7-9 The written word, however, is the product of the tight sphincter and the gut feeling which knows how to turn sounds into written signs.

When you strive madly for some high goal
   Be not content with what is short of stars
For death's taste in the little things
   Is like the taste of death in great things
You must weep my mare and colt in grief 3
   As swords whose tears are blood of bodies
They approached the fire and grew in it
   Like the virgins who grow in tranquillity
They left the sword polishers perfect
   Even though their hands had many a wound
A coward thinks weakness is reasonable
   But this is the trick of a sordid nature
Each brave act for a man is worthwhile 7
   Nothing is like bravery for the wise man
How many who complain of a true saying
   When the lack is in the sickness of a mind
For the ears seize on that which is
   According to the nature and the knowledge

141

This poem mocks Ishaq ibn Kaigalag, a former governor of Hims at the time when the poet was imprisoned there. It also eulogizes Abu 'Ashair who is to be patron of the fifth and last series of poems in thispart of the diwan. Kaigalag tried to force the poet to praise him in his poems and placed him under house arrest in Tripoli where Ishaq was now governor. Kaigalag's name suggests the Arabic root glq which means to lock. Hence it hints at the backside sphincter in the standing position. 141:1-13 The love prelude shows the lover lamenting his love for his sister. This has an incestuous connotation as implied in the reference to the Magians who as followers of Zoroaster were sometimes accused of this sin. Kaigalag's name suggests an Iranian background too. The incest taboo can be traced in part to the stability of nouns that comes into conflict with the kinetic element in verbs. This is especially apparent in the fourth fifth of the pattern when the script is developing. Forgiveness as expressed in the fourth fifth of the Prayer and Opening can be carried to extremes. But the poet's white hair, due in part to grief, shows he may have learned moderation. 141:14-29 The mockery of Ishaq, the laughing Isaac compared with the mourning Ishaq al Tanakhi in the second fifth of the pattern, has some dirty words which show the equation of sounds to excretion. This dirt comes in the middle of the pattern, as it will in the satires on Kafur and Dabba with regard to the diwan as a whole, to emphasize the difference between high and low levels of diction. The self-centered problems of envy and jealousy in the first two fifths of the pattern have now changed to more social problems of acceptable and inacceptable levels of speech. Kaigalag's mother Safra, the yellow one, and his wife, whose womb is a fearsome sea, also represent the fluency of dirty words. His bisexuality, and the reference to his father as the one-eyed penis, like Ibn Karawwus in poem 99, show that his filth is from the lower world. 141:30-36 The praise of Abu 'Ashair, father of the ten or of the clan represents the value of vision as compared to the uselessness of the spoken word which cannot make the ascent needed in the fourth fifth of the pattern.

Souls, love has a joy not understood
   Suddenly I looked, I thought I was safe
O sister of knights eager in the battle
   Your brother has more pity, mercy than you
He looks long at you shyly for he knows
   Magians perished in what they thought good
Elegant white in my sideburns charms you
   If it were natural, black would please one
If possible then I'd unveil youth since
   Gray hairs before their time are a veil
I've seen misfortune but I've not seen
   Snowy hair die nor black hair protected
Desire weakens the lust with emaciation
   Whitens the forelock of youth and he ages
Rational man's bliss grieves due to his
   Reason and foolish man rejoices in misery
Men cast off restraint and the one set
   Free forgets a friend and regrets pardon
Let not tears of an enemy deceive you
   Pity your youth instead of a foe you pity



High noble nature yields not to evil
   Until the blood drips from its sides
A little vileness harms by its nature
   One not small, as it is small and base
Wrong is souls' nature and if you find
   One pure he is weak if he does no wrong
Ibn Kaigalag bars the way, his wife too 14
   The biggest road is that between her legs
So set a guard over the she-ass cunt
   For death is in her womb as a huge sea
Be gentle for your nature is waning
   Conceal your father for your root is bad
Your wealth doubtful, your joke a fart
   Your pleasure a penis, your master dirham
Beware of men's hostility, for you
   Are hard on a slave's cock and are fucked
Slander by one with no respect is trial
   In error, plea from one who knows nothing
He walks on all fours toward the rear
   Among the unbelievers bridled from behind
His eyelids unquiet as if they watered
   Or unripe fruit had been crushed in them
When his gestures tell a story it's like
   A monkey chattered or an old woman slapped
The back of his head hates a hand motion
   Until he almost wears turbans due to fists
He seems smaller when you see him talk
   Most of all false when swearing an oath
Baseness shows itself by loving baseness
   More lovable than he as lover is the snake
His good deeds only gain you enmity
   His friendship only bothers and does harm
You sent to ask me for praise foolishly
   Safra more urgent than you, what resolve!
Don't you see guidance earned by others
   O son of little One-eye, your only good
How much you exceeded your power to rise
   How terribly the stars came close to you
You sought what belongs to Abu 'Ashair 30
   Praise is only for one visited, gracious
For one at whose gate you are put down
   You approach, one hits your neck, rebukes
One who scorns wealth and is generous
   For one who heads armies that are immense
For him who if warriors meet in war
   Has his part in it as a master warrior
Often he turns a lance against knights
   It bends and then stands firm behind them
His face is shining, his heart audacious
   His lance is brown and his sword not dull
The deeds of one nobly born are noble
   The deeds of a stranger born are barbarian

142

When Ishaq heard of the satire he threatened the poet and the reply was made with five part formal elegance. 142:1 The mountainous terrain implies the quarrel with breast. 142:2 The mention of Safra points to the seated position. 142:3 The fluency of speech is hinted by Ishaq's tears. 142:4 The ascent theme is implied in the term for honor. 142:5 The Arabic word for mockery, root hja, can also mean to spell a word alphabetically and hence the visual signs which are formed in the standing position or fourth fifth of the pattern.

News of fool Ibn Kaigalag came to me
   It crossed rough and smooth between us
If between Safra's son and me no bar
   Other than my lance is, it's long enough
Ishaq is safe from one who scorns him
   Yet he amuses himself with weeping a bit
His honor is not good so he guards it
   He'd not be pretty even if it were pure
He lies if he says I shame him by mocks
   Indeed he was base before my satirizing

143

The death of Ibn Kaigalag, like the death of the mare and colt, makes it clear that the grip of the backside sphincter cannot always be maintained. It also means that the script can be freed from its origins in the hallowing process. And this freedom represents a new danger. So long as the pen is grasped it suggests the formation of the consonants in the closure of the vocal tract. But the relaxation of the vocal tract and the torso is needed to form the vowels. If the pen is not grasped



firmly it will represent the vowels as the Hebrew script does, that is, by no signs at all, or by an excess of small signs. Still another mistaken attempt appears in the Indo-European scripts represented in Ibn Kaigalag's tyranny and death: the vowels written as consonants. But Abu Tayyib has learned to deal with this dilemma in experiencing the death of the mare and colt. 143:1-4 For Ishaq taught the slaves who slew him how to do it and thus was destroyed by self-centeredness. 143:5-7 He is a monkey without a tail, that is, the horse's tail of Ibn Tugj has been detached from him. The winds that blow feathers around and carry the smell of sweat are those that make speech possible and monkeys' chatter. 143:8-11 The vileness of the backside basis of writing engenders the questions as to how he died. His ugliness is wrapped in rags and splits the sight when seen on the paper. Not all of the reading public is worthy of praise.

They said to us: Ishaq died. So I said:
   This medicine cures him of a foolishness
If he died he died without loss or grief
   Or lived he lived without a good or grace
By him a slave learned to split his skull
   To betray a friend, hide fraud in flattery
Not faithful to a friend's right hand vow
   Cast off like spearpoints one after another
I always knew him a monkey without a tail 5
   A zero of wretchedness filled with follies
Falling like a feather in windy gusts
   Never stable in the condition of turmoil
A hand engulfs his temples and shoulders
   Clothes him with a garment of sweaty wind
Ask those who hit him what death they 8
   Gave him: beating or death by some fright?
Had a sword's edge place for the fellow
   Who was without any body or head or neck?
But for vile ones and some of his likes
   He's the ugliest brat ever wrapped in rags
Most of the words one hears and his face
   Are such as split the ears and the vision

144

This three part poem is a farewell to Ibn 'Askar. His name means the son of the army camp or prison which comments more generously on the death of Ibn Ishaq as the man who was the poet's jailer. The army camp is a place where such conflicts are expected. 144:1 The poet admits his thirst and also acknowledges that he is grateful for what he received. 144:2-3 The spoken word makes gifts unnecessary and parting is no longer a matter of worry. 144:4 But still parting is real and when the shower of ink falls it must leave the height of the cloud which had been attained in the fourth fifth of the ascent. But it is now to be brought down to earth where it makes the soil fruitful.

Pour out for us O magnanimous Ibn 'Askar
   Do not stop your bounty to us who thirst
It would be best to make no gifts to us
   Your farewell and goodbye without rancor
We will not worry about your coming loss
   Nor condemn those large favors in your gift
But yet the shower when it comes near
   The traveler's earth rejects the cloud

145

This poem gives a last look at the ascent theme and the need to coordinate the upper world of the hand with the lower world of the backside. 145:1-5 The love and admiration for a patron is tempered by fear of his sword, the breast, that like sun and moon is able to raise a slave from his low position. 145:6 The female beloved urges the lover to take all of the gifts he can get but the lover is free and refuses to be greedy. This restraint implies the control that tempers the fluency of speech. 145:7-8 Visual communication returnsto the praise of the patron and his wisdom. The soul that acts in him is feminine and therefore beardless. She is the Muse or womb of Allah who gives birth to the written word.

The sword of removal is upon his neck as
   It cuts the throat, is polished when drawn
Not shaking it against the limb to cut
   Rather protecting by a shield of patience
The time blames him due to his admirers
   Blaming its moon for praise as I praise it
He is a sun and when the sun strikes him
   Riding, its light glitters on it as he goes
Beauty is only ugly when he appears, no
   Slave is low except before him as the lord
She said: Help yourself with gifts, but 6
   I: A free man won't return till after drink
I knew no good until I knew the youth 7
   Generosity wasn't born except at his birth
A soul belittles the age's soul by pride
   Its mature wisdom is in its beardless years

This poem begins the fifth and final series in the first part of the diwan. The patron of this group is Abu 'Ashair ibn Hamdan, the cousin of Saif al Daula. His name means the father of the family but the root 'shr means ten and in one form can mean the tenth month of pregnancy for a camel. It can be associated with other roots like 'sr, to have a hard childbirth, and 'sr, to press and to menstruate. These tactile ideas are related to the five fingers, plus the five body positions: prone, seated, crawling, standing, and walking. The ten fingers, or toes, are reduced to five when the child chooses the right or left hand to write with. 146:1-9 The love prelude explores the theme of separation between lover and beloved, infant and nurse. The lover is speaking to himself, his feminine soul. 146:10-26 The journey passage praises Abu 'Ashair in terms of his stallion whose love for his mare makes the traditional description of the prophet's horse Buraq seem to be true. The latter name comes from a root meaning lightning. The horse had a woman's head and a peacock tail. 146:27-39 The praise part of the poem shifts from the third person of the middle to the second person which allows for a more intimate view of the patron. He is a poet of glory while Abu Tayyib is a poet of written words. They are compared to fine horses and to the sunlight which makes possible the finest meanings.

Do you think that due to many lovers
  She reckons tears are natural to eyes?
How can she weep who thinks every eye
  But her own sees her with tears undried?
You were of us in seducing yourself but
  You stayed free from emaciation and grief
You forbade a visit so now if you want
  This emaciation would forbid the embrace
The glance you prolonged and we fixed
  Was intended by us but death intervened
If distance, not your flight, forbade
  The fast gait would melt the camel's fat
We would travel and if we came to her
  We'd find our souls were at last breath
What is for us in love of eyes whose
  Eyelash color is the color of the pupils?
They increase a wealthy prince's gifts
  When they bring the hunter's empty bag
No creature other than Abu 'Ashair (10)
  Can deserve to rule over these men
A jouster whose thrusts pierce an army
  With terror and blood that gushes forth
Endowed with a flood as if in a heart
  He hears of it as perforce he looks down
One who strikes heads in dust and has
  No fear lest he drink what he pours out
On a mare that's ecstacy for a stallion
  Between her pasterns and that inner skin
No prophet's disbeliever sees her unless
  He finds true words in Buraq's description
His goal those holding lances, not them
  Their points like a waistband around him
Penetrating intellect and firm clemency
  A man has no power over him through fear
O Banu al Harith ibn Luqman let no backs
  Of fine horses be lacking to you in battle
They send terror into the enemy hearts
  It's as if death comes before the attack
Almost when they make use of the blade
  It makes a sheath for itself in the neck
When horsemen tremble from the shock
  Of attack they tremble because of horror
Every brave man adds to his beauty in
  Death as a moon at full moves to the dark
He's one to make his armor death itself
  If no shelter from shame is short of it
Generosity to roughen the sides of them
  It is like water to polish the thin edges
As to heights when others claim them
  The betrayal of the theft is unavoidable
O son of him who when you appear to me (27)
  Is present in nature but absent in person
If you veil yourself in attacks on men
  They swear you are his son without a doubt
How shall the arm be strong for your hand
  If the world in it is a hand in the world?
Steel has little use for you because
  None meets you but he whose sword is weak
This breath's friend is more vital
  In a soul since death has a bitter taste
Grief before soul departs is weakness
  For there is no sorrow after a departure

How much wealth relieved with a lance
    That was in chains to the stingy people
Riches in a base man's hand are ugly
    As the bane of the generous is poverty
My word of your sunny act is not a sun
    But rather like the dawning of that sun
Poet of glory whose friend is a word-poet
    Both of us masters of the finest meanings
You cease not to listen to praises but
    The whinny of a fine horse is not a heehaw
Would I had the luck of this time
    Among ages or its ration among rations
You are of it and every time has longed
    For some of this time from the Creator

147

Abu 'Ashair's role in bringing to birth the word at the end of the five part pattern is now symbolized by this description of a melon in a basket. 147:1 The word for melon, batikh, can also mean to lick or suck and thus hints at the nurse's breast. 147:2 The pearl necklace suggests the fluency of the spoken word made solid in the strand of pearls that adorns the basket. 147:3 The dark drink of the wine that is mixed with water was pressed from the melon in order to become the ink that the poet writes with.

Many a basket of bamboo conceals
    A melon growing in the heat as a gift
The Amir made a pearl necklace for it
    Like his deeds and words in witnessing
Like a cup mixing loves by showing
    Some foam whirling in the dark drink

148

These lines can be employed as the second and fourth fifths of the preceding poem. The melon in the basket now becomes a black girl to suggest the theme of descent and the concern with waste products. The dawning glow of gray hair suggests the ascent theme as the musk changes into ambergris in its fine perfume. There is also the pun on sha'ar, hair, and shi'r, poetry.

A black girl with pearl string on her
    It has the shape of melon but is musky
As if a bit of ambergris on her head
    Is a dawning glint of gray in kinky hair

149

The basis for the comparison of the melon and the wine to the birth of the word is here given a further interpretation in terms of military combat. It is similar to that in the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen. 149:1 The poet rejects the tactile experience which is the origin of his spiritual role as a producer of words and poetic thoughts. 149:2 Instead he prefers the joust which is closer to the dialogue that goes on between two speakers. 149:3 The sticky blood that stains the poet's hand is again the ink that drips from his pen onto the paper.

I want none of the wine or melon
    Black in the rind of that bamboo
My soul habit keeps me from it
    And from others on a jousting day
Every wide thrust is sticky
    Staining me from hand to spearhead

150

The poet praises the patron's military exploits as a model for the inner conflicts which both reader and writer experience as the communication habits develop. 150:1-4 The bird-breast gives the lover a restlessnight as the lapwing whose deceptive feints are a hint of the devious words of the Muse. She seems to be describing the external world but is in fact describing the inner world. The root dmshq is also the root for Damascus where the poet may have stayed after escaping from Ibn Kaigalag. 150:5-17 The sound of the patron's name causes a similar perplexity and so is rephrased to suggest what it means in the inner world. The imagery of conflict intensifies. 150:18-36 Here again the poet shifts to the second person to give us a closer visual look at the patron. But in the last part of the passage he returns to the third person as he describes Abu 'Ashair's communication network. He mentions Shawsha which is beyond the Oxus. He tells of the hamstringing of his own horse in battle and thus the necessity for resuming his progress on two feet until another horse is supplied. There is a danger that one may get a thorn in one's foot but the two-footed posture is the final one which allows the completion of the visual communication habits.

My shelter was as the lapwing's on a bed
    Whose stuffing had for me my heart's heat
Tossed by a night of fawn's eye color
    And by a desire like wine in the bones



And by love burning in the heart
   Like coals in ribs that seem to flame
May blood flow over every blade not dull
   And pour from all the lances not enfeebled
For the knight is far famed and riders 5
   Fly far from his sword like the feathers
He is called Father-of-Fierceness
   As if Abu 'Ashair were not as obvious
Husain is forgotten since he is named
   Death-to-Heroes or Shower-to-the-Thirsty!
They meet him unarmored in sword armor
   Fine of weave with border flame-tested
As if a fire from it were on skulls
   And hands of the folk were wings of moths
As if heart's blood flowing were water
   From thirst the sword becomes used to it
They fled among those whose souls went
   Those at last gasp, those with reason lost
Dust flecked by the sword edge like
   A lizard who hides in fear of the hunter
Horses bloody each other's front legs
   And what is on ankles comes to upper legs
He is their unique fear, they fear not
   His distant army, nor a seeker of armies
As if the quivering of the arrow in him
   Were a trembling palm leaf on a thin stem
Soul plunder of warlike men is worthier
   Of men of glory than plunder of property
Big bellied ones share with us in drink
   When we attack but they share no defense
Before growth of horn, before maturity 18
   The sheep is known from the ram for you
O ocean among seas, I cannot hide it
   O full moon among full moons, I bar none
As if you had insight into all hearts
   No camps of those you seek hid from you
Shall I shun you if you are not stingy
   And don't accept gossips' words about me?
But why? for you among princes for me
   Are noblest of birds and no little one
One fears you not with false expectation
   Nor does one hope in you with vain worries
You are in all the horsemen who joust
   Even if Iraqi peasants upon young asses
I see men as darkness, you as light
   I among them travel all night to the dawn
With them I suffer the grief of a rose
   Before noses fitted with the bit of wood
Against you as you grow thin in nights
   Around you when you grow fat in an uproar
Amir's news comes to say: They attack!
   I say: Yes, and may they stay at Shawsha
Stubbornly he leads them on to battle
   His battles prolong life, youthful wars
I saddle the bay horse, it carries me
   On its pregnant belly and at my speed
One of the ungovernable ones guarded
   With my lance in all the flying blood
If hamstrung it is reported for me
   To him the news is carried on a trotter
When his station is seen by a barefoot
   Thorn-stung, no flinching as it's pulled
He ends fears of being taken prisoner
   Is diverted from boasting due to honor
No love is found like my passion
   No eagerness is known like my enthusiasm
I come to you seeking high things
   Others beside me went in search of life

151

The winged breast or angel of inspiration, the Muse, here presents its conflict in terms of a falcon chasing its prey. The knowledge of the inner world gained by the band of all male hunters is building its message to the beloved by means of the feathered Muse. 151:1 The bad nurse is about to seize the helpless infant and pierce it. 151:2 The bulkiness of the wind suggests the selection of of the sounds of speech from the babbling stream in the seated position. 151:3 The feathers are here compared to the writer's pens which are the equivalent of the babbling and scribbling stream for the written word. 151:4 The death is part of the ascent theme as the bodily existence of the child is sublimated by the written signs for the spoken word. 151:5 The poet speaks through the written word, the womb of Allah, at judgment day.



There's many a bird fate follows
With whirring wings on its trail
As if its feathers were arrows
With a body as bulky as the wind
As if heads of pens were thick
Anointed with fine breast feathers
He kills with claws on his feet
Doing the blades' and spears' work
I say: Any live thing has doomsday
Even if souls guard against villains

152

The poet insists that the preceding poem was impromptu in spite of the fact that its excellence has amazed his critics, the rival poets that the Muse destroys. Excellence has that quality of being spoudaios, on the spur of the moment. 152:1 The winning horse has a backside that responds to training. 152:2 Verses are the product of conflict and only a true poet hunts them like the falcon did. The first verse of this poem may therefore be placed at the beginning of poem 151 and the second at the end to make a seven part pattern.

Do you deny what I said was impromptu?
But there's no denying the winning horse
I hunt difficult verses by compulsion
I make a kill and none but me is hunting

153

These verses refer to another poet's attempt to describe a pool for Abu 'Ashair. It is another look at the Buhaira, the womb of Allah described in poem 58. 153:1 Abu Tayyib says he fell short of what the patron needed. The prenatal pool of perfection from which the babbling stream flows is much greater than he knows. 153:2 It is Abu 'Ashair with his ten body positions that are organized into the communication apparatus that best reflects the pool of truth. 153:3 The patron is his own sword, that is, his tongue which speaks the word of truth. 153:4 It is the patron's generosity that lifts him above ordinary folk to the levels of the ascent theme. 153:5 The patron is the turning sky that provides the light for the written word.

If he did well in describing it yet
He left out beauty in describing you
For you are a sea, tides of truth
Cancel out in every respect this pool
You are your sword, none that you own
Stays with you--nor what it possesses
More than what it pours you give
More than its water what it sheds
You do evil and good with power
You whirl over men as the turning sky

154

In this last extended poem for Abu 'Ashair the poet boasts of his achievment in controlling and sanctifying the babbling stream which has been the main topic of this fifth of the diwan. 154:1-8 The deserted campsite again recalls the parable of the Sower. The tone of the lover's lament for the lost beloved is pessimistic but the poet loves the lover for his madness and tender heart. 154:9-20 The poet is proud of his lineage which he traces to the voice of Allah which speaks eternally. He is ready to repel those who carry falsehoods to the patron against him. 154:21-38 The patron is praised because he educates the poet's mind whose pen is like his sword in writing his praise.

Think not of your quarter or its tell
As the first life your parting killed
Souls perished before it through you
And by your love they increased its blame
Empty, waste for us but folk are there
And tents and camels resting from pasture
If that lover traveled through the sky
His stars wouldn't want a sun in his place
I love him and passion and his campsites
For every lover is tender hearted and mad
A shower succours them but they thirst
For something else though the clouds pour
O your destruction, O her fawn!
Whether staying or going speak to me
If musk and perfume were mingled and
You not there I'd think it smelled bad
I'm son of one greater than the father
As geneologist, child is part of a father
And he reminds ancestors that they are
Those who honor him and exhaust his art
Honor to a sword, I rejoice to wear it
And to the lance, I rejoice to grasp it



Honor did me Honor when I came to it
With its best garment and with its shoes
I'm he by whom Allah reveals what is
Fate and manhood wherever He has placed it
I am the jewel that bounty rejoices in
The obstruction not swallowed by baseness
As for a falsehood he is tricked by
I will scorn those who carry it to him
Not bothered or hypocritical nor yet
Shortchanging, nor wearied nor impotent
Many an armed one I hit and he fell
In battle and dust and the onslaught
Many a listener I scared with rhymes
Excited him with them in choicest speech
Often I have been present at a meal
And with me one not worth the bread he ate
He showed his ignorance to me as I said:
Pearl is pearl spite of one's not knowing
It is a shame for Abu 'Ashair that I 21
Should drag his garments in another land
I trailed them there among the kings
His robes honored him as his companions
His slaves' swords are like his gifts
His bounty's first load is a rain cloud
Not for me to refuse to praise Husain
For I cannot lavish love as he lavishes
Does a watchman at his house fear news
Or the slanderer achieve what he hoped?
Or is there no striking off every head
That is proud in furious battle's hour?
Bounty's master cannot say farewell
Even if bounty has a slanderous tongue
A rider on terror that does not weaken
Even when terror is girded by exhaustion
Horseman of the red one moving forward
Among the Tai with lance in rest in front
When their horsemen look on his face he
Swears by Allah they'll not see his back
They magnify his action, he belittles
Greater than his act is he who does it
The killer, persevering, perfect one
No part of beauty separate from his deed
Giver while his spears pierce for him
As jousting and generosity are joined
Ever he makes safe the land by raids
All the time the camps fear his attack
When he appears to a foe in the morning
He is strong so it seems he lies in wait
He scorns a sword and light lance as he
Pours chainmail on himself or lets it flow
Understanding educates his mind for me
And so his eloquence educates my poetry
I was like sword praising his hand
The sword does not praise all who bear it

155

This poem was written when the poet wanted to leave Abu 'Ashair's court and the patron offered him first a maid and then a colt and a garment if he would stay. 155:1 The first two are represented by the wind and cloud respectively. 155:2 In the second verse the cloud becomes the patron who wears the garment that represents the babbling stream which is the product of the ten body positions. They form the nature of the communication habits in Abu 'Ashair. The threads of thought are thus woven into a fine fabric by the free-lance writer who wields the pen. These couplets complete the five part pattern in the previous poem.

Does the wind blow softly on my order
The cloud come each time I desire it?
No, indeed, a cloud has its own nature
Which flows from it and so do the gifts

156

In this poem it is Abu 'Ashair who intends to depart. 156:1-2 The patron gives meaning to time and thus creates it as the infant does with the babbling stream. 156:3-4 The descent theme appears when warriors bow before the patron in battle. 156:5-6 Auditory communication is produced in the robes which the patron bestows. 156:7-8 The ascent theme is given as we turn attention to Allah and the sun. 156:9-10 The traveler is the one who knows how to use his feet in the last fifth of the pattern. The result is generosity. The traveler is on the straight path mentioned in the Mother of



the Book. In the chapter on Women in Quran iv,136 there are five pillars of belief given. They are belief in Allah, in his angels, his scriptures, his messengers, and the last day. They are the essence of religion.

Men who have not seen you are similar
Time is a word and you are its meaning
Bounty an eye and its vision in you
A hero shakes hands, you are the right
I ransom all the hard pressed ones 3
In battle dust as his knights guard him
Husain's lance tip is in the middle
And the warrior's head is at his feet
Our garments sing praises for him 5
With the tongues that have no mouths
When we passed a deaf man with them
His eyes had no need for his two ears
Glory to Him who made stars distant 7
For otherwise they would be his bounty
If the suns' light were in his hand
His generosity and art would diffuse it
O traveler, all who say goodbye to him 9
Say farewell to his religion and world
If what we see of generosity has any
Growth in you, may Allah increase that

157

This poem concerns the poet's not using the patron's surname, Abu 'Ashair, instead of Husain as he did in some poems. This theme is also mentioned in poem 150. 157:1 The impossibility rests on the fact that the name refers to the complex of body positions that underlie communicating fingers which are difficult to grasp without careful thought. 157:2 The meanings of men are those which can be spoken but the body positions are for the most part tactile and thus not given their due in speech. 157:3 The visual image of the horse swimming in the waves of armor during battle depicts the importance of the backside in producing the babbling-scribbling stream out of the conflicts of the first fifth of the pattern.

They: Don't you use his surname? And I:
That is impossible when we describe him
Abu 'Ashair is not given his due by
Using the meanings of men as his meaning
Most knightly is one whose horse swims
Even when the waves are nothing but iron

158

Here the patron shows the poet a breastplate. The two couplets that result may well make the preceding poem into a five part pattern. 158:1 The first couplet has a hint of the descent in the seated position in the mention of the last gasp. 158:2 The second suggests the ascent theme as nobility makes one raise the material weapons of warfare to more noble levels.

With this and its like ranks are split
And the last gasp ceases in greeting it
Throw it away for you, due to nobility,
Are its breastplate and sword and spear

159

This seven part poem discusses a criticism of Abu 'Ashair as being too generous. It concerns a tent whose cloth weaves together the threads of complex thought. 159:1 The first seventh introduces the five part pattern of the middle lines with a reference to the patron's gold and silver. They represent the infant's excretion and the nurse's milk which replace the prenatal sea with the bases for the babbling stream. 159:2 The first of the middle five parts says that Allah is the babbling stream out of which character is built. 159:3 Abu 'Ashair's tent from which he dispenses gifts is set down on the road to catch people of the lower class and thus suggest the descent theme. 159:4 The poet now speaks to suggest the auditory communication habits. 159:5 The ascent theme appears in the reference to the sun. 159:6 The decapitated heads of warriors is proof visible that the patron has power. 159:7 The prenatal sea is requested as part of future experience to serve as a standard of ideal perfection.

People blame Abu 'Ashair on account of
His hand's bounty with gold and silver
One says: Why were you made this way?
The Maker of men is Maker of character
They say: Does not kindness curb him
From setting up his tent on the road?
I say: Because a young man's bravery
Shows him in stinginess a kind of fear
The sun inhabits the heavens but her
Distance does not veil her from the eye
By striking warriors' heads reward
Is earned, others gain it by flattery
Be an ocean, O magnanimous one, for
His sword makes him safe from drowning

160

This poem speaks of an attempt on the part of Abu 'Ashair to have the poet murdered. It thus represents the conclusion of the first fifth of the diwan and the end of the babbling stream which must now be transformed into the sounds of speech in the second fifth. The first fifth has recorded five deaths. They were those of Ibn Ishaq al Tanukhi, the poet's grandmother, his horse Tukhrur and its mother, and Ibn Kaigalag the jailer. The present poem by telling of his own near death thus completes the five crises which contribute to the hallowing of the babbling stream. The poet becomes his own most enchanted reader. Or, put differently, his qasidas have made him the goal of his own hunt. Each of the fifths in this part of the diwan has a hunting poem. In poems 5, 68, 73, 133-4-5 the prey is meat as food. But in poems 151-2 the prey is verses and in the present poem it is Abu Tayyib as poet. This self-knowledge shows the prophet approaching maturity just as the beard shows the hunter to be a mature man who sees the image of his beloved in the face of his fellow hunters. 160:1-2 The quarrel between the infant and nurse is hinted at in the feathered arrows. 160:3-4 The poet refers to his patron by the name of Husain, that is, his father's name, and thus a familiar voice. 160:5-6 It is the hand of the patron who holds the bow that guides the poet's pen. When the poem is ended that may be the end of his soul but it is a noble end. Thus the denial in poem 155 is justified.

I have a champion for one I love and
   Whir of arrows about me from his hand
He attacks in love, not in baseness
   Do I love, rather nobility is devoted
No friendship can endure with injury — 3
   Weakness prolongs my love for Husain
If there is an act which harms one
   Yet his acts that rejoiced are myriad
My soul is his, may it ransom his soul
   Yet some of these kings are too severe
If one wants its death let the killer
   Be his hand, a noble's death is noble

161

وَفاؤكُما كالرَّبْعِ أَشْجاهُ طاسِمُهْ بأنْ تُسعِدا والدَّمْعُ أشفاهُ ساجِمُهْ

وما أنا إلاّ عاشِقٌ كلُّ عاشِقٍ أعَقُّ خَليلَيْهِ الصَّفِيَّيْنِ لائِمُهْ

وقَدْ يَتَزَيّا بالهَوَى غَيرُ أهْلِهِ ويَستَصحِبُ الإنسانُ مَن لا يُلائمُهْ

بَليتُ بِلى الأطْلالِ إنْ لم أقِفْ بها وُقوفَ شَحيحٍ ضاعَ في التُّرْبِ خاتَمُهْ

كَئيباً تَوَقّاني العَواذِلُ في الهَوَى كمَا يَتَوَقّى رَيّضَ الخَيلِ حازِمُهْ

قِفي تَغرَمِ الأولى من اللّحظِ مُهجَتي بثانيَةٍ والمُتْلِفُ الشّيْءَ غارِمُهْ

سَقاكِ وحَيّانا بكِ اللهُ إنّما على العِيسِ نَوْرٌ والخُدورُ كمائِمُهْ

وما حاجةُ الأظعانِ حَوْلَكِ في الدّجى إلى قَمَرٍ ما واجدٌ لكِ عادِمُهْ

إذا ظَفِرَتْ منكِ العُيونُ بنَظرَةٍ أثابَ بها مُعْيي المَطيِّ ورازِمُهْ

حَبيبٌ كأنّ الحُسنَ كانَ يُحِبّهُ فآثَرَهُ أوْ جارَ في الحُسنِ قاسِمُهْ

تَحُولُ رِماحُ الخَطّ دونَ سِبائِهِ وتُسبَى لَهُ من كلّ حَيٍّ كرائِمُهْ

وَيُضْحي غُبارُ الخَيلِ أدنَى سُتُورِهِ وآخِرُها نَشْرُ الكِباءِ المُلازِمُهْ

وما استَغرَبَتْ عَيني فِراقاً رأيتُهُ ولا عَلّمَتْني غَيرَ ما القلبُ عالمُهْ

فَلا يَتّهِمْني الكاشِحونَ فإنّني رَعَيتُ الرّدى حتى حَلَتْ لي علاقِمُهْ

مُشِبٌّ الذي يَبكي الشّبابَ مُشيبُهُ فكَيفَ تَوَقّيهِ وبانيهِ هادِمُهْ

وتَكْمِلَةُ العَيشِ الصِّبَى وعَقيبُهُ وغائِبُ لَوْنِ العارِضَينِ وقادِمُهْ

وما خَضَبَ النّاسُ البَياضَ لأنّهُ قَبيحٌ ولكِنْ أحسَنُ الشَّعرِ فاحِمُهْ

وأحسَنُ مِنْ ماءِ الشَّبيبَةِ كُلِّهِ   حَيَا بارِقٍ في فازَةٍ أنا شائِمُهْ

عَلَيها رِياضٌ لم تَحُكْها سَحابَةٌ   وأغصانُ دَوْحٍ لمْ تُغَنِّ حَمَائِمُهْ

وفَوْقَ حَواشي كلّ ثَوْبٍ مُوَجَّهٍ   من الدُّرِّ سِمْطٌ لم يُثَقِّبْهُ ناظِمُهْ

تَرَى حَيَوانَ البَرِّ مُصْطَلِحاً بِهِ   يُحارِبُ ضِدٌّ ضِدَّهُ ويُسالِمُهْ

إذا ضَرَبَتْهُ الرِّيحُ ماجَ كَأنّهُ   تَجولُ مَذاكيهِ وتَدأى ضَراغِمُهْ

وفي صورةِ الرّوميّ ذي التّاجِ ذِلّةٌ   لأبْلَجَ لا تيجانَ إلاّ عَمائِمُهْ

تُقَبِّلُ أفْواهُ المُلُوكِ بِساطَهُ   ويَكْبُرُ عَنها كُمُّهُ وبَراجِمُهْ

قِياماً لمَنْ يَشفي مِنَ الدّاءِ كَيُّهُ   ومَن بَيْنَ أُذْنَيْ كلّ قَرْمٍ مَواسِمُهْ

قَبائِعُها تَحْتَ المَرافِقِ هَيْبَةً   وأنْفَذُ ممّا في الجُفُونِ عَزائِمُهْ

لَهُ عَسكَرَا خَيْلٍ وطَيرٍ إذا رَمَى   بها عَسكَراً لم يَبْقَ إلاّ جَماجِمُهْ

أجِلّتُها مِنْ كلّ طاغٍ ثِيابُهُ   ومَوْطِئُها مِن كلّ باغٍ مَلاغِمُهْ

فَقَدْ مَلّ ضَوْءُ الصّبْحِ ممّا تُغيرُهُ   ومَلّ سَوادُ اللّيلِ ممّا تُزاحِمُهْ

ومَلّ القَنَا ممّا تَدُقّ صُدورَهُ   ومَلّ حَديدُ الهِنْدِ ممّا تُلاطِمُهْ

سَحابٌ مِنَ العِقبانِ يَزْحَفُ تحتَها   سَحابٌ إذا استَسقَتْ سقَتها صَوارِمُهْ

سلَكتُ صرُوفَ الدّهرِ حتى لَقيتُهُ   على ظَهرِ عَزْمٍ مُؤيَدَاتٍ قَوائِمُهْ

مَهالِكَ لم تَصْحَبْ بها الذئبَ نَفسُهُ   ولا حَمَلَتْ فيها الغُرابَ قَوادِمُهْ

فأبصَرْتُ بَدراً لا يَرَى البدرُ مِثْلَهُ   وخاطَبْتُ بحْراً لا يرى العِبرَ عائِمُهْ

غَضِبْتُ لَهُ لمّا رَأيْتُ صِفاتِهِ   بلا واصِفٍ والشّعرُ تَهذي طَماطِمُهْ

وكنتُ إذا يَمّمْتُ أرضاً بَعيدَةً   سرَيتُ فكنْتُ السرّ واللّيلُ كاتمُهْ

لقد سَلّ سيفَ الدّولَةِ المَجدُ مُعلَماً   فلا المَجدُ مخفيهِ ولا الضّرْبُ ثالِمُهْ

على عاتِقِ المَلْكِ الأغَرّ نِجادُهُ   وفي يَدِ جَبّارِ السّماواتِ قائِمُهْ

تُحارِبُهُ الأعداءُ وهْيَ عَبيدُهُ   وتَدّخِرُ الأمْوالَ وهْيَ غَنائِمُهْ

ويَستَكبِرُونَ الدّهرَ والدّهْرُ دونَهُ   ويَستَعظِمونَ المَوتَ والموْتُ خادمُهْ

وإنّ الذي سَمّى عَلِيّاً لَمُنْصِفٌ   وإنّ الذي سَمّاهُ سَيفاً لَظالمُهْ

وما كلّ سَيفٍ يَقْطَعُ الهَامَ حَدُّهُ   وتَقْطَعُ لَزْباتِ الزّمانِ مَكارِمُهْ

The opening poem of the Saifiyat, or poems dedicated to Saif al Daula, announces the main theme of this fifth of the diwan as the break-up of the babbling stream into the sounds of speech. This is seen in the poet's description of the billowing awning under which he and the patron sit as the poem is being recited. This Rum cover has the tight weave of the infant's babble which must be cut up by the sword of state represented by the patron. 161:1-12 The two friends who accompany the lover at the deserted camp twit him for his devotion. They are the two body openings for excretion one of which, the urethral, is more favorable, while the anal one, the more persistent in blame, is concerned with appearances. But the miser-poet searches for his ring which represents the vowel sounds made from the babbling stream. That stream is an unruly colt who needs to be warned by its girth, the vowels. Once under control the lover can approach the beloved on the trained colt: consonant plus vowel. Then the fields of the parable of the Sower will bear fruit. 161:13-17 The second fifth of the poem tells of the poet's depressed spirits to suggest the seated position. But he does not fear gray hair or age. 161:18-31 The description of the awning shows that it has been captured from the Rum whose adoration of the Alpha and Omega of the Messiah makes them symbols of the Word or Logos who creates the world. Its movement suggests the Pegasus or Buraq of the crawling child. As a cover it protects its tactile foundations. 161:32-36 The ascent theme is seen as the poet boasts of his perseverance in coming to the patron and his scorn for inferior poets, babblers, who have not described him adequately, though he is both a moon and a sea. 161:37-42 Only in the praise part of the last fifth of the poem is the patron's name mentioned. His sword is the pen which makes the sounds of speech visible. He is 'Ali the high one whose bounty is that of the creative word.

Your two vows, quarter whose traces pine,
   Are your solace in tears whose flow heals
And I am nothing but a lover, every lover
   The more steady of two good friends blames
They love love's dress who are not its folk
   A man takes as friend one not equal to him
I waste with the tell if I do not stand
   As a miser who loses his ring in the dust
Morose, censurers warn me against love
   As a saddle girth warns a new broken colt
Stop, the first glance must pay my heart
   With a second as destroyers of a thing pay
Allah pour out for you, revive us by you
   A flower on the camel, its petals curtains
Women near you in the dark have no need
   For a moon, they lack it not who love you
When eyes obtain a glance from you they
   Rally a weary camel with it and feed it
A lover who seems beloved by beauty that
   Chose him or was unjust in sharing traits
Khatti lances forbid taking him captive
   His generosity takes pledges in each tribe
Horses' dust makes his nearest curtain
   The farthest spreading is clinging incense
My eye felt no parting strange if I looked 13
   And that taught me only what the heart knew
Those who kept hatred did not suspect me
   I fed on death until a colocynth was sweet
Old is he who weeps at youth's graying him
   Why dread that when the builder is wrecker?
Perfect life is youth and what comes as
   Lost color in sideburns and what precedes
A man doesn't dye white hair because it's
   Ugly but rather because black hair is fine
More handsome than all youth's juices is 18
   A shower-flashing awning and me forecasting
Upon it meadows that clouds do not water
   High branched trees whose doves do not coo
On the border of every double edged strip
   A thread of pearls, no composer threaded it
You see animals of the land reconciled
   Contrary wars on contrary and makes peace
If the wind blows, it billows as if it
   Made the horse prance and the lion crouch
Among images the Rum with a crown submits
   To a dawn who has no crown but the turban
It is lips of kings that kiss his carpet
   His sleeve and fingers too great for them
Waiting for him whose fire cures from ill
   Whose brand is twixt the ears of every hero
Their sword hilts at their elbows in fear
   Pierced by one whose will is in his sheath
An army of horses and birds, if he attacks
   An army with them, only their skulls remain

Their horsecloths are every tyrant's robes
   Their treading is on mouths of every despot
Dawn's light pales as they raid with him
   Black night yields as they press round him
Spears tire as they strike his breast
   Indian steel is weary as it pounds on him
A cloud of eagles moves onward, beneath
   A cloud whose swords pour when they thirst
I followed time's changes until I met him 32
   On the back of resolve, its legs firm set
Deserts where his soul would not discover
   The wolf and wings would not bear the raven
I saw a moon no moon knew the like of it
   I went to a sea whose swimmer saw no shore
I raged for him when I saw his picture
   Without a poet, a poem whose babbler raved
When I was crossing those distant lands
   I went at night and was a secret night hid
Glory draws the Sword of State as standard 37
   For majesty cannot hide nor blows dull that
His sword belt on a noble king's shoulder
   In the hand of heaven's strength his hilt
A foe wars on him but they are his slaves
   They heap up wealth and this is his plunder
They magnify time but time is less than he
   They wonder at death but it is his servant
He who named him 'Ali was fair in that
   He who named him sword did him injustice
Not every sword is keen to strike heads
   His bounty breaks the drought of the times

162

This poem tells of the patron's intention to go on a journey and leave the poet behind. The theme of separation thus suggests the splitting of the babbling stream as the speech sounds are being formed. 162:1-5 The comparison to plants suggests the infant's vegetative soul plagued by immobility that even the Sower cannot change. The poet wishes he were the patron's horse, khail, or tent, khaim, to retain his hold on the backside or in the tight weave of the babbling stream. In both cases a descent to the low sounds of the vocal scale is implied. 162:6-12 The fluency of speech is noted in the comparison of the patron to the full moon. He is also the female sun who sweetens the sounds of words. 162:13-18 The poet now uses the third person form of address after the second person in the first two parts. But the mention of the patron's name for the first time reminds us of his role as the pen who rules men's hearts by the written word.

Where do you want to go, O great prince?
   We are plants on hills and you the cloud
We are ones time pressed hard due to you
   And the days cheated us of your presence
On the high road your struggle and peace
   And this the place of abode and the reins
Would we were your horses as you saddle
   And when you alight that we were the tent
Every day is a new departure for you
   An expedition to glory where a home is
But whenever souls are unlimited 6
   Bodies are consumed by their intentions
And thus the full moons rise above us
   And thus the mighty oceans are disturbed
A beautiful habit of patience is ours
   If only the burden is not your absence
Each life you do not sweeten is death
   Every sun which is not you is darkness
Make an end to loneliness which we feel
   O you whom huge armies are intimate with
Who witness the battle with calm heart
   As though the struggle was all guaranteed
You who are striking companies until
   The neck's vertebrae and the feet meet
When he camps for an hour at a place 13
   It is forbidden for time to damage it
So whatever a land grows is happiness
   And that which the clouds rain is wine
If one says: There's an end! he shows
   Bounty such as generosity never guided to
And striking before which foes faint
   Cheerful giving at which men are amazed
Respect Saif al Daula, the hoped for
   He in our hearts as a king is a sword
Much for the brave to be on their guard
   It's much for the eloquent to say: Peace!

163

Another poem dealing with a parting between the poet and his patron. 163:1-4 The separation is taking place during a rainstorm and thus the poet urges the patron to delay. But cutting up the babbling stream is here portrayed as the bad nurse seems to give more than is needed. 163:5-11 A resurrection theme is suggested by the violence of Saif in battle. The chiefs hope that when his horse treads on the hair-part of their skulls he will revive them. The pun on sha'ar, hair, and shi'r, poetry makes this resurrection through the Word made flesh plausible. 163:12-17 But the alphabet represents a union as well as a separation and this is especially true for the written word in which one has time to contemplate and gather one's thoughts. The spear would praise him if it had a tongue. It is the model of the pen which grants immortality in an evil world.

Be easy with yourself O splendid king
   Delay and count it among what you bestow
Your bounty is staying if only a bit
   But it is not small insofar as you give
Put down the envious for I see enemies
   As if they were your farewell and going
The cloud was appeased as we doubted
   If Taglib or its rain was of your tribe
I blamed those who censure bounty 5
   But here am I censuring his generosity
I fear no misfortune for you on the way
   For Saif al Daula is sharp and burnished
And every head of the chiefs hopes that
   This way of your journey is his hair-part
It seems the hollows are full of blood
   And the horses run with you in its flow
When a hero is used to wading in death
   He scorns the filth that he passes there
He commands forts so they do not menace
   The rough and smooth places submit to him
Do you protect all whom nights attack?
   Can you revive all whom obscurity buries?
We call you sword but is there a sword 12
   That brings to life the bodies of the dead?
The only activity for a sword is cutting
   But you are the just slasher that unites
You the knight who cries: Have courage!
   When the word and the whinny dwindle away
Spear swerves from you though well aimed
   It is short of striking though it is long
Or if the lance had the tongue's power
   It would say to you as a spear what I say
If eternity exists you alone are immortal
   But there is no true friend in the world

164

This seven part poem is an elegy for the death of the mother of Saif al Daula in the year 948. It marks the end of the first of the five sequences of poems in the second fifth of the diwan and represents the breaking of the babbling stream. The elegy for Ibn Ishaq and that for the grandmother of the poet in the first part of the diwan represented the acceptance of the Messiah's role and that of the nurse or breast as a source of fluency. These elegies mobilize the poet's reading public. In this elegy the mother of the sword, the blade of the tongue, edges of the teeth and other vocal surfaces, begin to cut the stream into articulate speech. These sounds and signs are a better bridge to the reader than the babbling stream was. 164:1-4 The first seventh of the poem represents an attempt on the part of the lover to rescue his beloved from hostile tribesmen. It is a nightmarish experience. 164:5-7 The first of the middle five parts tells of the poet's own misfortunes as he was attacked by the arrows of the bad nurse. 164:8-17 Next the lady is said to be the first to die such a glorious death, that is, she is the babbling stream associated with the nurse who is now being broken up in accord with the seated position of the second fifth. 164:18-26 The journey theme of the kinetic element in speech appears in the middle fifth in the horses of the downpour, the passing beggar, the poet, and the thought of the lady's burial in Mayyafariqin many miles from Antioch and Aleppo. The name of the former place means the parting of the waters. 164:27-31 The ascent theme appears in the commanders who lift the lady's body high as they carry her to her grave. Her son is called the physician of the heights. 164:32-40 The superiority of women to men is suggested as a way of drawing attention to the beauty of the visual communication habits produced by the Muse. Thus the last of the middle five passages speaks of the lady as a female sun and a pattern for the written word. The eyes of the dead readers still look from skulls at her. 164:41-46 Only in the last seventh where the poet looks ahead to what happens after the pattern is complete is the lady's son named as Saif al Daula. What happens before the pattern in the first seventh is now fulfilled. 'Ali is the musky essence of spirit cut from poetry's gazelle.

We prepare the swords and long spears
   But death beats us without the struggle
We tether the swift horses close by
   But they do not escape prowling nights
Who has not loved the world gone on
   But yet there is no way to rejoin it



Your share in a loved one during life
   Is a share you have in a dream in sleep
The times hit me with misfortunes until 5
   My heart was fainting with the missiles
I had a feeling when arrows struck me
   The head of one broke on another's head
It was easy so I didn't worry about loss
   For I could find no use in being anxious
This is the first of all death notices 8
   For the first dead lady with such glory
As if death had never surprised a soul
   Nor shaken a creature with any anxiety
Allah our maker's grace is burial spice
   For the face of one shrouded in splendor
For one buried safely before the dust
   Or before the tomb in generous qualities
In it, in earth's womb, a person is
   Renewed so we remember though it decays
Not one is immortal among earthlings
   No, the world is in pursuit of cessation
It is good for the soul you died a death
   Survivors and deceased would have desired
You ceased but you never saw a hated day
   So that the spirit rejoiced in its ending
A canopy of glory was stretched above
   Your son'Ali's kingdom was perfection
May he water your house with early rains
   Equal to the gifts of your hand in bounty
A sweeping downpour on the grave like 18
   Horses' hoofs that see the bags of feed
After you I asked every glory about you
   No thought of glory is free of you for me
A beggar passes your tomb shedding tears
   And the weeping keeps him from the begging
He cannot guide you to giving for him
   Would that you had the power of acting
By your life! do you forget while my heart
   Though far from your land is not consoled?
You went down to a place that is hateful
   Removed yourself from the south and north
Veiled from you is the perfume of khuzami
   Forbidden for you the smell of the shower
In camps where folk are all strangers
   Long the flight and broken those ropes
Pure as water of a rain cloud in which
   A secret was hidden, a word was faithful
One skilled in complaints attended her 27
   Her only one, a physician of the heights
When one told him of a border disease
   He poured in the points of long lances
She was not like a woman nor as those
   For whom the bridechamber tomb is made
Nor were those at her funeral hirelings
   Whose farewell is dust shaken from shoes
Commanders walked barefoot about her
   As if the stones were fluff of ostriches
The veiled ones' curtains were opened 32
   They had applied soot in place of perfume
The calamity came to them unexpectedly
   Tears of grief in place of tears of joy
If these women were like one we lost
   Then the women would be superior to men
Nor would a sun's feminine name be shame
   Nor the masculine be the boast of the moon
Our most painful losses are those before
   We know the loss whose pattern we have lost
Some of us bury the others and the last
   Of us tramples on the skulls of the first
How many eyes with eyebrows kissed
   Now have the kohl of pebbles and sand
Many a downcast eye looks not down at fate
   Many a decayed one ponders a loss of weight
O Saif al Daula ask assistance of patience 41
   How can mountains have patience like yours?
For you are one who teaches men courage
   And the death plunge in the battle stream
The times' changes are various for you
   But your condition is one in every change

May your seas never be empty O abundance
   For watering the strangers and the strays
I see you among those I know as kings
   As if you were straight among the crooked
You surpass mankind yet you are of them
   For musk is part of the gazelle's blood

165

Whereas the three preceding poems have made use of the theme of separation to suggest the break-up of the babbling stream, this and some of the following poems tell of the attempt to reunite separate parties. Here we are told of Saif al Daula's rescue of his cousin Abu Wail ibn Dawud who had been abducted by some Kharajite rebels while he was governor of Hims. It was in Hims that the poet had been imprisoned for the radical views that were born of the high standards of prenatal perfection. The search for Abu Wail is like the search of one articulate part of speech for another. This produces the poem as qasida, a quest or hunt. 165:1-8 The poet lover rejects his critics who blame him for his devotion to the beloved. As in poem 161 he knows that criticism is a necessary evil if the babbling stream is to become articulate. 165:9-40 The journey portion of the poem tells of the chase which the rescue party made in pursuit of the kidnappers. They are rounded up like milk drawn from an udder. The blood on their beard will not fade as script sometimes does. The kinetic element in the spoken word is thus the savior of the father of grief, Abu Wail. 165:41-52 The visual communication habits devote full attention to Saif as the rescuer of his cousin. He returns to Aleppo like the jewel is returned to the unadorned neck of a lady. The root for Aleppo is hlb and means white and milky. But the poet ends the poem with doubts about the reliability of this reunion.

How long this eagerness for censuring?
   Love makes no sense for a reasonable man
He wants the forgetful heart for you
   But it is nature that rejects such change
Indeed I am in love through love of you
   With my emaciation and each emaciate youth
If you ceased to be I'd not weep for you
   I would weep for my love that ceased to be
Can my cheek deny my tears when in fact
   They flow from it in well traveled paths?
Is it the first tear that flows over it?
   Is this the first grief for a departure?
I leave solace to one who blames me
   And spend the night in the work of love
As if the eyelids that were over my eyes
   Were garments rent because of bereavement
If I were prisoner of any but love   9
   I would become a hostage for Abu Wail
He ransomed himself by pledge of gold
   But he gave the flexible lance nipples
He endowed them with horses kept for war
   And they came with all those brave youths
It was as if a liberation of Abu Wail
   Meant the return of the darkened moon
He called, you heard, how many silent
   Though far away seemed to speak to you
You came to him, with a great army
   As a pledge for him, as a surety to him
They came from dust clouds on a horizon
   And from sweat of running in a torrent
If they dried out they felt the whips
   As if they were rocks in rainless land
They took five days for one they sought
   Before the sight of the place to descend
Their legs sank in dirt to their ankles
   Trusting they would be washed in blood
What was between thighs of avengers
   Was like that between a pisser's thighs
So they confronted each Rudaini lance
   They drank the milk of dry camels early
The army of the leader on a camel was
   Perfected in the leadership to falsehood
They turned and were outflanked by him
   Like the frightened bees and the beeman
Thus when you appeared to his companions
   Their lions saw the devourer and his prey
With blows he shared to them unequally
   From him the portion was just for them
By strokes he pulled the scattered group
   As a stream from the udder collects itself
And whenever you looked at the horsemen
   You perplexed their legs away from flight
Thus he continued to dye their beards
   As a hero he did not count on its fading

He does not ask for help from allies
   Nor is he routed but by being forsaken
He cannot keep his horse from the front
   Nor does he turn his eye away from terror
If he seeks revenge it won't escape
   Even though the debt is now deferred
Take what he brings you and excuse him
   For the loot is for those who are swift
If this year of yours has confused you
   Then come back to Hims in the next one
For the sword stained with blood that
   Beat you is now in the hand of a killer
He makes a gift with what you aimed at
   But you did not achieve it as suppliant
At the head of the army he will shine
   In place of a spearpoint for the bearer
Indeed I am amazed at the expectations
   Of a killing with an old camel or a cuff
Did not Allah tell him about not meeting
   Those with the sword on spirited horses?
When you strike the skulls with that
   It splits and sings for you on shoulders
He's not the first held by ambition
   To attract him to what cannot be gained
He girded skirts at his feet for deeps
   But the waves engulfed him on the shore
Do none in the caliphate have concern 41
   For its sword of state that brings order?
He cuts off enemies without a stroke
   And travels to them without being borne
You leave their skulls in sandy hills
   They cannot be recovered with the sieve
You make them grow in meadows for beasts
   They praise your universal good qualities
And you return to Aleppo as a conqueror.
   Like a jewel returns to an unadorned one
It was such a matter you trod barefoot
   That would have torn the feet with shoes
How many a story about you is published
   That has the piebald of a pinto shining
Many a drinking day with death's folk
   The most hated presence as the intruder
You end slavery, enrich the beggar
   And forgive the sins of the ignorant
May he who gives you victory bless you
   May your effort content him in life's end
The world has more deceit than a whore
   And trickier than the snare of a trapper
Men wither away with infatuation for
   Her and do not achieve anything lasting

166

This poem commemorates Saif al Daula's going to the aid of his brother Hasan, Nasir al Daula, prince of Mosul, who was being threatened by the Persian Buyids in Bagdad. There is thus the same tendency to unity as in the previous poem. In these poems there is also a struggle against the downward pull of gravity represented by the Kharajites as lower class levelers in the previous poem and here by the Buyids who held southern Iraq against the northern Hamdanids. 166:1-2 The love prelude generalizes the quarrel between infant and nurse in terms of war between kingdoms, north and south. 166:3-19 The kinetic element in speech is found in the middle of the poem as the poet describes the journey from Aleppo to Mosul. The lances carry messages like the tongue does sounds. The poet's praise is a robe of speech. 166:20-27 The visual communication habits employ a shift to the second person after the third in the middle. This implies a face to face address between the reader and the patron even to the point of giving commands.

A kingdom's height is built on spears
   Their lovers' jousting is like kissing
And swords do not fix their royalty
   Until they strike a time before at heads
Thus a prince seeking power is offered 3
   Long lances, gifts of horses and camels
Determination, desire moves it, Zuhal
   Below it in the place of earth to Zuhal
Over Furat is a whirlwind and in Aleppo
   Desolation due to meeting youthful Nasir
His lances follow letters which go ahead
   He makes cavalry substitute for messages
He meets kings only as sheep to slaughter
   They defy him not for he leaves only loot

The caliph guards his blood with heroes
Cherishing Indian steel with the scabbard
He does deeds not done due to difficulty
He speaks words not forsaken or lessened
He sends out armies whose dust destroys
The light of day as noon becomes twilight
A plain narrows when its clouds meet it
The sun's eye there is the most confused
He gives further than it, it is an eye
That does not approach him except in fear
He opposed the sword to his attackers
And put resolution between him and deceit
He suspects secrets and they are revealed
His the hid things of plain and hill folk
A brave one who thinks avarice dastardly
Bounteous, he finds a faint heart stingy
He returns from each win without boasts
And he hurries to it without any anxiety
Destiny forbids him none of his desires
Nor can armor protect the warrior's blood
If I put a robe on him for honor's sake
I found it on him more fine than any robe
For the ignorant reciting it is wrong
Like rose perfume is harmful to beetles
Indeed every eye looks its fill of you 20
The best of the state draws the best sword
Our enemy uncovers for you no weariness
In warring, nor can counselors find faults
Your horse ceases not to run in their blood
Until it goes the gait of a drunkard for you
O he goes forth and eyes' judgment is his
Whatever they see, heart's judgment of foes
Happiness exists as you are creator of it
You succeed whether in saddle or out of it
Make your horses run as you made them go
Take for yourself in your nature's prime
They stare from eyes whose sockets bold
Strokes bloodied with the dripping lances
You attack none with them but to conquer
You arrive with them only at your hopes

167

This poem is a plea on the part of the poet to be taken along with the patron on his journey. It thus continues to oppose the theme of separation. 167:1-5 The lover is so attached to the patron that he can't be left behind like a vegetative infant. Plants and rain follow the patron. 167:6-10 The middle part of the poem shifts from second to third person address. The fluency of speech is in the patron's bounty. 167:11-15 The poet says that what he leaves behind him is lost, even though he becomes emaciated, due to his passion for the patron. Permission to leave him is the gift that poetry preserves through the written word.

Go! may flowers grow where you settle
Destiny intends in you what you intend
When you saddle up health goes with you
Wherever you go continuous showers pour
You return richest coming from water
The eyes are raised to your approach
Your fate shows what it wants for foes
Until it seems its calamities are allies
You're one in whose memory times rejoice
Evening talk is adorned with its stories
When he refuses, ruin is the end of it 6
And if he forgives then his gift is life
Even if kings give, his is beneficence
A stream of kings to that stream is dregs
By Allah your heart fears no death
But it fears lest some shame come to you
You flee from the whims of human nature
And so the numerous army flees from you
O he is hard on his neighbors' hardness
The strong one is subdued in his assaults
Be where you like no desert intervenes 11
Between the meeting nor is the visit far
The least emaciation I have in your love
Makes a camel thin as the journey shortens
Truly what I left behind me is lost
Not by choice but by my passion for him
If you are there every water is sweet
Though not familiar every land is home

Princely permission as I return to them
Is a gift poetry will carry in the memory

The attempt to emphasize the theme of union as opposed to separation breaks down here in the elegy on the death in 949 of Saif's young son whose name was Abu Haija, father of conflict. As the son he allows the poet to accept the role of the Word made flesh who must die on the cross, be broken like the bread of his body, stoned by the georgoi to symbolize articulate speech. Like Ibn Ishaq, the Messiah 'Isa, he must bring down the kingdom from heaven to earth in the second fifth of the pattern. 168:1-10 The boy is addressed in his grave, the womb of mother earth who has been a bad nurse for him. It is the deserted camp of the Sower's field. So too the singing girl who could not help him is reproved. But he is still beloved by the poet and his relatives. 168:11-18 The courage and patience of Saif is praised as part of the auditory communication habits. His sword represents the means by which the babbling stream is cut into the sounds of speech and this painful process requires the firmness of reason. 168:19-29 The poet now adds his own wisdom to solace the bereft parent. The pessimism of one who has known the prenatal perfection of the anointed Messiah makes him doubt the value of children but his hopes still write what he wants.

We on earth have what you have in sand
This consumes just as that wears one out
As if you saw what I have, and feared it
When alive to take death over bereavement
You left a singing girl's cheek, over it
The tears melted the beauty in the wide eye
She drenched black musk powder unmingled
And it dripped crimson on the thick hair
Though you are entombed you are in a heart
If you were a child grief is not for a child
Such as you are not wept according to years
But rather according to chivalry and lineage
Are you not of folk who held their lances
As their bounty, their foes in greedy souls?
In their infancy silent tongued as others
Yet in their faces the speaking excellence
Their ideals console them in every mishap
Earning praise keeps them from other labors
Less worried in battle than the lances
More forward between armies than the arrows
Your patience Saif al Daula is a model 11
You are a blade and hardship is for blades
Staying in the conflict at every stage
As if you were a relative of every sword
I see none defying grief's tears as you
Firmer in reason when heart has no reason
Death betrayed his pledge to his offspring
But it aided him among knights and soldiers
His courage holds through lapse of events
He shows like a sword shows in the burnish
One possessing soul like your free soul
Is self-sufficient due to it and consoled
Death is only a thief with an airy shape
It attacks without hands, runs without feet
Cub's father repels spearmen from his son
But yet he yields at its birth to the ants
By my soul a child returns after its birth 19
To the mother's womb that has no labor pains
He appeared, held a raincloud's promise
He died and left us a thirsty barren land
The thoroughbred horse turned its eyes
To the time to change from shoes to bridle
A foe's army feared him before he walked
Wild war raged at him before he had grown
Has dust weaned him before his weaning
And eaten him before he got to his food?
Before he saw nobility as you see it
And heard what you hear from the critic?
He finds as you find some peace and war
Grasps as you grasp a realm without equal
His lances rule the land's center
Their points protect him from withdrawal
We weep for our dead who have no desire
Pass from a world which was no great gift
When you reflect on time and its change
You are sure a death is a kind of error
Is beloved child anything but an illness
Solitude with beauty merely evil to spouse?
I tasted the sweetness of sons in youth
Don't think I said what I said ignorantly

Fate isn't wider than my knowing its work
Nor do the days write better than my hopes
The age is not worthy one should hope for
Its life, though one longs for children here

169

This impromptu is about the gift of a horse from the patron. It is part of the imagery of control of the backside on which the rider of the horse sits in the infant's seated position where erection of the torso breaks up the babbling stream into the sounds of speech. 169:1 The thousand steeds suggest the complexity of the babbling stream which is exchanged for the much more meaningful world of the sounds of speech. But horses are still a part of that larger bounty no matter how small. 169:2 The fluency of speech is implied in the root for word, lfz, which can also mean to spit out. 169:3 Visual experience appears in the root for the word noble, shrf, which can mean to survey or look from a high point.

Place for horses in your bounty is small
Even if there were a thousand steeds in it
Of words one word sums up the description
And that is: This thing is completely good
No option for us in bounty from you
Everything which a nobleman gives is noble

170

This poem responds to the patron's offer to the poet to choose from two horses as a gift. Here again the backside is being made subject to control in the seated position. 170:1 The poet chooses the black horse over the roan since it represents more clearly the dark color of excretion as opposed to the milk the nurse refuses. 170:2 The fact that the patron may, at times, be blamed is part of a descent theme in the second fifth of the pattern. 170:3 The sequence of the gifts suggests the kinetic element in the auditory communication habits. 170:4 The ascent theme of the standing position appears in the lowness of the foe as opposed to the height of the patron. 170:5 Visual communication is seen in the moon as the target for those who must fail to attain Saif's high standards.

I take the black of these two O rain
O you the choicest among the virtuous
You are one who if blamed in company
Has the blame only because he's human
His gifts are swords and horses
Brown lances and whole camel herds
Who shames his enemies as if they
Decreased each time they increased
Allah guard you from their arrows
For he fails whose target is the moon

171

This poem is in response to a gift of a robe from Saif. While control of the backside in the seated position is important for the break-up of the babbling stream and formation of the sounds of speech it is also important that the individual sounds be woven into a coherent pattern. This point is emphasized in this poem. 171:1 The robe is thought of as streams of rain that produce the flower as the threads produce the design. 171:2 The fluency of spoken words makes the fine weave and its beauty comes from the honor of the patron. 171:3 The taste of the patron is a metaphor relating the written words, the visual appearance of the robe, to its origin in the lack of food which stimulates the use of taste.

It was for us heaven's act for its earth
A princely robe and his right not annulled
As if weave's fineness was in his words
The beauty of its brightness from his honor
If you rely on the nobility of his ideas
In bounty, the purity of his taste is clear

172

In this poem the theme of gathering the broken fragments of the babbling stream is continued in spite of the elegy for Saif's son which seemed to contradict it. Saif's grief is noted at the end of the poem. It is thus a more elaborate effort than the gift of the robe. 172:1-10 The love prelude makes the lover speak in the first person plural and address himself in the second person plural masculine. He thus represents the infant as the soldiers, scholars, and poets who are admirers of their beloved Saif who is addressed with the masculine singular pronoun. The multiplicity of the infant's experience is thus unified in the nurse and patron whose sword, however, is the cause of the articulate sounds. 172:11-17 The hero-poet makes his journey to the patron in accord with the kinetic element in speech. He pours the wine of his word like blood to achieve the fluency of speech. 172:18-42 The praise of the patron suggests the visual communication habits by calling Saif the sword of Hashim, the ancestor of the prophet, whose fame rests primarily on the Quran as the word of Allah made visible. He is also called a moon whose control of the tides exceeds that of the external moon. The hint of control over the seated position is noted here.

No dream brings him nor his image, but
A memory of his farewell and of his loss



Sleep brought back his ghost to us
   His return was the ghost of his ghost
In our night he gave us wine by his hand
   And did not think in his heart we saw him
We picked stars from his neck's necklace
   We got the sun's eye from his ankle ring
You parted from the eye wounded by you
   And settled in a dejected heart's thought
You were close and your coming was in it
   Were kindly and your bounty was its wealth
Yes I hate the phantom of him I love
   For he fled us at the time of its embrace
Like passion and grief and sorrow when
   I parted from him, they told of his going
I took revenge on love, made it taste
   By my virtue what I tasted of his grief
Indeed I reserve for every land a time   10
   That will scare a lion away from his cubs
Then front will meet front and between
   Will be blows as death roams the tract
I concealed the fine wine of my word
   But poured the red for one I drank with
When coursers stumbled on its plains
   I crossed its mountains without a fall
I ruled a vast desert on a white camel
   Used to it, exploring it, destroyed by it
He goes his gait as if nags ran behind
   In their strength as he won in his fatigue
They without hobbles are scared of him
   But he passes them speeding in his hobble
Success appears, he exults in his legs
   Gaiety comes and he rejoices in his gait
I share the Hashimi rule in their sword   18
   And I entered the royal lair of its lion
One whose perfection is forbidden to lions
   The prey forgets his fear due to his bounty
The princes are humbled about his throne
   He looks at his clients and it is his food
He kills before his war and sends joy
   Before his gifts and gives before asked
Winds when they come to one who hopes
   Find their coming eases his need for haste
He gives and endows kings with his pardon
   Until mankind are equal in his generosity
If enriched by his gift on his initiative
   He repeats and thwarts their word: Repeat!
As if his generosity in its greatness
   Were jealous of his clients in their need
The stars set and fall short of his plan
   They rise, if they rise, short of his gift
Allah prospers his fortunes every day
   He increases his family with his enemies
If their hearts' blood does not flow
   On his swords it flows with his good luck
They leave no imprint on him from battle
   Except for their bloodstains on his armor
For such as him a huge host gathers itself
   By such as him his foes' straps are broken
Attend O moon whose face is for shining
   Do not tell lies for you are not his kind
When the deep sea swells admonish it:
   Leave that, you are weak compared to him!
He gives what he got of kin and can't feel
   Their acts belong to a son without his deed
Inheritance is lost but for high ideas
   So he seeks the enemy with the long lances
With an army that wears dust about them
   Over their armor and trails it as a skirt
As if the day were blinded by its gloom
   Or cast down its eyes from him in his glory
The army your army but you are its army
   As its heart and its right and its left
It drinks bitter jousts with its knights
   It brings down warriors with its warriors
All desire his soldiers for his life's
   Sake, O he desires his life for his son
Bitter comes before sweet in the times
   You cannot reach it except after terror
For this reason only 'Ali is able to gain
   And acquire by his sword what he hopes for

As in the previous poem the shower of the patron's bounty seems a dream but here it does not disappoint as it did there. The need to unify events is evident. 173:1-2 Still the patron scorns all his good deeds and makes them suspect. 173:3-4 The caliph as the spokesman for Islam put his approval on Saif in an audible way. 173:5-6 But it is the caliph's hand that holds the hilt like a writer who holds the pen for the written word already sealed. This is the free-lance writer.

I am amidst benefits and noble acts
  By your good wishes in a steady shower
Things you scorn are those you lavish
  At them I look as with a dreamer's eyes
The caliph did not name you his sword 3
  Until he tested you and found you true
When he was crowned you were crown gem
  When he sealed, you were the ring's jewel
When you unsheathed against a foe in war 5
  Who perished, his hand held onto the hilt
Your bounty exhausts all who are ready
  To describe it and hinders arms that hide

174

This is the last of the poems of the second part in the second fifth of the diwan. It continues the theme of uniting the fragmenting babbling stream into the sounds of speech by means of gifts from the patron. In this case the gifts are a horse and a maid whose dowry the poet promises to pay. She became his wife and was not refused as Abu Tayyib had refused the maid offered by Abu 'Ashair in poem 155. The marriage probably took place before the passage at the end of poem 168 was written since the second fifth theme of death precedes that of resurrection in marriage. 174:1-9 The theme of separation is set in the context of the area where the lovers met and parted. The Sower's field is still a place of suffering. It is the unconscious past for the lover and the belt of eyes that the beloved wears. 174:10-16 The journey theme portrays a trip from Najd, the highland of Arabia, to Iraq and the Samawa which the poet avoids as the place where he was born and became a rebel. 174:17-40 Visual communication is again a unifying force through the gifts of the horse whose backside both in the seated position and the standing position teaches control of the babbling and scribbling streams that produce the sounds of speech and signs of writing. The horse is a duhma. The word can mean to appear suddenly, to blacken a pot, to cover a female, to be numerous. The other gift of a maid is a qiyan. This word can mean to forge iron, to create, to repair, a hair dresser, a singer, the lower part of the back, the behind of a horse, the Biblical Cain! The unifying force of the gifts is thus apparent to the reader. Poetry stands waiting for such gifts.

Does the area know whose blood is shed
  And what hearts in these riders suffer?
For us and for its folk hearts always
  Exist to meet in bodies that do not meet
Winds do not sweep this campsite for him
  He who drives for them and guides defaces
Would that the beloved's love were just
  So as to load each heart as it could bear
I watched them, the eye was overfull
  And all of it was a duct for the tears
The moon had reached the full among them
  And it gave me the sickness of its waning
Between hair and feet there was a light
  That guided the camels without a bridle
An eye, if one poured the beloved a cup
  Loss would give me the drink overflowing
A waist that vision fixed itself upon
  As if there were a belt of eyes upon it
My horse and sword console me for my way 10
  In life as my spear and swift, rangy camel
We left Najd behind the white camel
  And turned aside from Samawa and Iraq
She did not stop looking in dark night
  For Saif al Daula king of the lightning
Her guide a musky wind come from him
  She opened her nostrils to sniff at it
He leaves the enemy to beasts, O beast
  Why do you confront his traveling party?
-If you follow what his spear attacks
  It will keep you from our poor camels
If we journeyed to him on high roads
  Of sun and moon we would not fear burning
He is a leader of leaders of the Quraish 17
  Against those who menace him with schism
He is a sword against them if they rage
  And a driver in the battle if they rebel
They shouldn't be ignorant of his smiles
  When attacks bloody mouths and press hard

The lances have guaranteed him the blood
   And he loads his will on the fine horses
When they are shoed for tracking people
   Though they are far they make them soles
If a cry for help is faint from a place
   They prick up their fine hearing for him
And jousting between them replying to it
   Comes after a wait as between two milkings
So they toss their forelocks at death
   Accustoming their riders to catastrophe
His lances spend night above the necks
   And the dust is set up for them as a tent
They bend as if wine from warriors
   Repeated the morning and evening cup
The wine wonders, he has drunk it but
   Is not drunk, is generous and recovers
Poetry stands by awaiting the giving
   As it exceeds in a shower that surpasses
We pay the black horse's price from it
   We promise to pay for the girl with dowry
Allah forbid your mercy can be imitated
   Or your generosity need be immortalized
We were only jesting with you as chief
   Old camels yield to him as in the prime
He is a hero whose band loots no corpse
   His pardon plunders prisoners of chains
You do not come with gifts by chance
   Nor do I gain them from you as in theft
Tell them who stir envy of me with you
   The lightning misses that tries to hit me
For of what use are letters to
   The foe if one has no fine edged sword?
As for mankind that wisdom tests
   It has tasted but I have eaten them
I find their love no other than tricks
   I see their belief only as a hypocrisy
Each sea falls short of your right hand
   And what you do not take, of that I take
But for the power of creation we'd say:
   Is your character intention or chance?
May war not alight from saddle for you
   Nor world ever give a taste of farewell

175

This poem is an elegy on the death of Abu Wail ibn Dawud whose rescue was described in poem 165. It begins third fifth of this part of the diwan. Since Abu Wail was governor of Hims (though not when the poet was imprisoned there) it was, in a sense, his word that brought the poet to grief. But the poet now takes on his role in this elegy which perpetuates his good qualities as part of the reading public. After the descent of the son Abu Haija, the poet rises with the governor Abu Wail. The speed of Badr's moon-changes now overtakes Abu Wail's pursuers. 175:1-5 The illness that kills Abu Wail is not the sort that comes to a passive person. The word for illness has a root which also means a second drink. Abu Wail's illness came as a result of his battle with the Kharajites and so from an active encounter with the bad nurse. 175:6-12 The hero-poet speaks in the plural and then in the singular of how he and his comrades bear up under grief. The personal note makes his own voice audible. 175:13-27 The visual communication habits praise Saif for rescuing his cousin and thus resurrecting him as the infant learns to sit up in the second fifth of the pattern and to crawl and walk in the middle and last fifths. Saif's horses even print the first letter of his name, the 'ain of 'Ali, on the rocks to show that written communication is the result of resurrection. Abu Wail, the father of grief, is thus like Absalom who is the son of David. Absalom died when his hair caught in a tree branch where the sword of Abner found him. He was suspended between heaven and earth as the seated child is. His body was broken as was that of the Messiah. Like the hairy hunter of poem 68 he wins by a sword.

Illness clung not to any mortal
   More nobly than to Taglib ibn Dawud
He was one to scorn a death in bed
   The most sure promise was fulfilled
Such as he refused a death which was
   Without a saddle on a fast long horse
After the lance imprint on his breast
   And his cutting off the heads of chiefs
And his plunge into ruin's depths
   Where the heart of a brave man trembles
If we are patient, we are flinty   6
   And if we weep that is no reproach to us
If we grieve for him it is no wonder
   Such an ebb tide in a sea is unknown
Where are the gifts distributed
   To the assemblies and the individuals?



Good folks' safety after their parting
   Escapes from grief but not from eternity
For what can souls hope for from time
   Whose best condition is without praise?
Misfortunes of the times know me well
   For long their teeth have tested my wood
I have what strikes back at calamity
   And makes me friends with black disaster
When he asked for help you did not stay 13
   In the sheath O sword of the Banu Hashim
O noblest of the noble O king of kings
   O hunter of all those hunters anywhere
He died once before this and the blows
   Of Khatti lances on the throat freed him
Your attack was at night with soldiers
   You struck their eyelids with wakefulness
The lean cavalry came upon them toward
   Morning among the troops up to the people
Their scabbards bore ransom for them
   They paid cash in blows like furrows
His stroke was on their skull bones
   Its scent was in the nostrils of beasts
He lost the life that you gave him
   With nobility he was grateful and loyal
He was sick in body, sound in goodness
   Plagued with evil, an aid to affliction
Then death appeared with his chains
   The hand with shackles loosed him not
The dying diminished not in number
   For him, 'Alí made the deserts too small
His troops go up and down on its flats
   With a blast of winds that come and go
They write the first letter of his name
   With the hoofs of the horses on the rock
As one consoles the young prince for him
   Let it not be for his boldness and bounty
It is our wish he endure forever so
   He may be consoled by all who are born

176

This poem was composed impromptu as the poet and Saif were riding to the front when the city of Raqqa was being attacked. It thus expresses the kinetic nature of speech in the middle of the pattern. 176:1 The poet complains that the winds are not as protective as Saif is. 176:2 Saif's use of the wind is to produce meaningful, useful speech which is smooth compared to them. 176:3 The four winds mimic the four feet of the crawling child but lack the unity of purpose which the written word achieves by the pen. This makes Saif endure where others fail.

The escorted one lacks no escort
   I would the winds did what you can do
They are early perforce but you for use
   You are the smooth plain, they the rough
You are only one and they are four
   You the hard wood and the kings the soft

177

Another impromptu composed on the same journey which compliments Saif. 177:1-2 The clash of sword on sword is equated to the falling shower on the patron as a cloud of bounty. The nurse's breast as a piercing object is implied. 177:3-4 The resurrection of the spoken word appears in the thought of the earth not being able to revive the plants in winter. But the patron is able to revive his clients as the riders think of the resurrection involved in being on four feet. 177:5-6 The passage from morn to evening tells of the visual contrast to the lover's steady joy.

To my eye each day with you is lucky
   You amaze it by some wonderful thing
The clash of sword against sword
   The downpour of this cloud on a cloud
The earth must dry after the shower 3
   What clothes it was a dress wears out
But moisture from you never ceases
   And your shower will continue to pour
Evening and early clouds accompany 5
   You in the journey of a joyful lover
As ransom for your bounty they copy
   But yet fall short of your sweet nature

178

Another impromptu when Saif accepted a compliment, a unifying element, which he at other times

was unwilling to countenance. 178:1 The poet agrees that most metaphors about the patron fall short and are a kind of slander. 178:2 But Allah wants to honor Saif and if the patron does not accept it Allah will only increase it. This poem may be read as second and fourth parts of a five part pattern in the following poem.

I slander when I think of you in metaphor
   Bounty comes, one talks of you, you demur
But when I see you opposed to honor
   I am sure Allah desires to increase it

179

The metaphor mentioned in the previous poem is given again in this one. 179:1 The blood which the sword sheds changed the babbling stream into the sounds of speech. These in turn become the vehicle of the poet's poem which others envy. 178:2 The rising of this sun and the mare who produces the horse are not equal to his brilliance and beauty. They are the semantic and syntactic elements that are the form of speech. 179:3 Saif is the possessor of the earth since without his activity the sounds of the spoken word and the signs of writing would not exist.

Much blood was shed by Saif al Daula
   And many a poem has made a king envious
He who sees the sun won't want her rising
   Or knows a horse won't admire pregnant mares
You endow with wealth the flock you own
   For the land and all the world are yours

180

A three part poem illustrating the power of metaphor to expand meaning in consequence of a need to unite the fragments of the babbling stream. 180:1 The sword is a metaphor for the activity which splits the tight texture of the babble into meaningful units. 180:2 The kinetic element in auditory communication appears in the movement of the sword. 180:3-4 A metaphor of the lion and the flocks changes the tongue-sword into the four footed beasts whose hands write the word.

This sword moves forward to his hopes
   But the sword does not achieve his acts
As he crosses a plain he spreads far
   And in the mountains he moves highest
You by what you give us are a king
   Multiplying his wealth for his flocks
As if you among us were the lion
   Who teaches his cubs how to devour

181

Some people criticized the poet for his metaphor in poem 162 saying that he wanted to be Saif's horse and tent. This presumption in wanting to be close to the patron, whether below or above, refers to the development of articulate speech and the even scale of musical sounds in which high (Saif, a word that contains no guttural sounds) and low (khail and khaim with gutturals) are firmly linked to each other. The word for horse also produces the word for imagination (khiyal) in Arabic. So the poet rejects these criticisms in this poem. 181:1-2 The tent represents the babbling stream with its closely woven texture. While this babble is one source of the poet's power, he agrees that it must be cut into the sounds of speech and hence is not as noble as the power that cuts, that is, Saif. The rainy Thurayya in the area of the north star are not as high as Saif who will soon attack the Rum up there. 181:3 Saif's conquest of Syria is the source of the poet's auditory power. Like Saif he has gone from east, his birthplace in Kufa, Iraq, to west, Ramla in Palestine, reciting the poems that made him famous in Syria and worthy to be Saif's poet. 181:4 The 'Awasim are the cities that cluster around Antioch that was one base of Saif's power. Its Greek background, the name means a rear attack, suggests the written word as a function of the spirit. But a verse, bait in Arabic, is a tent.

They have elevated a tent to nobility
   I reject the interpretation absolutely
I grant no place above you to Thurayya
   I do not grant a place above you to sky
You laid waste the land of Syria until
   You looted its quarters of bright ideas
You sigh, 'Awasim ten nights from you,
   Yet they know the sweetness in that air

182

Saif al Daula had mentioned his father and grandfather among whose offspring was Abu 'Ashair. 182:1 The latter, representing the babbling stream, is rejected by the poet in favor of Saif who represents the new sound system of speech. 182:2 This couplet is the more forceful one since it makes Saif into everyone's father and grandfather, as in fact, speech sounds are. These two couplets may be used as transitions for the previous poem. Poems 103ff also use the grandfather theme metaphorically.

The best of two sides is where you are
   The lord of lineage he who relates to it



One whose grandfather and father you are
   Is nearer than to his grandfather or father

183

Saif was drinking when he heard the muezzin's call to prayer and put the cup away. 183:1 The poet reproves muezzin by saying that the babbling stream as represented by the wine cannot distract one who has the mission to produce the alpha and omega from it. 183:2 Here again the second couplet has the more powerful statement with its mention of the Creator. The quarrels with the Rum, the fathers, will bring Saif to the heights. The poem provides the beginning and end that makes poem 184 into a seven part pattern.

Do not call, you recall no absent one
   Nor do you soften one with a hard heart
A prince is not turned from heights
   Nor from his Creator's claims by a cup

184

This five part poem was produced in response to a line which Saif quoted. The line was:
I went, going early, to meet the beautiful
   I saw nothing sweeter than you in eye or heart
The taste metaphor suggests the infant's quarrel about food which was already suggested in poem 183. 184:1 Saif is deadly for those who wear the armor of the babbling stream but do not make war as the sounds of speech do. 184:2 Obstinacy and falsehood need the spoken word in order to make themselves felt. 184:3 Death in love hints at the ascent theme as a higher ideal than war. 184:4 The reader's eyes are aided by the effort of the poet to cooperate with Saif. This makes the ascent seem like a slope.

We ransom you, best man to share my heart
   Most deadly for the armored ones not at war
Love is unique in its rule over its folk
   You are lovely in obstinacy, fair in falsehood
I am indeed protected from death in battle
   Even though I am devoted to the death in love
He who has your eyes between his eyelids
   Finds the slope of a plain on a steep ascent

185

This five part poem commemorates Saif al Daula's return to Mayyafariqin to honor his mother's tomb a year after her death and to prepare for war with the Byzantines. Up to now the battle scenes in the poems have honored patrons whose military exploits are not recorded in historical sources. They thus represent one kind of inner conflict in the child's mind when it is in the prone position. The conflicts with the Rum, however, are on a north and south route and thus represent the vertical position of the child learning to sit in the second fifth of the pattern. 185:1-18 The poet attacks the formal structure of the qasida which requires first a love prelude or nasib, then a journey or rahla, and then a madih or praise portion to represent the tactile, auditory and visual communication habits. They have the unity and perfection of the babbling stream which is disturbed by the freedom of the sounds of speech. Instead the poet substitutes his love for Saif whose sword represents the nurse's breast. 185:19-24 The second fifth describes the rains and winds which suggest the fluency of speech and the breath control needed for spoken sounds. 185:25-31 The journey passage shows the procession of Saif's army. The scribbling basis of writing is seen in the blows of spears that spell words. 185:32-37 The wall at Mayyafariqin, the parting of the waters, begins to collapse underthe impact of the procession. So too the child totters in the ascent theme. 185:38-42 The final praise of Saif comes from the Indian swords, wise in grammar and mathematics, that smile in their scabbards fancying they are derived from Saif. The poet's love for his patron is expressed by the shift to the second person address.

If one praised, a love prelude was first
   Do all the eloquent speak in love poetry?
Ibn 'Abdallah's love is nearer, for by it
   A beautiful memory begins and ends in him
I yielded to maids before my eyes' desire
   Was a vision to dwarf others and to enlarge
Saif al Daula confronts an entire age
   He strikes at its limbs and he pierces
His rule rises until it is above the sun
   His beauty shines until it is above the moon
As if his foes in the lands were his vicars
   When he desires they hold them or surrender
No letters except Mashrafi swords for him
   No messengers but battalions of huge armies
Not lacking in aid from anyone with a hand
   Or lacking in thanks of one who has a mouth
Nor does the pulpit wood lack his names
   Nor do the dinars or dirhams fail for them
Striker when that between swords is narrow
   Foresighted when darkness is among the brave
His comets compete as shooting stars
   In every night the red and roan among them



They trample heroes they did not bear
And spear fragments that could not resist
They are running with the wolves on land
And they swim with the big fish in the sea
They are hid with gazelles in the valley
They hover with the eagles among the peaks
And when men obtain the ashwood then he
With them and their breasts smashes through
By his eminence in war, peace and argument
And lavish giving and praise and glory known
He who loves him not acknowledges his good
He who knows no stars allots blessing to him
He guards against days until I think
'Ad and Jurhum will seek the return of them
Confusion on this wind whatever it wants 19
Guidance for a shower whatever it intends
Did not the flood beg trying to stop us
And the blunted sword inform it of you?
When a cloud meets you with its downpour
It meets a higher than it in a noble breast
It works on roads when he bears a lance
It wets clothes as soon as blood wets them
It hits you as one shower follows another
From Syria as a student follows the teacher
It visits her tomb which the horse visits
Love burdens him whom she was burdened with
When you head the army its pride is for 25
Them in a rider with floating turban end
Around him is a sea of undulating armor
A mountain of horse goes raging with him
All regions are equal to him till he seems
To gather jumbled peaks and to order them
Every youthful warrior has on his brow
The writing of blows spelled with spears
A lion extends his arm in the chainmail
His eyes beneath the visor are serpents
As their races their flags and their hair
And what they wear and the poisoned weapons
Long wars have taught them, his glance
Signals to them afar and they understand
They respond by action but hear no sound
He has them hear a look and does not speak
They avoid a right hand turn as if they 32
Pity Mayyafariqin and feel sympathy for it
If it gives them a push with its shoulder
It knows which of two walls is weak or ruins
For each thin belly under each thin belly
He pours bloody drink and feeds with flesh
Rider's dress on them is theirs in war
So every war horse has armor to veil them
It is no greed of soul faced by a lance
Rather the firmest push to evil with evil
Do Indian swords think your root theirs? 38
You from them? it is wrong what they fancy
When we name you we imagine our swords
Due to their pride smile in their scabbards
We see no king claim anything near him
He is happy and pities but they are witless
You take from these souls every path
Of life to give what you please and refuse
No death except what your spear threatens
No provision but what your right hand shares

186

The bad weather at Mayyafariqin caused Saif to set up a large tent which blew down. This was considered a bad omen by some and the poet replied with this poem. He makes the tent a symbol of the babbling stream whose tight weave is a defense against the loss of prenatal perfection and thus of Saif's mother who was also his nurse. But by bringing the tent down we learn that the seated position for the infant is instrumental in establishing the descent theme as the child tries to counteract gravity in the lower part of its body. The result is the kind of breath control that produces the sounds of speech like the wind at Mayyafariqin produced Abu Tayyib's defense. The fallen tent, khaim, like Badr's dancing girl, is thus a sign that the underworld of sound is being linked to the upper world represented by Saif's highminded attack on the Rum up north. 186:1-3 The tent is addressed in feminine terms and reproached for her presumption and failure to defend Saif against gossip. She is not as careful as the tents mentioned in poems 159, 161 and 162. 186:4-18 The middle third addresses Saif in the second person. The fall of the tent is a hint from Allah whose voice speaks eternally and in time. What he intended was that Saif should move against the Rum and not stay in the tent, that is, use the kinetic element in the spoken word. 186:19-30 The tent is now forgotten except as a warning to the gossips to avoid trying to predict things from the stars. Instead Saif's mother is praised for bearing a lion.

Is blame any use with respect to a tent
   Could she cover one who guarded her fate?
Was she above one who has Zuhal below
   A place, by your life, she asks not for!
Why didn't she rebuke him who blamed her
   The stone of his seal ring wasn't Yadhbul
Her space too narrow for your person 4
   Though a huge army marched on her side
She was too low when you were within her
   Though pliant lances were upright in her
And how would she stand over a palm
   Whose fingers are as it were the sea?
Would you could part with your dignity
   And load your land with what you carry
Mankind would become princes with that
   And you rule them with what you had left
She sees your color's hue in her light
   As the sun's color does not wash away
And she had such tremendous height
   That tents were ashamed in comparison
They should not find strange her fall
   For something can kill in the soul's joy
If men attain what she has attained
   Legs will betray them round about you
When you gave order for her pitching
   The news spread that you were not going
Allah did not intend her to collapse
   But he gave the hint what you should do
He revealed you as of his persuasion
   That you in his aid trailed the skirt
Who are these strays that have no root
   Who are these enviers with their gossip?
They are seeking but do not attain
   They are telling lies but who believes?
They long for what they are greedy for
   But your gracious bounty is beyond that
A squadron as chainmail is his armor 19
   Even when the velvet is made of spears
With them his ruin surprises one army
   And the dust of them warns yet another
I made provision for you in my heart
   For you did not make it with any hand
Allah indeed raised up the kingdom
   From you, O her sword, who is the point
If that edge was shaped before you
   Yet you before it were the one who cut
If before you folk now gone excelled
   Yet you were the first in generosity
How could you come short of a goal
   Your mother bore a cub from the lion
She bore you indeed and men said:
   Isn't the sun incapable of bearing?
Woe to servants' faith in stars
   And he who claims they have reason
They know you but have no minds
   They see you see them but do not bow
If you spend night in your places
   The highest of you spends it as lowest
You give your servants what they want
   May your Lord give you what you hope for

187

This poem begins the poet's account of Saif's campaign against the Rum in the year 949. 187:1-4 The contrast between the safety of the chaste Muslim women and the pilgrims on their way to the Ka'ba in Mekka on the one hand and the ruin that is to befall the Byzantines on the other suggests that the nurse, that is, the Ka'ba as the virgin breast, can be seen in a good light. 187:5-8 The greater activity of Saif as a raging sea and skirmishing horseman suggest the kinetic role of speech. 187:9-12 The goal of the Muslims is the defeat of the Domesticus at Samandu, a name that means a horse with a black mane and tail and cream colored body. If he is not there they will go to the Bosporus, the Khalij, or eyelid. This suggests a deficiency in the Greek script which fails to write its vowels in any other way than as consonants. Arabic script takes a middle path between Greek externality and Hebrew inwardness that emphasizes the vertical script for vowels.

Today after a time perfumes will rise
   From fire against the enemy in flames
Chaste women at night safe from them
   And pilgrims with peace in their paths
Your rage did not cease wherever was
   The prey O lion who has been stirred up



I knew you, ranks were set in order
   You had no care except for your sword
The sea's ways are known from afar 5
   If it is quiet but how if waves surge?
In lands where weary travel destroys
   When the crotches fester from running
They seek the king of Rum himself
   His foreign troops are ransom for him
Do Christians threaten us with ruin
   We are their stars in a constellation
With us a sword whose attack is true 9
   When he arrives whose war is resolute
We seek safety in him from evil eyes
   Uproar increases with prayers for him
Domesticus pleases us without joy
   Where the sword and ash wood judge
If he comes we visit him at Samandu
   If he flees our bond is at the Khalij

188

This poem describes a raid in which Saif went far into Byzantine territory and then on his return met the Rum forces at the lake, buhaira, of al Hadath and suffered a severe defeat. Though this place is not mentioned in the poem it is important because it recalls the Buhaira of Tiberias described in poem 58. It thus suggests that the prenatal sea of perfection which gives birth to the babbling flow from the womb of the Muse is now being cut to pieces by the Rum army under their chief the Domesticus Bardas Phocas. His name means cold pain in the joints from the roots brd and fqs. The latter can also mean to break an egg or pull one back by the hair. The root hdth in Hadath can mean excrement. 188:1-8 The love prelude makes the poet boast over the cowardice of the Rum. There may be a hint of the poet's own experience in lines 7-8. 188:9-36 The description of the course of the campaign is in the position of the journey to the lover's patron. One of the towns looted is Kharshana which is a part of the name of Badr ibn Isma'il. Another town, Sarikha from a root meaning to cry for help, is is fortunate to have Saif set up the prayer service there. But the fact that the defeat at Hadath and the slaughter of Rum prisoners there is only hinted at is part of the descent theme in this second fifth of the diwan's pattern. 188:37-49 The praise of Saif places him above the sun's orbit with his lucid sword which is the writer's pen. The surrender of friends and allies is yielding to filth but the Nasrani, Christians, cannot escape. The Greco-Romans thought of their vowels as consonants. But the Arabic system which uses a vertical notation for half of the vowels has an excellence that the poet recognizes by giving Saif the victory here. Poetic truth to the communication habits is, however, historical falsehood. The Rum vowel system gave them power over the external world.

I am not deceived by most of these men
   If they fight they run, or talk they boast
Brave folk except when one tests them
   In a test after mistake they do not hold
Life by my soul is nothing after it sees
   That life is foul in a way you don't want
Beauty of face is not in a straight nose
   A proud nose cut off from honor is mangled
Do I toss glory over my back yet want it
   Can I leave help in a sheath and seek food?
A Mashrafi sword ceases not from honor
   A cure for every noble one or a disease
A horseman who rushes, he steadies her
   In glens, and blood on her side as showers
She leaves him but no fear in his heart
   She angers him but no meanness in his word
All princes defend themselves by an army 9
   But the army is defended by Abu Haija's son
First drink leads troops to farther drink
   Speed on the bit and the reins held tight
No town hinders his journey to another
   Like death no rains and no fodder are his
Till he comes to the walls of Kharshana
   Rum and crosses and churches sorrow at it
The married as slaves, the babes dead
   The savings plunder and the harvest fire
Marj is left to him setting up pulpits
   At Sarikha for his witnessing on Juma'a
He feeds birds with them, long their meal
   Until they almost fall upon the live ones
If their disciples saw him they'd set up
   For love of him a sect that would be legal
Domesticus blames his eyes, black clouds
   Appear and they think of little rain clouds
In them their warrior weanlings and men
   As palm trunks on the two year old horses
Luqan winnowed as dust in their noses
   And in their throats the swallowed Halys

As if they met them to tread on as roads
   And jousting opened bellies they widened
Their eyes guided in the dark battle
   The points were fires and lances candles
Before summer heat and before the cold
   The swift lean ones overflow their souls
When pagan calls to pagan the lance
   Intervenes so a rib parts from its sister
The best sons of Phocas were shackled
   As he passed them and braver than he dead
What escaped from the sword's edge
   Flight saved, terror was in their hearts
He took sanctuary a while and was insane
   Drank wine for a year but still was pale
Many a patrician soul had been pledged
   To the sword secured while he abstained
It hindered his walking if he tried it
   That drove off sleep whenever he lay down
Death appears and won't stop waiting
   Until he says: Return! then it moves off
Tell Domesticus: Ones who yielded to you
   Betrayed this Amir, he repays their deed
You found them sleeping in your blood
   As if your violent defeat distressed them
Weaklings, foes abstain from their likes
   Among foes, if they want them they retreat
Think not those you took have breath
   For the jackal will eat only carcasses
Halloo on the wadi banks where the lions
   Come up and pass one by one, not grouped
Each long horse splits you with lances
   A blow takes more of you than it leaves
Allah sets the soldiers over against you
   So they are without stain when they return
Every attack made on you after this is his 37
   Every attacker is Saif al Daula's follower
The noble walk in footsteps not their own
   And you create what comes and are original
Can any time harm you if you are its hero?
   In it others are the weaklings and suckers
He whose place is above the sun's orbit
   Has nothing new to exalt or to abase him
Repeated attacks in mountains betray not
   His blood, though friends and allies yield
Would kings were donors observing worth
   Then there would be no temptation to filth
You prize those who watch as you strive
   And strike with lucid sword as they listen
Some show you a fraud in an action
   And without veracity if you make use of it
Fate makes excuses but a sword is waiting
   Their lands are yours in summer and spring
Nasrani mountains cannot protect them
   Even if the sturdy goats become Christian
I praise you not for dread you endure
   Until I prove you and the heroes fight
Some think it bravery if one is reckless
   Some believe it cowardice if one shudders
As for armor all of mankind can wear it
   But not every one with claws is the lion

189

Another poem about Saif's pursuit of the Rum in the year 951. 189:1-3 The love prelude makes the poet speak grimly of a visit to camps of the foe where the beloved lives. Saif is called Abu Hasan al Hawa from a verb meaning to rise or fall or to be in love. 189:4-8 The Rum are said to have split from the true belief in Allah's unity just as in the previous poem Jesus is said to approve of Saif's efforts to cut up the Rum. The question of proper vowel script is in the background. The movement of horsemen on both sides suggests the kinetic side of speech. 189:9-15 Saif is addressed in the second person now. The poets who accompany him here and in the previous poem are the light lance that is like the pen held in the writer's hand. Through them Saif gives meaning to the world.

We visit camps whose homes we don't love
   We ask permission of no inhabitants here
We lead those who take us to the goal
   Upon them warriors who think well of them
We cherish him called Abu Hasan al Hawa
   We accept Him called Allah, no other name
The Rum, those schismatics, know that we 4
   As we leave their land behind will return

And when death lets down its veil in war
   We take up our cause with blow and thrust
We go to it with lover's aim whose tryst
   Is with us and we say to swords: Onward!
Many a horse we strike with spears after
   They come from hither and yon against us
Beaten toward us with whips unwitting
   When they know us they are whipped away
Go past towns and take an army for us   9
   We arrive at what your right hand wants
In fact their blood cools above Luqan
   We are men who follow the cool with heat
If you are Saif al Daula keen for them
   Allow us to be a light lance before a cut
We are those who won't withhold your aid
   You are he who if alone would not need it
He keeps you from death who wants glory
   And says: I am not content with a vile life
But for you blood wouldn't flow, or bounty
   Nor in the world or its people any meaning
For dread is nothing but what a man fears
   Safety is only what a hero knows to be safe

190

This is the last poem in the third series of the second fifth of the diwan which began with the elegy for Abu Wail. This one like the preceding two describes a raid, pursuit of the heretic Rum, to suggest the journey theme of the middle fifth of a five part pattern. In this raid Saif was blocked by the winter weather which froze the Saihan river and prevented his reaching Kharshana as he had in the raid described in poem 189. Thus the kinetic element in speech that is part of the journey theme comes to a halt but the emphasis on cutting up the babbling stream still is strong. 190:1-7 The love prelude shows the lover beset by critics of his beloved. They envy him even when he is a man of virtuous intentions. 190:8-13 The journey passage shows the poet driven from agony to agony as he rides his fast horse. 190:14-43 The praise of Saif opens with an attack on the non-poets who envy al Mutanabbi's role with the patron. They are those parts of the babbling and scribbling streams which must be rejected since they do not meet with public approval. The description of the campaign which in poem 189 came in the middle of the pattern to suggest a journey is here placed at the end to show that it is not the product of an ordinary four footed imagination but of the two footed ability of a true poet whose hands are free to write. To him belongs the loot of the Rum women and the praise of Saif who is called Abu Haija, father of conflict. It is also the name of the son whose elegy was poem 168 just as Saif's name of Hasan belonged to the poet's grandfather. Harith the plow is a descendant of Luqman, the black Aesop, whose wisdom is immortal. Saif is the champion of Allah who wields the sword. He alone can cure the illness that nurse and doctor think is hopeless.

Critics of one who has a mole envy me
   Indeed my fine bedfellow is most noble
His hand kept from her dress though able
   He denied her love's ghost though asleep
When a lover recovers from burning love
   Within, parting is in his nearness to her
Since you feared shame in every solitude
   Why should a handsome woman beguile you?
Illness stays with me till we're friends
   My doctor and nurse are bored at my side
I pass by the beloved's camp and my horse
   Whinnies, why does the place grieve horses?
A black isn't ignorant of camp traces
   The girls poured camel's clabber for her
I long for something, it seems my nights   8
   Drive me from its essence and I am driven
I'm alone among friends in every land
   When a goal is great the helpers are few
A fast swimmer aids me from agony to agony
   These things witness she has what it takes
She bends in the direction of the joust
   As if her joints were bridled to the lance
I bring my soul and sword in my hand to
   Water, without return to one of no courage
But if the heart does not bear its hand
   In an affair, the arm will not bear a hand
My two friends, I see none but non-poets   14
   Why do they make claims and I the qasidas?
Do not be surprised the swords are many
   But Saif al Daula rules today the only one
His noble nature is unsheathed in war
   Used to goodness and forgiveness sheathed
When I saw men who are short of his rank
   I was sure time had high standards for me
Most worthy of a sword to strike off heads
   And of rule that difficulties are easy for

He plagues Allah's lands the Rum hold
   Or those who disown your glory by this
You set cavalry on them until you leave
   The eyelids beyond Franja are sleepless
Dyed with blood folk are prostrate as if
   They are in the mosque though not praying
You overturn them, horses their mountains
   You penetrate them, spears are stratagems
You cut them apart, they dwell in rocks
   Like the big snakes live in dusty hollows
High fortresses on peaks appear early
   Your horses are necklaces for their necks
They stormed them at Luqan, drove them
   To Hinzit until Amid shone with slaves
They reached Safsaf after Sabur, it fell
   Their people tasted death and their stones
A hero went with them late in a valley
   Blessed servant not under any double veil
The youth desired a wider land and time
   His hour and goal were too small for him
Brother of war whose swords are not slow
   On their necks except if the Saihan is icy
Only those he saved from the sword remain
   Red were their lips and high their breasts
Patricians weep for them in dark nights
   And they among us are thrown like pillows
Days behave with these as with other folk
   Misfortunes to some and benefits to others
It shows brave nobility that you by them
   Are deeply beloved in spite of the beating
Blood you made flow is an honor to you
   That heart you made fearful praises you
Everyone sees bravery and bounty's way
   But a soul's nature is to have a leader
You rob those of life who if you saved it
   Would greet the world with your immortality
You are sword of rule, Allah the striker
   You religion's flag, Allah is the standard
You are Abu Haija ibn Hamdan O his son
   The best of children and of fathers alike
Hamdani are praised, praised are Harith
   And Harith is of Luqman who is the guided
All of these were the caliph's teeth
   The other kings of the land were excess
I love you O sun of time and its moon
   Even if Suha and Farqad blame me for you
Because virtue in you is shining clear
   And not because life with you is easy
For a little love to the wise is health
   As much love to the ignorant is corruption

191

This poem begins the fourth series of poems with an elegy for Yamak, Saif's Turkish military commander. In Turkish his name means a patch and if associated with the word asci it may mean an undercook. The patch relates him to the tent imagery of poem 161 and the tent in poem 186. The tightly woven fabric of the babbling stream has been torn by the wind and patched. But the patch too was destroyed. It only lives in the reading public. By perpetuating its memory the poet takes on the role of the strands of the horse tail of Ibn Tugj woven into the cloth that opposes gravity in the backside of the standing position in this fourth fifth. This tent will not blow down. 191:1-8 The idea of parting between lover and beloved is elaborated in consolatory remarks without mentioning Yamak's name. 191:9-18 The military and active side of Yamak's life is explored in the middle passage. He lives in the bows and arrows, the horses, and the obedience to Saif's commands. 191:19-31 In the last part of the poem Saif is praised with little reference to Yamak. He lost his life in the service of his lord and it is that that matters. Saif loathes broad tents but Yamak's friends do not need to grieve.

May Allah not grieve the Amir for I
   Must have this share in his condition
He who elated earth's folk wept in pain
   Wept with those eyes and heart he rejected
As for me if the dead man was his friend
   A friend of my friend is my heart's friend
Men parted from their friends before us
   Death's sickness baffles every physician
We are preceded in a world, if its folk
   Lived we would be unable to come or go here
An heir takes with a looter's grip
   The inheritance departs as the youth goes
No virtue here for brave or bounteous
   No courage for youth without meeting death



Completest mortal life for a friend is
   The life of man broken off after graying
May Yamak remain in my heart as passion 9
   For every Turk whose root is transplanted
But not every white face has a blessing
   Not every narrow eyelid has an excellence
If sorrow for him displays itself in us
   It also appears in the edge of each sword
In every bow each day it vies in archery
   And in every horse every day it is ridden
It was hard on him to leave his habit
   That you call for a thing and he not reply
If I looked at him standing with you
   I saw one with the double mane of skill
Though he was a rich jewel you lost him
   From that lavish hand generous in giving
As if death was hostile to every glory
   If he asked no refuge from blame for fame
If it were not time's gifts uniting us
   We would forget and not feel its crimes
Gifts refused are best for him who takes
   When one makes a gift without confederate
And he for whom Nizar becomes a servant 19
   Can do without making slaves of foreigners
He satisfies pure love as slave to him
   And nearness to him by honor of kinship
May Saif al Daula's loss be repaid, he
   Is the best reward for the best rewarder
Hero to horses with chest wet with gore
   He jousts in tight spots with a violence
He loathes broad tents in his wars
   His only tent is the dust of battle
Felicity for us is duty if useful to you
   In splitting hearts not in rending clothes
Many a sorrowing one has eyes unweeping
   And many with copious tears have no grief
Be consoled by thoughts of your fathers
   For you wept, but smiles came soon after
If a noble soul approaches its misfortune
   In fear it turns and changes it to patience
One who finds affliction in his sighs
   Has peace in strength or peace in fatigue
Many of your kin whose face eye never saw
   You did not weep in their tracks with tears
Souls of the envious ransom you for they
   Are tortured in both presence and absence
In fatigue one envies the sun's light
   And only strives to attain it by imitation

192

This five part poem establishes the ascent theme of the fourth fifth of the pattern with its description of the building in 952 of the fortress of Mar'ash. Its towering height contrasts with the horizontal pursuit of the Byzantines in the middle fifth. The stability of the fort also suggests a child's learning to stand on two feet after the four footed crawling in the last sequence of poems. 192:1-11 The first fifth of the poem pictures the lover's visit to the deserted camp which is sacred to the extent that he will not ride on it but walks on two feet. It is the field of the Sower of the Word. 192:12-19 The second fifth turns to praise Saif but in the third person only. This distance implies a descent theme when compared with the middle fifth where Saif is addressed in the second person. He is said to be teacher of youth in jousting when the child learns to articulate in the seated position. He knows religion's secrets and language. 192:20-35 Saif is now described as of Allah's party whose voice is the most generous gift. He strips the enemy of their armor and leaves only bones. The flight of the Domesticus represents the journey theme and the triumph of auditory syntax over external order. 192:36-38 The fourth fifth describes the building of the fort of Mar'ash whose name means to tremble with fear. It can represent both the seated and standing child as a tower of strength in need of balance. 192:39-45 The final panegyric for Saif is that he is the keen sword of the caliph. He is pleased with nobility and God whose word is the Quran.

We ransom you among camps as agony grows
   For you are dawn to a sun and its setting
How can we recall traces of one who left
   Neither heart nor mind to know the traces?
We got down from saddles to walk in honor
   Of one who went on lest we approach rudely
We blame high clouds for their acts there
   Turning from them, reproaching as they come
If one is in the world for long it changes
   In his eyes until he sees its faith as lies
What is my joy in evenings and mornings
   Since that wind which blew does not return

I think of a union I seem not to have won
   And a life which I seem to pass in one jump
Some charm by eyes that are fatal to love
   If her smell comes to a shaikh he is young
Her skin of pearl which was her necklace
   None saw a moon before her ringed by stars
O desire how lasting, O this separation
   O tears what a flow, O heart overwhelmed!
Parting that scatters played with her
   Fed me on the journey what it fed a lizard
But he whose ancestors were fierce lions   12
   Finds night as day and his food by force
I do not worry after attaining heights
   Whether I inherit what I gain or earn it
For many a youth taught himself glory
   As Saif al Daula learned by thrust and cut
When the state in trouble conquers by him
   He suffices it and is sword, hand and heart
Indian swords are feared, they are steel
   But how then if they are the Nizari Arab?
Lion's fangs are dreaded if he is alone
   How when the lions are companions to him?
A sea's surge is frightful in its place
   How with him who covers lands as he flows?
Knowing religion's secrets and language
   He has thoughts which shame men and books
Blessed among showers so our skins seem   20
   To grow brocades and silks and fine cloth
Among generous givers, pushers forward
   Those who tear off armor scatter bones
Your wisdom for them is joy to border folk
   You are Allah's party so you are theirs too
You scare off fate for them, its worry
   If it doubts let it appeal in their court
One day your horsemen drive Rum from them
   Then by bounty you drive off want and need
Your sorties continue and Domesticus flees
   His lieutenants dead, his wealth plundered
Nearing Mar'ash he thought the far near
   He turned as you came and thought near far
So he hated lances, abandoned the foe
   And he journeys whose plunder is a terror
Did his stand at Luqan ward off for him
   Breasts of spears and strong lean horses?
He went on after lances tangled a bit
   As one eyelid met the other in dozing
He turned away as jousting became keen
   When his soul recalled it he felt his side
He left virgins, patricians and estates
   Wild haired Nasrani, courtiers and crosses
I know each of us desires life for himself
   Coveting it and hoping for it passionately
A coward's love of self brings him fear
   A brave man's self-love brings him battle
If two offerings differ, the acts are one
   So it seems this is good and that is a sin
It shines as if a wall on its top above   35
   Down to earth must split the stars and dust
Bustling winds are stopped by it in fear
   Birds are scared by it from gleaning grain
Short hair horses pound over its mountain
   A north wind sends down cotton on its roads
It suffices as wonder that men marvel he
   Built Mar'ash, fie on their notions, fie!
What difference between men and him if
   He fears the feared, finds the hard hard
The caliph readied him for work on a foe   39
   Named him before the world the Keen Sword
Spears did not scatter from him in pity
   Nor the enemy leave Syria for love of him
But he bans them from him without honor
   Noble in praise, never cursing nor cursed
An army to split every mountain as if it
   Were searing wind aimed at a tender stalk
As if the night stars feared his attack
   And stretched over it a veil of his dust
Whoever as king wants blame and unbelief
   Still he is pleased with nobility and God

This poem relates the patch and ascent themes of the previous two poems to their human base in the poet's adult experience. It tells of the gift of some Rumi robes, a spear and a horse. The ascent theme is found in the elevation of the rider to the horse's backside which is now under control. The spear which pierces the fabric of the foe produces a patch on the babbling and scribbling streams and these patches are the sounds and signs of articulate speech and writing. 193:1-4 The Rumi woman who wove the robes is a kind of bad nurse for not having made her images speak and move in the inner world of script. 193:5-6 The spear was made by the woman Rudaini and represents the tongue and pen that explore the external world of the free lance writer. 193:7-11 The poet and patron are mare and stallion which like Buraq and Pegasus symbolize the power of the Muse to give birth to the word in written form. The horses form the link between the pen-spear on high and the slave woven garments below.

Robes of nobility guard not their beauty
   But if given the giver is their wardrobe
A Rum weaver shows their kings in them
   She reveals herself to us and her slaves
Her design was not content with knights
   For she painted all things but her times
Unrestrained in her powers of form
   She could not make her creatures talk
A lance whose length seduces a knight 5
   Who recalls repeated attacks and jousting
Rudaini perfected-- almost its growth
   Fitted it with its iron foot and its point
Noble's dam had kin less than father's 7
   He saw her beauty admired, he swore by it
She goes with him to show him and he her
   To a keen eye she is less, he adorns her
How is she whose evil horsemen mistrust
   Or my evil, or her safety given only to me?
Where is she who shies not slyly at lance
   As it lowers as my hand pulls on her reins?
No praise by me if I see you not in him
   Or favor in you not seeing me in her place

194

In this five part poem the symbols of the patch, the spear and the horse are mobilized into a complaint against Saif. The role he has taken in the quarrel between the poet's ideas based on prenatal perfection in the babbling stream and their ties to external fact in the articulate speech and writing which Saif's sword cuts from the babbling stream is at issue. The poet's attitude toward the tent, khaim, had been criticized by his rivals in poems 181 and 186 and Saif sided with the critics. This theme is summed up in the words for envy: gira and hasad which echo the words for to go or cut down: gur and hasad. The control of consonants and especially vowels from their hidden roots in the child's seated and standing positions encourages the feelings of jealousy and envy. So the poet must defend his even scale that joins the upper and lower worlds. The backside is the bridge between hands and feet. Saif whose name lacks the low sounds cannot approve of his poet here. 194:1-5 The love prelude puts Saif in the position of the beloved who has become cold to the infant who needs her warmth. 194:6-14 The second fifth of the pattern reproaches Saif for having pressed his advantage too far. Poet and reader, like the Rum, feel depressed at this vicious hacking to pieces of the cover which enshrined the ideal. Even so the Rum script does make the mistake of directing attention to external matters. 194:15-23 The middle fifth is an impassioned plea for the role of the poet as a creative speaker and writer. It is he who makes the blind see and the deaf hear. He is the rider on the poetic horse as its legs produce syntax and semantics between opposing armies. This is the middle path. Verse 23 is a summary of it. 194:25-31 In the fourth fifth the poet again addresses Saif directly. He attacks his jealous rivals with images of height. He is above the Thurayya stars and his enviers such as Abu Firas, father of the horse, al Nami, the sleeper, al Raffa, the patcher, al Babbaga, the parrot, Ibn Khalawi, the privy, and others are below him. These are the rejected elements of the babbling and scribbling streams. 194:32-38 The last fifth threatens Saif with the poet's eventual departure, the movement on his own two feet which will prove his independence and insight. He will put Mount Dumair, the little secret, leanness, dryness, a pronoun, on his right on his way to Egypt. He is the falcon Muse, no vulture. His words are pearls and he knows Arabic from foreign babble.

O hot is his heart for the cold heart
   One with whom my body and state is sick
Why do I hide love emaciating my flesh
   When nations claim love for Saif al Daula?
If love united us in his bright brow
   Would we might share by decree of love
I visited him with Indian swords sheathed
   I watched him and those swords were bloody
He, Allah's handsomest creation of all,
   Finest among the fine things his character
Missing the foe you pursue is a victory
   In part of it pain and in part excellence
Violent fear was your lieutenant, for you
   Terror did the work warriors could not do
You demanded what there was no need for
   That no land or mountain be cover to them



If you beat an army and it turns to flee
   Will ambition act for you in its pursuit?
It's your duty to rout them in every war
   But not to put shame on them when they run
Do you see victory sweet only as prize
   Where Indian steel and a neck curl clasp?
O most just of men except in my dealings
   The feud is yours who both plead and judge
I took refuge in your trusted glances
   Not to think fat one whose fat is a tumor
What use a worldly brother in his eye
   If the light and dark are the same to him?
Every one in our majlis must know 15
   That I am the best that feet can move on
I am he whose culture the blind look to
   And my words have made the deaf to hear
I sleep quiet-eyed apart from any roving
   But men wake to their courses and contend
My smile allows many a fool his ignorance
   Until the ferocious paw and mouth hit him
If you see the fangs of the lion bared
   You must not think the lion is smiling
Many a heart with huge lust for my blood
   I hit from a horse with an inviolate back
Back feet and front feet moving as one
   His action was what hand and foot desire
Many a keen sword I took between armies
   Until I hit as death's waves pounded past
Horsemen and night and desert know me
   And battle and blows, paper and the pen
I was with beasts in a wasteland alone
   When slopes and hills were amazed at me
O you whose parting was hard on us 25
   Our feeling for all after you is empty
What an honor for us in your bounty
   If your concern would seek our concern
If what those who envy us say pleases you
   Then no wound for me if pain delights you
Between us if you respect it this wisdom
   Knowledge which for wise men means loyalty
Often you sought faults in us and tired
   But Allah and nobility hated what you did
How distant blame and defect from my peak
   I am Thurayya and they gray hair and aging
Would the cloud whose lightnings hit me
   Would send them to one who gets the shower
I see distance allots me all the journeys 32
   Which strong striding camels cannot reduce
So I will leave Dumair on our right hand
   Grief comes to those to whom I say goodbye
When you go from folk and they are able
   Not to let you go, it is they who depart
Worst land a place with no friend in it
   The worst man can earn is what dishonors
The worst game my hand hunts is where
   The gray falcon is equal to the vulture
Whatever words rascals speak in verses
   They aren't either Arab or Persian for you
This is a reproach to you but it is love
   Enclosed in pearls except they are words

195

This poem mocks one of the rival poets referred to in the previous poem. 195:1 His name is from a root which means brown spear and is the same one used in poem 193. It can also mean a night talker. Commentators say that after Abu Tayyib recited poem 194 Samarri threatened to kill him for his boldness. 195:2 The word for satire has the root hja and can mean to spell words according to their sound. The belittling of Samarri reminds us of the childhood origin of the quarrel. 195:3 The dust motes are too small to see whereas Abu Tayyib is still read by his admirers.

O Samarri, laughing stock of all wits, do
   You understand? you the dullest of fools?
Too small for praise you said I mocked
   As if you were not too small for satire
I paid little attention to folly before
   So I will not test my sword on dust motes

196

Here the poet apologizes for any rudeness he may have shown to Saif in poem 194 though he still

maintains that there were serious issues at stake. 196:1-2 The dry desert and wasteland is the poet's only refuge if Saif rejects him. 196:3-4 The majlis or seat of the poet has been brought near to the moon which controls the tides of speech. 196:5-6 But truth which is the province of the written word can still be tested between him and his rivals.

O let Saif al Daula not complain today
   Men ransom him, keenest of sword edges
What's for me if I stray, see after him
   Deserts I do not desire and wastelands?
He brought my majlis near his heaven 3
   I spoke in it with its moon and its stars
Have pity on a beggar, be near a suitor
   I had enough of gifts and you of giving
Is this truth's reward if I am truthful 5
   Or the reward of falsehood if I am false?
If my sin was worst of sins yet he who
   Comes repentant wipes out the worst sins

197

This poem further excuses the poet for his complaints against the patron in poem 194. The full dress qasida also explains why he felt called upon to make the complaint. 197:1-14 The love prelude shows the lover recalling a visit to his beloved whose hostile tribe makes him stay with her at night, a sword between the two of them. The sword implies the teeth and tongue by means of which the babbling stream is cut up into articulate speech. The night visit is favorable to the development of the spoken word. 197:15-33 The sword we learn now is a gift of Saif and is thus related to his role as one who articulates the poet's thought. He is praised as the son of 'Abdallah, the servant of Allah, and of Abu Haija. Again Abu Tayyib criticizes the rival poets for tracing Saif's ancestry to times before Islam when people spoke a different language. They wrongly compare him to Kulaib, the little dog who used a different script. 197:34-48 The visual habits bring the poet to his apology and also to a remarkable verse which consists of fourteen imperatives of one or two syllables each. These commands are offered to Saif as the work of his hand and a shield against false speech. They are his bounty but also show the poet's power to command the patron by the written word.

My tear responds, the caller only a tell
   Crying, one answers before rider and camel
I tried to stop it among my dear friends
   But it flowed between excuse and censure
I weep for absence, they wonder at my tears
   But so I was when I fretted only for a veil
No passion of a lover who has hope of
   Meeting is like a lover without any hope
If you visit the people of one you love
   They make no gift without sword and spear
Flight is more deadly than my watching
   I am drowning but my fear is not of wetness
No thought in any of her folk of what
   Troubles me, my trouble will not change
She conquers glances with a queen's look
   In her two eyes, great empire in her eyes
Bashful companions are imitating her
   In her walk, and so acquire beauty by art
I tasted need in my days, and sweets
   But I stayed not with colocynth or honey
Youth surely showed me my body's spirit
   Gray hair showed me the soul in my change
I came at night to a returned tribe's maid
   With a friend neither continent nor amorous
That night we put it between our shoulders
   But it knew nothing of complaint or kisses
It went early, on it a bit of her perfume
   On its hanger and sheath and sheath cover
I earn recognition only by its striking 15
   Or by the hard tip of the shaft's breast
The Amir gave it to me among his gifts
   Adorned it and dressed me in armored suit
From 'Ali ibn 'Abdallah is my skill in
   Bearing it, who is like 'Abdallah or 'Ali?
Giver of high-breasted ones, short-hairs
   Long backs, bright cutters, toughly pliant
Time and earth's face are too narrow for
   A king who fills time, shore and mountain
We are in exultation, the Rum in fear
   The land is busy and the sea is ashamed
From Taglib, victors of men, his origin
   From 'Adi, the foes of cravens and misers
Praise for Ibn Abu Haija, tracing him to
   The Jahiliya is truly weak and sophistic
Would that praises equaled his virtues
   And not as Kulaib or people of early times

Take what you see, leave what you hear
   Full moon rising dispenses with your Zuhal
You found a way for speech that is wide
   If you find a tongue to speak then speak
A hero has the pride of humanity in him
   Best of swords in the best state's hands
Desires bow down before his perfection
   He says to nothing: Would that were mine
Observe as two swords unite in the dust
   The difference in their nature and action
Ready to be drawn against time's troubles
   Prepared as a leader of the brave knights
Arabs flee from him with the sand grouse
   The Rum flee from him with the partridges
But no flight to mountains from lions
   Ostriches run with him to a goat's refuge
He crosses passes to behind Kharshana
   Retires from it but fear does not retire
Each time the virgins dream among them
   They will dream of captivity and camels
If you wish they pay tax, they give just   34
   As you want, for one-eye prefers a squint
I tell your glory in verses that travel
   O no pretence for what made no false claim
To east and west are folk whom we love
   Who study them and are the noblest envoys
They inform them I, due to his noble act,
   Turn the eyes among the knights and slaves
O most graciously benevolent in my behalf
   Thanks come from the gift and not from me
My sleep was only on top of my knowledge
   That your thought cannot come into error
Aid, get, cross, rush, raise, cheer, teach
   Add, smile, laugh, please, come, joy, give
Maybe your hardness is good in its end
   Often health of body comes with sickness
I hear not, nor others, of one in power
   Better shield for me against false speech
Your clemency is clemency not put on
   Using eyeshadow is not having fine eyes
Men's words turn you not from nobility
   Who can block the path of the rain cloud?
Bounteous without reproach or weariness
   Without delay, or promises, or annoyance
Brave when the horse no longer treads
   On anything but armor and limbs and heads
Some of the lances return blows of others
   As if they argued with the souls of people
You do not stop striking all your foes
   Hastening aid while holding back with death

198

The preceding poem was praised and to this praise the poet responded by saying that the praise was deserved. 198:1 Like the winged breast and the Muse the poem hovers above the immobile infant. 198:2 Allah the Merciful, the Beneficent is a voice eternally speaking and knows how to allot the praise to patron and poet. 198:3 But the envious are not forgotten. Their eyes, as well as their ears, will have to live this praise if they live at all.

The poem indeed among verses is an angel
   It moves and is the sun, the world is sky
May Mercy be just between it and us
   Credit the words to me, the praise to you
If it passes the ears of the envious
   It goes as one that lives and destroys

199

The rival poets tried to catch him with the wrong number of syllables so Abu Tayyib replied with sixteen instead of fourteen imperatives for the verse in order to confound them the more. This series and that in poem 200 parallels the series of impromptus beginning at poem 77 in the Badr sequence and poem 114 in the Ibn Tugj sequence. The fact that the artos, the daily bread of the prayer, sequences come in separate fifths in the Shawmiyat and only in the fourth fifth in the Saifiyat shows the poet's movement toward script.

Raise, get, aid, guard, rush, rise, cheer, teach
   Add, speed, smile, grant, forgive, come, laugh, give

200

Once again the rival poets were about to criticize so Abu Tayyib produced a verse of twenty-four

imperatives to show that prayers of the poet to Saif are answered as those to Allah are answered. This third version finally balances the number of syllables in the two halves of the couplet. The poet is like the Son or Logos by whom the Father creates the world as he sits at his right hand in the fourth fifth of the Christian creed. The phonemes have earned their graphemes as in the second fifth of the Prayer. The Father's will has been done on earth as in heaven.

Live, stay, rise, rule, give, lead, bid, deny, trust, speak, ask
Rage, shoot, hit, hold, war, take, scare, stop, feud, set, turn, get
May you grant this prayer if I am silent
As I have prayed to Allah for you and he has responded

201

The poet here replies to those who criticized the fluency of his words in the verses which gave Saif a series of commands. He claims he was not drunk on words but was rather demonstrating what his power is when it comes to cutting up the babbling stream. 201:1 The truth about his words is that the fluency is exotic like the orange juice brought from India, the home of fine swords, and the date wine from a high palm of Iraq. 201:2 It is Saif who makes these drinks sweet and metaphorically rich as articulate speech which makes precision possible. 201:3 So it is Saif, the sword, by means of which poetry and warriors can be tested in the way that written words can be tested.

A long way from intoxicating drink
Is Indian orange or fruit of the palm
On the contrary everything is sweet
With you and from smallest to greatest
The field of eloquence and rhymes
And the testing of horsemen and horses

202

Once again the critics attacked what the poet said in poem 201 so Abu Tayyib replied with further metaphors. 202:1 Clear speech has a root like the immobile infant. 202:2 The opposition is like the woman whose tongue cannot compete with that of her husband. 202:3-4 But a written poem is like a pearl whose perfection is such that one does not put a hole in it. It is like daylight and needs no further illumination.

I brought clear rooted reasoning
My speech was according to my intent
A word was opposed to it which was
As the woman in respect to her husband
But a pearl is safe from the boring
As you are a sword safe from dullness
Nothing is sound to understanding
When the daylight has need of a guide.

203

This poem turns from the quarrels with Saif and the rival poets to some poems which take us back to the war with the Rum and Saif's opposition to them. Their script is the true foe. 203:1 Envoys from the Rum have come as suppliants though Saif has brought death to them like the bad nurse does to the infant. 203:2 The commentators tell us that the lioness the envoys saw was dead. She represents the defeat of tactile self-centeredness by the spoken word. 203:3 The cubs of the lioness are alive and represent Rum pride that, like the rival poets, must still be overcome. Only the written word can do that.

You gave the suppliants their hopes
You have visited the enemy with death
The Rum come walking on foot to you
Between that lioness and her young
When they see lions held prisoner
Where do they go with their children?

204

This five part poem reasserts the theme of the seated position in the second fifth of the diwan and the standing position in the fourth fifth of this part. It tells of a letter sent by the Byzantines, up north, to ask for a truce to exchange prisoners and allow them to stay out of the battle. The Greek script with its consonantal vowels is thus shown to be ineffective. 204:1-13 The love prelude tells of an attempt to seduce the lover from his beloved by another man. In fact, many gazelles have attempted this. The Byzantine attempts to make Saif sit out the war are a part of this kind of love but the poet will not accept it. 204:14-22 The second fifth of the poem has a descent theme in the description of Saif's spear which like the tongue that articulates the babbling stream is set between the extremes of Luqan in the north and Wasit in the south, between the Euphrates in the east and the Damascus Jiliq in the west. 204:23-32 The middle fifth tells of the letter sent by the Rum. The description of the messengers' journey points to the kinetic element in speech which is being used to bad ends. 204:33-39 The ascent theme appears in the fourth fifth as the poet speaks of being raised to such a height by Saif that his light shines in the east and west. Saif wrote on the skull of the Domesticus with his sword just as the poet writes on paper. The line about Saif showing his dust on horseback to jealous rivals defeated the Khalidain brothers the commentators say. 204:40-44 The last fifth reproaches the cowardly knights who do not trust his ability to defeat the Rum. They do not know the power of the written word.



Your eyes are what heart finds and found
   In love things don't stay for me yet last
I wasn't one into whose heart love came
   But he who sees your eyelids is the lover
In joy and anger, nearness, distance
   The range of the eyes' tears glitters
Sweetest love, his lord doubts in union
   And flight, for he always hopes and fears
Many a coquette's rage, drunk with youth,
   I interceded with because of my tender age
Many a cool toothed, sweet, bright one I
   Veiled my mouth from, so he kissed my hair
Many gazelles long necked as you visit
   But I cannot tell adorned from unadorned
Not all who love are chaste, lacking my
   Purity, or please love as riders met in war
May Allah rain youth's days rejoicing
   And work the work of old Babylonian wine
When you wore the time with pleasure in it
   You were pierced but the dress was not torn
I never saw like glances on parting day
   That search out every murder full of pity
They turn their eyes in perplexity as if
   They were setting their eyes on quicksilver
At eve weeping prevents us from seeing
   Fear of parting from farewell pleasure
We say goodbye to them and separation is   14
   Ibn Haija's spear in the battalion's heart
With deadly sharpness, even David's web
   When it strikes is like the spider's web
Guided to kings of armies as if it
   Selected warrior souls and chose them
It strips them of all armor and shield
   And crosses every wall and ditch to them
Jealous of those between Luqan and Wasit
   It is set between the Furat and the Jiliq
He returns it crimson as if its sheath
   Wept blood in pity for the broken ones
What I say attains not to him, brave
   When joust is mentioned, its name is his
A striker with fingers in sword tips
   A player with delicacy in the word edges
As his client one asks a shower for drops
   As his blame one says to this sky: Gently!
You give till you are good to all faiths   23
   And praise reaches you from every tongue
The Rum king sees your joy in generosity
   So he takes the stance of a humble beggar
He leaves Samhari lances as one reduced
   To one more apt in joust and more skillful
He wrote from the far land whose targets
   Are near to the fast horses round about you
Thence his messenger traveled your route
   And he did not go except over split skulls
When he neared, the light of flashing
   Glittering steel veiled for him his place
He came walking on carpets but knew not
   If he went to a sea or climbed to a moon
A foe cannot turn you from their blood
   With a sort of humility in affected words
When you wrote him before this you were
   Writing to him on the skull of Domesticus
If you gave him immunity, he asked for it
   If you gave a sword's edge, he was shamed
Why should cutting steel keep from them   33
   A captive as hostage or slave as freedman?
They drink at its edges like sand grouse
   They pass before them in line after line
I reach with Saif al Daula's light such
   Heights I shine for those in east and west
If he wants to play with a fool's beard
   He shows him my dust and tells him truth
The grief of jealousy is not what I want
   But he who opposes the sea will be drowned
The Amir tests common men in his wisdom
   Closes his eyes to stupidity, knowingly
Turning away the eye glance is no use
   When glance of an eye cannot be silenced
O sought after whose nearness is denied   40
   O you forbid to those seeking a support

O cowardly knights who attend him take
   Heart, the bravest who quit him are afraid
When the enemy runs into his glory's trap
   His glory enraged is busy with his fortune
Evident excellence conquers no enemy
   If there is no excess of joyful success

205

Here again the poet is shown in favor of activity as opposed to sitting out the battle. Saif is portrayed as testing swords as the poet comments. 205:1 The description of the sword is not equal to the actual sword anymore than the fancy of the infant equals the real nurse. 205:2 The descent theme of the second fifth is established by reference to the helmets and the hands below that hold the sword. 205:3 The sword is a tongue that speaks in the dark and is heard even down to the details of its script. This Arabic script is better balanced than the Rumi script. 205:4 The Domesticus who is the highest military man for the Rum hints at the ascent theme. 205:5 The poet urges the use of the sword-pen rather than its display on the carpet of the tent.

You told us of it but we saw no weapon
   As if you painted the moment of attack
When helmets are arrayed over armor
   So one who sees it longs for the battle
If you put out your fire you'd read
   From the script in the darkest night
If the Domesticus saw its double edge
   He'd roll his eyes from trick to trick
You approved it here on the carpet
   But it is better when girded on a man

206

Some swords were shown to Saif and it was suggested that they be gilded. 206:1 The poet advises that blood and anger are better colors for them. These colors echo the quarrel with the nurse. 206:2 He adds that gilding would only deform the swords. Blood is in part a product of the milk the infant needs. But gold, noble as it is, suggests the excrement that must be controlled in the seated and the standing positions if the child is to maintain upright posture and the spoken and written words that result. This poem provides the first and last sevenths for poem 205.

The steel is best colored if
   Its double dye is blood and anger
Do not deform it with gold for
   Temper and gold do not mix in it

207

Abu Tayyib here answers a poet who sent some verses to Saif which he said came to him in a dream along with a request for some money. The man was an astrologer and his fatalism is mocked by the poet who knows how foolish such passivity is. He is a scientific failure. The reply to him has the pattern of the seven days of creation in Genesis and of the Opening chapter of the Quran. 207:1 The first seventh is introductory and suggests the prenatal state of the dream world. 207:2 The first of the middle five verses shows how disappointing dreams are if compared with the waking world. So too the infant finds the bad nurse a disappointment. 207:3 The descent theme is implied in the idea of being asleep at the pen which should be upright. The upright torso keeps one awake. 207:4 The auditory complaint concerns poverty or lack. Existence depends on the constructions of speech which explore a world at a distance. 207:5 The reference to Saif as the sword of humanity implies that the pen is more reliable than speech. He is raised above ordinary folk in that. 207:6 There is no substitute for the power of the pen which cuts the front feet so they become hands. 207:7 It is lineage and his own abilities that guarantee his greatness in the future. It is there that the pattern operates.

We heard what you spoke in a dream
   So we got you the thousand in a sleep
We woke as you woke without a thing 2
   So the gift is according to the saving
Your eye was asleep as you wrote it
   And why were you sleeping at the pen?
O complainer when sleeping of poverty 4
   Sleep cannot exist along with poverty
Open eyes and leave speech in dreams
   Prefer the words of humanity's sword
No one can do without or find any 6
   Substitute or guard for it if it cuts
All his fathers were noble sons in
   The world, he the noblest of the noble

208

Saif asked Abu Tayyib to respond to some verses of Abu Dharr (ants or atoms) Sahl ibn Muhammad, who was Saif's tutor or secretary. The verses are as follows:

O reproacher cease, for one
   Whom long ills and grief emaciates



If you would help, cure his ills
   Aid him by bringing a thing to save
Until he says you are a friend who
   Rescues from his time's evil and pain
Or not, but leave him for he has
   No respite from blame and you no help
My soul ransoms one my blamers hurt
   For his love I feared not his guards
The sun rises in joy at his face
   The moon peeps from his robe's collar

Abu Dharr's poem is a three part one but Abu Tayyib responds with a seven part poem. The practice of responding to or capping another poet's verses suggests that Saif is placing Abu Tayyib above the man whom he looked up to as his teacher before the poet's arrival. 208:1 The heart's core suggests the prenatal state which precedes the five creative steps in the middle. 208:2 The frustration of the infant at the behavior of the nurse is seen here. 208:3 Service to the king, that is, Saif is a part of the descent theme. 208:4 Saif's ownership of the times tells of the kinetic element in speech. 208:5 The mention of the sun and of the sword which cuts up the scribbling stream to make written signs is a part of the ascent. 208:6 The last fifth summarizes the visual, auditory, and tactile elements in communication. 208:7 Saif as a cause of spoken and written words is the result of long ages and his work is now available for future times. The battle is as much literary as military.

Censure of censurers in my puzzled heart
   Love of a darling is part of it in the core
Blame complains in its heat of reprovers   2
   And is frustrated when they oppose its pain
By my heart O censurer the king is one for
   Whom I grow more angry than you to serve him
If he did not own hearts yet he would   4
   Possess the times in heaven and his earth
The sun envies him, victory is one of
   His associates, the sword among his names
Where are three like his three qualities   6
   His beauty, his ancestors and his keenness?
Ages passed and brought not his like
   They came and are exhausted by watching him

209

Abu Tayyib, at Saif's request, makes a further response to Abu Dharr's poem. The subject of censure, reproach and blame is related to the articulation of the babbling stream in the second and fourth fifths where the pressure of conscience helps to cause this break-up. The beloved is the Amir whom both poets love. 209:1-6 The ills of the lover have brought him to tears but he will nót abandon him. 209:7-12 The ear of the one who is mocked deserves some consideration since the spoken word is capable of diluting grief. 209:13-18 The praise of Saif is now more direct as he captures his men by a glance. He is 'Ali whose nature is derived from the written record of the past in his fathers' deeds.

A heart O censurer knows most of its ill
   More worthy than you of its eyelid and tear
By one I love I am no rebel to your love
   Swearing by him and his beauty and elegance
Shall I love him and love rebuke for him?
   Indeed rebuke for him is from his enemies
Gossips are surprised at reviling and say:
   Leave what we see you are too weak to hide
A friend is one I love only for his soul
   And I see with an eye seeing none his equal
He who aids a passionate one in his grief
   Is worthy of mercy's Lord and brotherhood
Go slowly for censure is one of his ills   7
   Be kindly for the ear is one of his parts
Grant censure is in its joy like sleep
   That is driven off by waking and weeping
Don't be excusing a lover in his passion
   So far as to find your heart in his heart
For a stricken one is blamed by his tears
   Like the corpse is sprinkled with his blood
Love is like the beloved whose presence
   Is sweet to one testing and taking his soul
If you said to one very ill: I'm ransom
   For it, you'd make him jealous of a ransom
May the Amir be guarded by loving eyes   13
   As one who has no end of bravery and bounty
He captures armed warriors with a glance
   Intervenes between his heart and his glory
Often I called on you for aid in trouble
   He who heard was not called to his equal
You came from above the times and beneath
   Clashing, and from in front and from behind
He belongs to a sword for he is so named
   By its source and its temper and trustiness

The steel was shaped, it was his nature
   And 'Ali was of the nature of his fathers

210

Saif asked Abu Tayyib to respond to some verses of 'Abbas ibn al Ahnaf (crook footed, circumcised) a poet who died about a century before. His script is even more of an honor to the Arabs than that of Abu Dharr and thus suggests an even higher ascent. This is another example of comment on another poet's work which implies the process of cutting up the babbling and scribbling stream into new and different pieces. The verses from Ibn al Ahnaf are as follows:

Do you fear I'll reveal the tale
   Or that my joy in keeping it is full?
If I keep it not you'll still know
   And I'll see myself as you will see me

210:1-4 The secret, like the sounds of speech contained in the babbling stream, is not made known even if it is resurrected. 210:5-7 Articulate speech is however subject to control when it acquires a syntactic structure and meaning. The red lance of the tongue can be restrained. 210:8-11 Saif as the best of commanders now appears as the one who ordered the verses in their written form. The pen-sword thus produces the impromptu artajal. It is the inspiration of the free-lance writer.

Your pleasure is the joy that I chose
   Your secret my secret so why reveal it?
Manliness that guards is enough for you
   The love which takes heed makes you safe
Your secret in my heart is as a corpse
   If the secret revives it is not related
As if my eyes transgressed with you
   As they hid from the heart what they saw
Telling what I am entrusted with 5
   Is fraud and the noble man is no fraud
Since I have power over articulation
   I have even more power over not speaking
I give my soul a free hand as I wish
   I control it when the lance grows red
States, O their sword, come by turns 8
   Yours the command O best of commanders
Your messenger came to me in haste
   So I answered him with my stored verses
If it had been a dark day of war
   My sword and the red horse had met him
Destiny is not forgetful of its men
   For you are the eye by which that sees

211

This poem is in response to Saif's complaint that Abu Tayyib was slowing down in his production of poems in praise of the patron. Poem 136 refers to a similar complaint made by Ibn Tugj. The situation is related to the weakening of the babbling stream which provides the high standards which motivate the poet. The kind of control needed to hold the torso and body erect in the second and fourth fifths is part of this kind of inhibition. 211:1-5 The loss of the patron's favor is expressed in blame for the Muse, personified in the mare, who produces the colt of poetry. The word for horse, khail, echoes the word for imagination, khiyal. Both are related to control of the backside. 211:6-10 The lack of fluency of spoken words is said to be a sin of time. But the poet's verses are capable of springing over mountains and wading seas. 211:11-15 And the poet is a moon who reflects the patron's light. The poems he produces are pearls that are egg size and create new worlds for the reader.

I see this nearness is withdrawn
   And the long peace is now abbreviated
Today you abandoned me to shame and
   I died once but other times I came alive
I stole a glance from you, was ashamed
   I rebuked the mare of my colt in solitude
I see that when I make excuse to you
   I must intend it as my excuse for excuse
I'd deny your splendid generosity
   If this were a matter for my choice
Care stops the verses but for a few 6
   And prevents my sleep except for dozing
I do not make my body sick over that
   I will not light the fire in the heart
Do not afflict me with time's sins
   To me it is evil and presses hard on me
So my scattered movings lead to you
   They find no special home in the earth
Many a rhyme as it moved from my mouth
   Sprang over mountains and waded the seas
I feel for you what no poet ever said 11
   And what no moon enjoys when it shines
If men were created from their times
   They would be the dark and you the light

Most eager of those rejoicing in bounty
   Most wide ranging of those raiding a foe
My ambition rises by you above heroes
   And I do not count good fortune as luck
He who has had you as the sea O 'Ali
   Will accept only pearls that are egg size

212

This five part poem is another account of Saif's campaign against the Byzantines in the year following the raid described in poem 190. However the pursuit related in this poem was not planned as the previous raids were. It was the result of an afterthought or hunch which came to Saif after he had taken hostages from some bedouin tribes who had been causing trouble in his rear. This poem is thus a response to the complaint that the poet has been slow in his praise of Saif. It is the immobility of the second and fourth fifths as compared to the child's mobility in the third and last fifths that helps to account for the poet's slowness to speak or produce in reaction to this restraint. But the impromptu character of Saif's raid is balanced by the length of the poet's description. 212:1-9 The theme of separation and the hostile tribe of the beloved keep the lover from slaking his thirst as he wanders in the dark night. 212:10-43 The long second fifth opposes the infant's immobility in the seated position with the account of the fast moving troops of Saif. The Rum are thoroughly put down to suggest the descent theme here. 212:44-52 The middle fifth addresses the Domesticus in taunting fashion for his failures. There is no response from him but he has heard the bitter tones of the poet's voice. 212:53-61 The ascent theme is shown by the poet's boasting of his abilities which raise him above Saif's other poets who all wrote poems about the campaign. But the envious are still able to gossip about him. 212:62-66 The praise of Saif holds the position of the visual communication habits since it is this praise which people will read as the cause of the poet's greatness. It is his sword that carves the speech sounds and written signs.

My nights after the girls' going are as
   The long ones and lovers' nights are long
They show me a moon I do not desire
   They hide the moon which has no way to it
After the beloved I do not live in
   Solace, but I must bear the calamities
One journey changed things between us
   And death after that trip is another trip
If the perfumed breeze was nearest you
   May neither gardens nor south wind leave
I do not choke on water but to remember
   Water where the clan of the beloved settle
Flashing spearpoints defend it from above
   There is no approach to it for the thirsty
Only in the wandering stars and the others
   Are the guides for my eyes to dawn's light
Does not night see your eyes in my face
   In which weakness and emaciation are plain?
I met the splendid dawn at Darb al Qulla   10
   My sorrow healed and night was the corpse
It was a day as if beauty was its token
   You sent out, the sun was your messenger
No lover before Saif al Daula had revenge
   Nor was vengeance taken on that darkness
But he has brought all those rare things
   To amaze with their rarity and to overcome
He hits a foe's Darb on short hair horses
   And they do not know the arrows are horses
Tail high they go with scorpion lances
   They are happy beneath them as they whinny
This is only a hunch which occurs to him
   At Harran, answered with spears and blades
Hero, when he needs he executes his will
   With an army, death's heavy tread in that
Horses whose gait thins them in every
   Land, after the late night stop no siesta
As they fan out from Rum Daluk and Sanja
   Pennants and troops scale every mountain
Over various paths elevated above roads
   Among gentle folk their memory is obscure
They do not know until they see them come
   Hatefully and yet their nature is handsome
Like clouds they rain iron upon them
   For every place is washed by the sword
Women captives lament in 'Iraq at eve
   As if bodices of the bereft were skirts
They return and Mauzar thinks it a rout
   But not to them, rather an attack's start
They plunge into the blood of all, wading
   They seem surety for blood not stepped in
The flames accompany them on all roads
   Where people are slain and homes in ruins



They attack again and pass Malatia's dead
   Malatia the mother bereft of her children
They double Qubaqib's share as taken
   And it seems its water is all drunk up
They scare Furat's heart with us as if
   The torrents fell on it due to the men
Every swimmer drives back the waves
   Equally, whether in depths or in the rain
It seems water flows over their bodies
   And their heads and necks alone approach
In Hinzit valley and Simnin, with sword
   And lance head, substitutes for the dead
They come among them and are recognized
   Theirs a blaze unfading and leg markers
Towering forts yield to our long attack
   And cast out to us their folk and perish
They stay night at Hisn al Ran, hoof pain
   All the proud wearied ones beside the Amir
In every soul except his fatigue sits
   In each sword except him dullness holds
Before Sumaisat were gorges and deserts
   And the unexplored ravines and the valleys
They overtook darkness near Mar'ash town
   Great the ruin due to the Rum in the land
When they saw him alone before the army
   They knew all the world was a redundancy
That Khatti lances were short for him
   As the Indian steel was dull against him
He slakes by his steed's breast and sword
   Hero whose courage is the bounteous gift
Generous in any case with all his wealth
   But yet he is grudging to those in armor
He leaves their dead to pursue fugitives
   With blows, so the round helmets are flat
In Constantine's heart was admiration 44
   Though on his legs were his heavy chains
Perhaps some day O Domesticus you will
   Return, many a fugitive returns to him
You ran off with one of your souls hurt
   And left behind the other soul bleeding
You left to a Khatti your son as you fled
   Can any friend rely on you in this world?
By your face, it let you leave him bloody
   Your help for it was weeping and wailing
Did an army's size and front confuse you?
   'Ali has a drink of armies and eats them
When the lion has no prey except one
   He feeds no matter if you are an elephant
If jousting doesn't engage you bravely
   As jousting, then censure cannot hold you
If the days had watched that attack
   He would teach the days how to skirmish
Kings not named sharp are your ransom 53
   For you are keen, polished on both edges
If one exists who is Saif al Daula to men
   Then the horns and drums are among men too
I am a winner guided as I speak of him
   When bombast is spoken before the speech
Nothing to the words of men who doubt me
   By way of root, nor root to the speakers
Hated for love that is owed to a calm
   Hero, but thoughts against me roam about
You heal all but the pain of envy since
   When it settles in a heart it changes not
Expect no friendship from the envious
   Even if you show it to him and make gifts
Indeed we met misfortunes by ourselves
   Many the raids for them, such small things
No matter to us our bodies are attacked
   If only our honor and our reason are safe
O pride and honor of Taglib's Wail clan 62
   You the finest tribe of those who boast
It will grieve 'Ali his enemy must die
   When ruin does not seize him with a lance
Partner of death when souls are plunder
   So every death he does not cause is fraud
If victory were given by lot it would be
   For him drinking death swiftly as he wins
For him who scorns the world in this hour
   Making a sword ring on the warrior's skull

213

Another poem answering Saif's complaint that the poet is not productive enough. In spite of the epic movement of the previous poem the immobility involved in the positions of the second and fourth fifths of the pattern must be expressed. The balanced Arabic vowel system does not permit the kind of movement that is possible with the Greco-Roman system. The seated and standing positions are the best places to show the power of right brain emphasis on space as opposed to left brain emphasis on time. 213:1 The weakness of the passive infant is proof of the nurse's failure though Saif can revive him. 213:2 The patron must be lenient since the poet cannot repay what he has been given. Inhibition in a seated position prevents it. 213:3 The balancing of the words for excuse in the two halves of this couplet provides a special auditory effect which hints at the balance of vowels. 213:4 Repetition of the word for body in the second half of this couplet suggests an ascent theme. It places the poet's body above that of the patron. 213:5 The brilliance of the sword-pen is the only reason that the poet falls short in describing him. The break-up of the babbling and scribbling stream cannot be pursued too ruthlessly.

The least smile from you revives nature
   And the limbs of the weak body strengthen
Who can pay your worth in its entirety
   Who can be content but he who is lenient?
You accepted an easy excuse generously
   If not, my excuse is no matter though plain
Impossible, if life is with you, that
   I see your body sick and my body healthy
Neglecting the verses is only because
   Praise is short of the Amir's description

214

This poem tells of an ulcer which kept Saif from the battlefield for some time. The word for ulcer has the root dml and can also mean to manure a field. Thus the child's effort to control the anal sphincter in the seated and standing positions of the second and fourth fifths is expressed by immobilizing Saif. It also reflects the inhibition on Abu Tayyib's productivity. 214:1-5 Saif takes the role of the infant pierced by the bad nurse when she finds that her breast is refused. This seems like ungratefulness but the infant has to learn to be independent. 214:6-9 The value of mobility in battle or on a raid suggests the kinetic element in the spoken word. 214:10-14 The writings of the Greek physician Hippocrates, the power of the horse, are said to be inadequate to describe Saif's problem. They are the backside on which the writer rides. The northern climate of the Greeks created different circumstances for them than for Arab riders. Saif's ulcer hints at this. Only the gleam of his sword can destroy the seed of those who are the poet's detractors. Saif is the apple of his eye.

Does what pierces you know who is hurt
   And why misfortune scales this heaven?
Your body is above the aim of every ill
   Nearness to the least of it is a wonder
Time gave caresses in love and passion
   But the beloved suffered from that kiss
How could a world make you sick at all
   When you are doctor to the world's ills?
How could grief afflict you with pain
   If you are savior when affliction comes?
You wearied of staying a day having 6
   No real jousting and no blood flowing
You are a king whose heart may be ill
   With his ambition which only war can heal
White legged they take the enemy land
   The nose and the sides are for the spear
Loosen reins of those who want return
   For the distant which they seek is near
It is an ill Hippocrates erred about 10
   The like was not known to his disciples
By Saif al Daula's gleam my eyelids
   Are struck under a sun that is not hid
He wars on him who wars, in him my power
   He aims at attackers and by him I am hit
The envious are excused in their greed
   Of my sight of him even though they melt
For I have arrived at a place where
   The heart envies the apple of the eye

215

The envoy of the Greeks was happy at Saif's illness so the poet said that this proved how dangerous Saif was to them. These two couplets may be used as the second and fourth parts of the following poem. 215:1 The ransom imples Saif's difficulty in its relation to the Greek envoy whose business is communication. 215:2 But firmness allows him to surmount sickness and overcome a foe who can only be met with force.

You are ransomed by what pleases an envoy
   For you are healthy in that and not ailing
The end of this is you grieve the foe
   And are firm against them and it ceases

The dummal that plagued Saif is also the subject of this poem. The relation between the pull of gravity in the seated or standing position and excretion is thus emphasized. 216:1 In addition to meaning to manure land and hence to set in order, the root dml can mean rotten dates. Dates are typically a Middle Eastern product. So the ulcer also means the land is ill. 216:2 The poet cannot sleep in the night when speech works better than vision or touch and this is proof of his love for Saif. 216:3 Allah will heal Saif and make use of the sea of his bounty which is the poet's ink.

If Saif al Daula is ill the land is ill
   And what is on it, the men and pure bounty
How shall I make any use of sleep since
   In his illness, sleep is the eyes' own ill
He heals who heals his folk by your gift
   You are the sea that every sea is part of

217

This poem tells of the return of Saif's health after the illness. Once more it is related to the conflict between Rum and Arabic scripts. 217:1-3 The war can now be resumed and the showers of bounty pour while the female sun shines. 217:4-5 The teeth and the sword are the means by which articulate speech can be heard. 217:6-8 Arabs and Persians ('ajam can also mean Turks) share in Saif's goodness since both use the Semitic alphabet and the Arabic script which is dependent on the articulate speech developed by Saif's sword-tongue. This is true even though Persians have an Indo-European tongue related to Greek.

Glory and nobility recover as you heal
   Grief ceases from you and goes to the foe
War is whole in your health, and bounty
   Rejoices in it, continuous showers pour
Departed light has returned to the sun
   As if its loss were sickness to her body
Your lightning gleams from royal lips   4
   Showers do not fall except as he smiles
Called a sword but it is no comparison
   How can a slave be compared to the master?
Arabs are unique in the world by his race   6
   Persians share with Arabs in his goodness
Allah is sincere with Islam by his help
   Even if the nations change by his graces
I can't say joy in health is only yours
   For if you are safe then all men are safe

218

The breaking of the fast at the end of the month of Ramadan here celebrates the end of Saif's illness which involved a kind of blockade on both poet and patron. The root rmd means to scorch the ground, to sharpen a spear and suggests the course of articulation that, to some extent, dries up the babbling stream. 218:1 The sun and moon which control the seasons and tides are dependent on Saif's health as the producer of articulate communication out of endless babble and scribble. 218:2 It is the crescent moon which signals the end of the fast and the sword that cuts things to pieces. 218:3 The resurrection of the grass and flowers suggests the spoken word arising out of the child's crawling movement. 218:4 Saif's immortality raised him above passing days and years. 218:5 The written word brings these times back for him when others find it brings an end to their affairs.

Fasting, breaking fast, holidays, times
   Find their light in you as do sun and moon
His gifts seem a crescent turned to all
   Nor is any man favored by them beyond that
Times with you are only an ungrazed field
   O you whose character blossoms in this age
In its days bounty will not end for you
   So may life not end for you in its years
Your joy in their return is unrivaled
   But others' joy in them, gray hair, old age

219

The failure to produce which was represented by the fast and Saif's ulcer is now further overcome by this poem which describes the flooding of the river Quwaiq that flows past Aleppo and Saif's palace. The verb from which the word Quwaiq comes means the clucking of a hen or the cry of a water bird. It thus suggests the return of the babbling stream which the criticism of the rival poets and of Saif himself had nearly suppressed. It also suggests that Saif's military exploits are to be related to the heat of the boil or ulcer and its quenching in the flooding river. 219:1-4 The stream is reproved as a nuisance when Saif is such a more abundant stream of articulate speech. The bird-breast is giving more than is needed at this time. 219:5-9 The mobility of Saif's operations implies the kinetic element of the spoken word which makes this upsurge of the Quwaiq unneeded. 219:10-13 In the praise of Saif his brightness is emphasized and the purity of his intentions keeps him free of any stain. The sin of the future tense is scarcely pronounced before his help comes.



A sea, less than he covers his ocean
   Men disapprove it and pay homage to him
O water why do you envy us his flowing
   Or do you want to appear as his equal?
Do you seek his right hand's wealth
   Visit him to increase his folks' number?
Do you come as moat for his fortress?
   But lance and horse are enough for him
O many a tide they used for his boats 5
   Many a far field wasted for his asses
Many a fool driven off in his madness
   Many a drinker of a cup screamed again
They have changed his song to groans
   Many a lion whose lair he has entered
Many a king whose forehead he trod
   Leading them to the sleepless eyelids
Giving news of his affairs in person
   Overcoming his enemies by his jousting
Chaste in what his garments keep safe 10
   Bright as to what he trusts to a turban
A sea, all seas only fish to him
   A sun, the sun wishes she were him
O sword if you claim to help him
   He answers before you finish the s sin
May his competency outlast his enemies
   Who guards himself and faith from them

220

This five part poem was recited by the poet on horseback in the public square at Aleppo on the occasion of the Feast of Sacrifices in 953, 'Id al Adha, which falls in the last month of the lunar year. The poem is thus part of the ascent idea which elevates the poet and his reader above the ordinary level of affairs. The flooding of the Quwaiq has carried the fluency of speech and script to this height. It is like the movement from a to i in the Basmallah. This reverses the direction given in the prayer of Jesus where the letters come down from heaven. 220:1-11 The love prelude begins with a generalization about the fact that men develop special skills due to the need to compensate for the loss of prenatal perfection. The nurse, as suggested by the end of the lunar year, has various tides to encourage various abilities. The praise of Saif in the third person, together with the idea that he is a sea to whom the kings are submissive, hints at the theme of revival after denial. 220:12-32 Satire on the Domesticus points to the auditory violence of Saif's attack on the Rum. The Domesticus is now doing penance in a monastery and has thus sacrificed his power just as the sin bearing animal of the sacrifice gives up its life to absolve the sinner. To suggest the dialogue of speech this auditory part of the poem praises Saif in the second person and elevates him like a lion turned into a hawk. 220:33-43 The last third praises the poet as the writer of the poem. This praise is not the boasting of Abu Tayyib considered as a real person but rather that of the poet al Mutanabbi who along with Saif, the sword that divides the babbling stream, creates the sounds of speech and signs of writing in communication. The standards of prenatal perfection are thus made more flexible.

To every man in his time a skill he uses
   Jousting the foe is Saif al Daula's skill
Refuting rumors against him with deeds
   And being happier than his foes intended
Many hoping to hurt him hurt themselves
   Army leaders make gifts to him unwitting
Many a proud one not knowing any Allah
   Saw his sword in his hand and converted
He is a sea: dive there when it is quiet
   For pearls but beware when the surf is up
I've seen the sea overwhelm a young man
   But this one coming to the man has an aim
Kings of earth remain submissive to him
   They go from him to ruin or meet him prone
The sword and spear revive his wealth
   A smile and generosity kill what revives
Astute, his eye's vanguard suspects it
   His heart knows now what he sees tomorrow
He gets his riders past difficult places
   If the sun's horn had water he'd reach it
Thus a son of Domesticus called his day
   Dying, and the Domesticus called it birth
You traveled to Jaihan from Amid lands 12
   Three nights riding took you near and far
He turned and gave you his son and army
   All, but he did not give it all for praise
You towered between his vision and life
   As he saw Allah's sword in you unsheathed
The lance's blue sought none but him
   When Constantine was the ransom for him
He put on a monk's robe out of fear
   He once put on the linked coat of mail

Canes helped his penance to a monastery
Not content to go on a short haired sorrel
He repented, not till war left his face
Wounded, and dust left his eyelids sick
If he could escape from 'Ali as a monk
Kings would be monks in pairs and singly
Every man in east and west after this
Would have a black hair robe for himself
A feast whose festival you are honors you
A rite for all who pray, sacrifice, rejoice
May feasts stay as robes for you after it
You return them worn to be given new ones
This day among days is as you among men
You are sole among them and it is unique
It is chance if an eye is favored over
Its sister as one day is lord over others
O wonder, a ruler of whom you are sword
Does he not fear edges he has girded on?
He who makes a lion hawk to hunt with
The lion will hunt as he hunts the others
I know you as pure clemency in pure power
If you wished your clemency could be steel
Nothing kills free men like forgiving
But what free man of yours remembers gifts?
When you honor a good man you own him
When you are good to the vile he rebels
Putting bounty in a sword's place on high
Harms like setting sword in bounty's place
But you excel men in wisdom and knowledge 32
As you excel them in nobliity, soul, lineage
What you do is too subtle for thinking
One leaves the hid and takes the apparent
End the jealous envy by crushing them
You are the one who made them envious of me
If your good idea nerves my arm for them
I'll beat with sheathed blade against heads
I am only a Samhari spear that you carry
It adorns upright but strikes fear leveled
Time is only one reciter of my poems
If I speak verse the age comes to sing it
He runs by it who goes with ungirt loins
He sings with it who has never sung a song
Pay me when you have my verses recited for
By my verses the eulogists come in numbers
Disregard every voice but my voice for I
Am the speaker told about and others echo
I left night trips for one of small good
Shod my horse with your gifts of pure gold
I chained myself to your shield with love
He who finds good a chain is chained indeed
When a man asks his times for wealth and
You are absent they make a date with you

221

This poem responds to a discussion as to who deserved the higher place: Arabs or Kurds. Saif asked the poet's opinion in view of what he had said in the opening line of the previous poem. The question is relevant because the Kurds have an Indo-European language even though they use a Semitic script. 221:1 The poet says it is virtue, root fdl, the ability to overflow with vigor, that makes a man surpass the nurse in what she fails to give. 221:2 Saif's spear-pen-tongue that the poet identified with himself in the previous poem produces speech in its fullness. 221:3 The rival poets whom Saif has put down as noted in the previous poem are proof that Abu Tayyib's written words are true.

If you ask about the best of men
The best of most of them is virtue
Such as you are O hero of Wail
The first of the jousters in battle
Censurers of those who blame bounty
Have preferred tribes by your merit

222

As in poem 204 the poet here responds to the appearance of the envoy of Rum king who comes to negotiate a truce. The activity of Saif is once again inhibited in accord with the immobile positions of the second and fourth fifths of the pattern. 222:1-3 The poet doubts that the envoy, whose name was Paul Monomachos, is in any position to bargain with Saif. 222:4-6 He urges Saif not to reply to the king's letter. Since dialogue implies the spoken word Saif remains in command if he does not use it. 222:7-9 The light reflected from Saif's blade is like the sun and moon and allows the reader to grow as the Rum will.

A day's evil has a name before it's seen
But a word is not true until vision tests
The army pushed until it found no way but
To your carpet, as I heard but did not see
I was present to select men but was absent
As to seeing, yet my eyes reported all of it
Today the king of the Rum raises his vision 4
Since your pardon to him is victory for him
And if you answer anything to his letter
There will be no end to the king's boasting
His guards now think of resting for a bit
From swords, but other peoples await them
You exchanged them for other nations 7
So people's heads and necks may multiply
Your bounty's comparison to morning rain
Is double duty to your hand as rain takes it
The sun receives rising light from you
As the moon receives its light from her

223

This five part poem also deals with the envoy sent by the king of Rum. The truce that is hoped for and the exchange of prisoners once more is referred to the inhibition in the second and fourth parts of the pattern. 223:1-4 The messenger is portrayed as a suppliant to Saif who represents the nurse with the infant in her power. The root ktb for the word letter can mean to tie up an udder. Tactile communication habits are thus involved. 223:15-23 In the second fifth of the poem the praise of Saif is related to his role as the sword who articulates the babbling stream. The kings who come to him are tributary streams. 223:24-31 The middle fifth is devoted to the poet's praise of his own spoken word and his scorn for rival poets who are belittled by Saif's refusal to aid them against his favorite. Like the Rum they do not understand where the real power of poetry is rooted. In poem 220 this theme appeared in the last third. 223:32-38 Once more Saif is praised with the ascent theme that places him above the stars. He will outlast the supposed immortality of the constellations. 223:39-43 Arabs recognize in Saif their greatest achievment, that is, the alphabetic script. The final eulogy addresses Saif in the second person for greater visual intimacy.

The letters are hauberks for the Rum king
He defends himself by them as you are busy
Thick chainmail for him and their words
Fulsome praise for you and an attainment
How could this messenger cross his land
When dust you stirred up hasn't settled?
From which pools did he water his horses?
None of the springs are free of bloody mix
He comes to you, almost the head disowns
The neck with muscles cut off due to fear
He takes a soldier's stance in his walk
To you, except when trembling distorts it
His eyes and his vision are split by
Your name and the friend that ceases not
He sees in you his bounty and it is wanted
He sees death in that and death is dreadful
He kisses a sleeve, kisses dust before it
While all those warriors stand to one side
Happiest of lovers, luckiest of clients
Is a hero who attains to kiss your sleeve
A place his lips long for but in front
Breasts of war horses and flexible lances
For nobility gains not what it desires
Of you, yet a client is not rejected by you
Greater ones than him in ambition the foe
Has sent you, and armies have waited for it
He moves forward from his friends as envoy
And returns to his companions to criticize
Rabi'a's descendant perplexes by a sword 15
The Merciful formed and glory polished it
The eye cannot attain to its color
Nor can the fingers test the edge of it
When messengers see you their souls are
Shamed by it and what is brought with them
The Rum beseech one who gives their gifts
But they do not seek this hatred from him
If fear of death and capture drove them
They act now as dead men and prisoners act
They fear you so death is no gain over it
And they come to you so chains add nothing
Thus I see all royalty coming to you
As if you were the sea and kings rivers
When clouds give rain from you and them
Their showers are dew and your dew showers

Noble man when you give what you ride on
   And war rages for you and you are attacker
O give of the bounty to men whom you own 24
   But never give to men what I am speaker of
Every day under my armpit a little poet
   A weakling heartens me, short in stretches
My speaking tongue is quiet to shun him
   My heart silently laughs, jesting with him
I tire of one who talks if you answer not
   I detest one who offends if you aren't him
Pride is not my habit with them, but
   Still I hate the fool and the sophist
My greatest joy is I can trust in you
   My greatest wealth is I can hope in you
Perhaps noble Saif al Daula will permit
   Truth to come alive and vanity to perish
I hit his foes by my verse and his merit
   They were raided and surrendered as beaten
Indeed they think stars are immortal but 32
   If they make war on him their bereaved wail
Nor would the near be his if he wanted
   Or the easiest if he wanted to get them
All things far for men are near for him
   When the herd of horses are veiled in dust
His hand rules earth's east and west
   He who flees in war has ruin facing him
He who flees his good work envious of him
   Meets some of it where his gifts are sent
Hero whose good though perfect he sees as
   Imperfect till it is seen as all enveloping
When the Arabs of the Arabs consider 39
   Then you are their hero and greatest king
They submit to you in their souls, yield
   To your command, as tribes gather round
All of the lance joints support it
   Yet only the point can pierce the knight
I see you, if jousting wins no war for
   You, yielding as good qualities gain it
He who does not learn surrender to you
   Swords will teach him from all mankind

224

This poem was written in response to a poem that Saif sent to him. That poem was written by Muhammad ibn Sa'id whose patron was 'Amr ibn al 'As the conqueror of Egypt for the Umayyad caliph in the 7th century. The patron had noted the poverty of his poet and rewarded him. He then said:

I am thankful all my life if death is easy
   My hands aren't greedy even if they're strong
A youth doesn't keep wealth from a friend
   And shows no complaint at wornout shoe soles
He sees my need in its hidden place
   It's a mote in his eye until it come forth

224:1 Unlike the bad nurse, Saif and 'Amr al 'As are always ready to aid those in need. The Rum king should not think to take him unawares. 224:2 The movement of the kinetic element in speech is in this line. It is also in Ibn Sa'id's poem. 224:3 The Hashimi were descendants of the prophet and unlike the Umayyads were in a more direct line of descent. The written tradition makes this point. The root <u>hshm</u> means to crush and to honor. It looks ahead to the following poem where the capping of these verses is balanced by a descent into the underworld.

Our king savors no sleep, his will
   Is death to the living, life to the dead
His eyes too great to feel any motes
   When poverty sees him with you it flees
Allah reward Saif al Daula of Hashim
   His great bounty is my sword and my state

225

Up to now most of Saif's raids have been directed at the Rum who are situated up north of Aleppo and thus represent the ascent theme as the child learns to stand on two feet. But poem 165 had shown that Saif also had bedouin foes who were attacking his rear and had abducted his cousin Abu Wail the governor of Hims south of Aleppo. The present poem shows him again putting down a rebellion that was situated, in general, down south. It thus represents the need to control the anal sphincter in the second and fourth fifths of the pattern. The pull of gravity and the need to establish breath control and keep one's balance in these positions are important problems to the child. 225:1-7 In the first fifth of the poem the Kilab or dog tribe represent the infant whose teething problems make their opposition to the sword-breath a source of difficulty. 225:8-14 In the second fifth some other tribes are mentioned as part of this low attack. In their haste to escape they are forced to drop the newborn babes and camel young. 225:15-24 In the middle fifth the clemency of Saif is praised since he



gives his word that they are fellow Arabs who speak the same language. He continues to be addressed by the second person pronoun. 225:25-35 Saif is now referred to by another name, that of 'Ali, the high one, to represent the ascent theme. The pronoun here shifts to third person. 225:36-42 In the final fifth Saif is again addressed in the second person and the past history of his family in relation to the bedouin is noted. This history is part of the written record.

If others than you rule wolves will play
   When others strike the sword will be dull
You possess jinn and men's souls wholly
   How should the Kilab obtain their souls?
They do not leave you to rebel but still
   The drinker must loathe the drink of death
You sought them at water holes until
   The cloud feared you were seeking itself
You spent the nights without sleep
   The marked Arab steeds trotted with you
The army shook its flanks around you
   Like the eagle that ruffles its wings
You asked the desert about them until
   Some responded to you and were an answer
Some held to sacred things as they fled   8
   Your hand's bounty and near relationship
And your care for them as descendants
   Of Ma'add who were kindred and friends
You held off the lance point as hill
   Passes choked with their women on camels
They let fall the babes on camel rugs
   Male and female young of camels dropped
'Amr became an emigrant on their right
   And Ka'b was a bone's joint on their left
Abu Bakr became ashamed of her sons
   Quraitza and Dibab blushing for them
When you follow the tracks of a people
   The skulls and the heads are left behind
Women return as if they had reverence   15
   With their necklaces and charms upon them
They were firm in thanks for what you gave
   But where is the reward for what he gives?
Nor was their journey disgrace to you
   Nor their protection by you any censure
Nor in their loss of the Banu Kilab
   Any forsaking when they saw your blaze
How could your valor toward men end
   In subduing them if victory pained you?
You are friendly, O lord, to them
   But pity for culprits is blameworthy
They are your servants where you are
   Not the first people to err and repent
You are their life, angry at them
   Abandonment of life for them is the end
Your gifts are not unknown to bedouin
   But yet many times the effect is hidden
Many a sin has its birth in misguidance   25
   Often distance comes from being too close
And if they fear 'Ali in their crimes
   Those who fear must trust in 'Ali indeed
If Saif al Daula is not of Qais yet
   From him Qais has courage and a cover
Under his banner they beat the foe
   And the fiercest Arabs submit to them
If another than the Amir warred on Kilab
   The mists would turn him from their suns
He meets the foe outside the guard
   Stones, where the ravens meet the wolves
Horses fed on the desert winds
   The mirage had enough water for them
Yet their lord comes at night
   To them, no use waiting or escaping
No night can cover them nor the day
   Nor horses bear them away nor yet camels
You charge upon them with a sea of iron   36
   That leaves behind them waves on the land
Evening comes and their carpets are silk
   And with the dawn their carpets are dust
What he has in his hand is their spear
   As the coloring on his hands is theirs
Sons of those your father killed in Najd
   One yet remained, a short spear saved him
He forgave them, spared their little ones
   On necks of most of them were the amulets

And all of you did what his father did
   All of your actions were just as amazing
So may it be if one seeks the enemy
   Likewise may your joy be in attainment

226

As in poem 192 which describes the building of the fort of Mar'ash, this poem describing the building and battle for the nearby fort of al Hadath in 954 represents the raising of the seated and standing torso in the second and fourth fith of the pattern. The word hadath can mean excrement and also a young man. The fort is referred to with the feminine pronoun and this is due to the fact that the torso is essentially a tube with openings at the top in the mouth and nostrils and at the bottom in urethral and anal sphincters. The openings are also related to the opening of the vagina. The struggle to control the lower openings of the torso against the pull of gravity is important in learning breath control in the second fifth and hand control in the fourth fifth. 226:1-13 The first fifth has Saif defending the fort against the Rum who want to scale its walls and destroy it. He is thus taking revenge for an earlier defeat that occurred here and was described in poem 188. 226:14-21 But the Rum are doomed to failure and the poet indicates this by describing their attack in the second fifth where the descent theme drags them into the underworld of defeat. The hum of their strange babble rises to the Jauza stars. 226:22-32 The resurrection theme appears in the middle fifth as the heroic description of Saif is given in vivid images. One of these shows him standing on the eyelid of dozing death, so that his men say he can see the unseen. That is, he can see what can only be heard in the spoken word. 226:33-38 The fourth fifth returns to the Rum and mocks the Domesticus and his son whose name was, ironically, Nicephorus, bearer of victory. These highly placed Greeks are not high enough to overcome Saif. 226:39-46 In the last fifth Saif is praised as the defender of monotheism against polytheism. That is, the Greco-Roman script still retains traces of European and ancient Middle Eastern idolatry insofar as it represents the vowels of speech with signs of the same sort as the consonants. Only the Islamic script represents the short vowels on a vertical axis while the consonants and long vowels are shown on a horizontal axis. The small size of these vowels implies unseen things in the inner world where values are hidden without the mysteries of the Hebrew script.

According to men's wills firmness comes
   Noble acts come in respect to the generous
Small seems great to little folk's eyes
   Greatness seems small to eyes of the great
Saif al Daula loads an army with his plan
   And these vast forces are exhausted by him
He seeks from men what he is himself, that
   Is something which even lions do not demand
Longest lived birds ransom his weapons
   The young and old eagles of the desert
Born with no claws is no worry to them
   For his swords and their hilts are created
Does red al Hadath understand her color
   She know which of two cupbearers is cloud?
Fine mists flowed on her before his blow
   When he neared her, skulls poured for her
He founded, raised her, spear met spear
   And the waves of death pounded around her
She seemed insane but she endured
   Corpses of the dead were amulets on her
Time's beast took her but you turned her
   To faith with Khatti lances spite of fate
You make the nights lose all they took
   If they take from you they are debtors
When you intend a verb in future tense
   It is past before you put the jazm to it
Can Rum and Russians hope to destroy her 14
   If such strokes were her base and pillars?
They summoned her but the fates judged
   No wronged one died nor any criminal lived
They came to you dragging chainmail as if
   They went at night on horses without feet
If they flashed, their swords were unseen
   For their armor and helmets were the same
A host, its push from lands east and west
   And in the ears of Jauza a humming from it
Each nation and tongue was gathered there
   But only interpreters understood speakers
By Allah, a time when fire melts a coward
   Nothing remained but the sword or the lion
What could not cut armor and spear was cut
   Those who did not strike fled from knights
You stood, ruin undoubted for the firm 22
   Like you were on an eyelid of dozing death
Heroes passed by you wounded, in flight
   Your face was clear and your lips smiled
You exceeded bravery and reason's limit
   So the folk said: You must know the unseen!

You pressed their two wings hard on heart
   As pin feathers died underneath and pinions
A blow at the skulls and victory absent
   He goes to the breast as victory advances
You scorned the Rudaini and dropped them
   So that the sword was abusing the spears
He who seeks glorious victory indeed has
   His keys in the bright, light sword blade
You scattered them over Uhaidab totally
   As dirhams are scattered over the bride
Your horses trample on nests on peaks
   And carrion increases around the nests
Eagle nestlings think you visit them
   With their mothers, they are strong steeds
When they slip you make them go on their
   Bellies like snakes slither on a surface
Is Domesticus advancing every day with   33
   His neck blaming his face for a progress?
Does he deny lion odor till he tastes?
   Even beasts know that smell of the lion
In his son, brother-in-law and his son
   The fearful attack of the Amir pained him
He thanked friends for escape from blades
   As their skulls and wrists kept them busy
He knows the sound of a Mashrafi on them
   Though the sword's ring is foreign speech
Happy, not ignorant, in what he gave you
   Though plundered, he escaped you as spoiler
You are no kinglet routing your equal   39
   But monotheism pursuing their polytheism
'Adnan excels in this, not just Rabi'a
   The world honored by it, not only capitals
Your praise is a pearl, mine is a word
   For you are the giver and I the arranger
Indeed your gift runs with me in battle
   I cannot be criticized nor you be sorry
On every flight thither with his legs
   When the war-cries strike in his ears
O sword which has never been sheathed O
   No doubt in that nor safeguard against it
Rejoice striking skulls, glory and rank
   Your devotees and Islam can make you safe
Why should not Mercy guard your edges?
   His splitting foes' skulls by you goes on

227

As in poems 204, 222, and 223 this poem commemorates a request from the Rum for some kind of a truce which represents the immobility enforced by the second and fourth fifths of the communication pattern. Here the messenger is accompanied by border knights from cities such as Tarsus and Adana where Muslims and Christians lived together. 227:1-9 The opening passage again emphasizes the power of Saif and the submissiveness of the Rum modeled on the passivity of the infant to the nurse. 227:10-21 The middle passage addresses Saif in the second person and emphasizes his nagnanimous attitude toward the border knights. This extends the scope of Saif's power in accord with the auditory communication habits. 227:22-31 Visual communication appears in the last third when Saif's military operations are described as a kind of writing. The army is a letter, the alphabet is warriors consisting of horses, lances, swords, like ya, alif and waw are consonantal vowels. Here again it is the superiority of the Arabic vowel script as a middle way between Rum and Hebrew script that brings the victory.

Does a hero inspire fear thus in all men
   The cloud rain kings' messengers for him?
A world submit to him and be sedentary
   While its days stand by as he desires it?
When Saif al Daula visits the Rum in war
   A sally is enough for them if it is for him
A man, times follow his steps among men
   At every moment the reins are in his hands
Messengers sleep safe and content with him
   But eyes of a messenger's lord do not sleep
Wary of unexpected barebacked horses
   Heading to the jousting having no bridles
They turn and their manes are reins
   Whipped on there, and the lash is a word
Noble horses are no use nor any lances
   If no nobility is seated on the nobleness
How long deny messengers what they want   9
   As if they were blamed insofar as you give?
If you are not given fealty in submission
   Yet an enemy's refuge with bounty is fealty

Indeed souls come to you protected
And the blood that hopes in you is sacred
When a king fears a king you stand by him
They fear your sword and you agree to help
You make a rout for them with light swords
And press about you with flattering letters
The sweets of life confuse their hearts
They choose part of life and that is death
The worst of two swift deaths is a life
That demeans one who chooses and overcomes
If any peace exists without intercession
Yet it is a humiliation for them and shame
A favor to border knights for their sake
To do for them what they could hardly think
Horsemen approach humbly and go forward
If they weren't fearful they'd be cowards
Their horses formerly fed in your court
The horses fed but men swam in your bounty
At your blessed appearance in every war
Prayers were sent by them and greetings
And all men followed their leadership
You were leader of people of noble acts
Many an answer to letters you dispatched 22
Their title for readers was in dust clouds
Deserts too narrow before the unfolding
Nor was the seal broken in the wasteland
The alphabet letters of men were three:
Fine steeds and supple lances and swords
The war you weary O now has its moment
For sheathed blade or loose saddle girth
If the lance life is lengthened by truce
Those who live with you have only a year
You still destroy dark ones that are many
And destroy with them armies that are huge
When roamers turn you turn to their land
And in it are necks for the sword and skulls
They raise brats for you till you attack
Daughters high breasted, boys full grown
Rivals contend with you until they reach
The utmost goal as you run and they stand
For no light is in the sun when you shine
No fullness in the moon when you are full

228

Here as in poem 165 and 225 the poet is describing Saif's attack on the bedouin tribes who were harrassing his rear to the south of Aleppo and thus making his raids on the Rum to the north unsafe. This poem again emphasizes the vertical axis implied in the north-south orientation. Saif is immobilized as he turns south. 228:1-12 The love prelude recalls ideas from Abu Tayyib's stay among the bedouin as a child when he grew up in the region near Kufa. It is an idealized set of memories that suggest the view of heaven in the standing position of the fourth fifth of the pattern. The Sower has sowed gems here. But the bedouin maids are not to be trusted. They deceive the beautiful youth who plays the lute. 228:13-32 The middle part of the poem describes the battle in which Saif destroys the opposition of the tribes. It is appropriate to the shift from immobility in the first third to crawling in the middle. The tribes of Qushair and 'Ajalon are compared to the "r" sound of a word for auditory effect and to show that articulation is the chief goal of the second part of the diwan. 228:33-49 In the last third the poet addresses Saif in the second person and tells again of his willingness to forgive those who submit. But the horses will drink only from pools whose green scum is like myrtle under bloody roses. The problems presented earlier by Tugj and Kaigalag are being resolved in accord with the advice of the Prayer and Opening in their fourth fifths.

I recall what was at 'Uhaidab and Baraq
Jousting by our lances and running winners
Groups of men who sacrificed their prey
With fragments they broke on hair partings
Nights when we slept with Thawiyya below
As if its dust were amber on the cushions
If pebbles of this land's dust are taken
To beauties elsewhere they glow in collars
A pretty girl poured for me the Qutrubbul
A glow of faith over her deceitful promise
Drowsiness in eyes and sunlight in glance
Illness for the body and musk to the nose
A slender youth, wise ones love his soul
Chastely and every lewd one loves his body
Educated, when he touches lute strings
He can make each ear deaf but for them
He tells of 'Ad times and his own times
His curls are on a boy's adolescent cheeks



No beauty of face to distinguish a youth
   When it is not in his acts and character
No city for man except what suits him
   Nor any family nearness without friends
A gift, the call of a beloved and love
   If not, hypocrite words are not hidden
My truth! by whom was 'Uqail led to ruin   13
   To the foe's joy and the Creator's wrath?
They enticed 'Ali with what exhausts men
   And spread out the death of the vast army
They put no hand on anything not sharp
   Nor bear a head to anything not splitting
They'd have gone if they met none to stop
   They'd have fled if they met none to pursue
If he honors Ka'b with robes they rebel
   He tears each robe to shreds with a spear
If he poured showers which they rejected
   He poured other things with other flashes
Want did not hurt from forbidder's hand
   As privation from the hand of the giver
He came with them amid dust and lances
   Their hooves filled hollows of their eyes
Dark, dried sweat on their girths like
   Gems and they were belts on their middles
Would that Abu Haija could see beyond
   Tadmur, the long lances on the broad plain
'Ali's driving those of Ma'add and other
   Tribes who never turned a neck to pursuer
Qushair and Banu 'Ajalon, in small number
   Like r's in a word a speaker mispronounces
Women leave them alone without separation
   They leave the women alone without divorce
He cuts what is between warrior and them
   With thrusts, his heat diverts every lover
He goes to women when blood flies no more
   From horses, except on breasts of the girls
On every desert whose land rejects mankind
   Are women in red garments and on red camels
There are the squadrons of Saif of Rabi'a
   Pebbles cry at them with the cry of cranes
Far the spear points from shaft ends
   Thick under the helmet the collar dust
His bounty forbids, enriches them by booty
   And they desire only a defense of their own
The Arab imagines the assault as easy
   The desert reminds him of the awning shade
You remind them of water at a time when   33
   Samawa of Kalb in all its pride was dusty
They feared kings coming to the desert
   For green scum would grow in water holes
They roused you, guided by desert stars
   And they made tents of the ostrich nests
More patient of its water than lizards
   More used than they to heat on the eyes
Grumbling among camels as you left them
   With tail hair cut and their silent uvula
They take your horses unrested after runs
   But deserts keep them from crossing peaks
They stop no spearheads with their hearts
   From being stuck in earth or Rumi breasts
Do they not see deformity deforming a foe
   And making lions' paws into rabbits' paws?
They saw him with others and many a time
   He showed rebels in war beaten as rebels
His horses are unused to eating barley
   If skulls raise not the feed bag's mouth
They relish no pools except their waters
   Have some blood, like myrtles under roses
Numair's tribe more guided than they
   Drove howdahed women as a wild ass herd
One prepared submissive lances to joust
   The army with them, to turn power's blade
I saw none shoot better unless by trick
   Nor luckier with the foe unless deceiving
Huge catapults overwhelmed by his hand
   Lightly as it wears out a crossbow's bow

The account of the destruction of the bedouin revolt given in the previous poem is here continued.

This is in accord with the fact that in the second and fourth fifths the child has to control two sources of excretion. The urethral control comes first and may appear in the second fifth of the pattern. The reminiscences of Abu Tayyib's boyhood in the Samawa in the first part of the previous poem suggest this kind of control in the wine drinking and lute playing. The anal control in the fourth fifth appears in this poem in the fearful battle dust raised by Saif's army. 229:1-11 In contrast to the previous poem the love prelude emphasizes only the submission of the bedouin and the clemency of Saif who has subdued them. 229:12-58 The kinetic element in the auditory communication habits appears in the middle third where the dusty battles and pursuit of the defeated suggest that the immobility of the fourth fifth of this part of the diwan is coming to an end. The greater emphasis on Saif's clemency, as compared to the previous poem, also implies the ascent theme and the highmindedness which is emphasized in the fourth fifth of the Saifiyat. 229:59-65 The final praise of Saif notes his kinship with the bedouin in that common ancestor Nizar, the small one. This ancestry again depends on the written word.

The long lances you thrust are too short
   Your drops in bounty or battle are oceans
You are clement when a felon does evil
   He thinks it generosity but it is scorn
And firm to townspeople and the bedouin
   With restraints that Nizar is not used to
They sniff the smell of men like beasts
   And reject it and timidity disgraces them
No time are they led by others than you
   They know neither yielding nor submission
Because the lead rope galls their necks
   And then the bridle pulls at their cheeks
Restraint to them gave desire to 'Amr
   Your patience and reserve made them hasty
The messages and complaints changed them
   And the preparations and raids amazed them
Horses for whom bridles are too weak
   Horsemen for whom the camp is too narrow
They are in expectation of their death
   Souls on whose destruction you will advise
You were a sword whose hilt was for them
   And your edge and point against the enemy
Its double edge was lodged at Badiya 12
   And after that Hiya was behind its hilt
Banu Kilab were in Ka'b's territory
   And they were afraid to be in such a place
One met their lord's power by yielding
   And traveled to Banu Ka'b who came along
He busies them with the high meadows
   Lean, they are not skinny nor yet heavy
They climb to Salamiya in a dust cloud
   Only landmarks tell you what is beneath
What dust! eagles struggle with it
   As if the air were the sandy desert dirt
Jousting between pairs of fast horses
   As if death were rushing between them
Urgency presses them to the fighting
   Their only defense there is in flight
They run, their legs try to surpass
   Their heads with distress to their legs
He drives them by each lean high horse
   To his knights on the choicest of steeds
Every hard one quivers along its length
   On its double edge the blood flows free
It leaves everything coiled around it
   And its breast has a hole for its fox
When day drives the light from them
   Double night darkens: dust and evening
If darkness' wing sweeps away from them
   The day and the Mashrafi will flash out
Behind them the flocks weep their wail
   With the grumbling, bleating, bellowing
Covering the desert with dust until
   Nursing dams and pregnant are excited
They pass Jaba and a cloak of dust
   Envelopes both of the armies roundabout
They came to Sahsan without saddles
   And the turbans and the veils fell off
They load up the young fillies behind
   But very little girls are trampled down
Guwaira was drunk dry, so no Guwaira
   And so with Nihya and Buyaida, and Jifar
They sought no refuge except in Tadmur
   Tadmur, like its name, was ruin for them
They intended to change a plan there
   Dawn came for them with plans unchanged

Army everywhere they turn in the land
And it came as they came to it confounded
He took them nobly, no reprisal for him
No blood money to be paid and no excuse
His swords dripped the foe's blood
All blood they dripped free of revenge
They were lions that had no strength
To fly, but even so they had no wings
When they escaped spears the desert
Reached them with spears of thirsting
They saw death before and behind
And they chose and death was necessary
As he goes in Samawa he has no guide
Their dead to his eyes are sign posts
If he won't stop, a remnant can't live
A lesson in the past for those who remain
If their lord does not take care of them
Who will be for them, be jealous for them?
He differs from them in character
But one ancestry unites him and them
And he turned then to Arak and 'Urdi
The people of the Raqqas had a visit
Banu Numair took fright at the Furat
And the roar they roared was a bellow
They were a herd on the Khabur prostrate
Drunk with the drink that was for others
They sent out no flocks at morning
Nor was any fire lit in their night
Wary of the man, discontent with them
But there was no need of caution for them
Their chiefs spent night traveling to him
And found him indulgent to what they asked
He granted life by returning the swords
And their heads were his though all bare
They were ones who swore fealty to him
Of noblest stock and reckoned the finest
Thus he made a quiet dawn in 'Awasim
But no stagnation in the sea of giving
His memory shone through all the land
And the wine was sent round with songs
The tribes fell down prostrate to him
The spears and the blades praised him
As if the rays of sun's eye were in him
And in our eyes there was a defeat by him
He who seeks jousting is 'Ali alone
Horses are Allah's and lances thirsty
Men see him wherever Ka'b saw him
In the land where his attack had no veil
He was amid the wasteland every day
Seeking jousting and not awaiting it
His horses whinny in response to each
It is the horses' nature to be secret
Ka'b and impressions you had on them

Is a hand that only a bracelet bloodies
For them by his strokes pain and loss
For them in his glory there is honor
Theirs a right by sharing Nizar with you
Closer sharing in a root of neighborhood
Their sons and your sons may be soldiers
As the first five-year olds are the foals
Best of those who if thwarted destroy
Most forgiving to those whose end is ruin
Strongest of those whom victory spurs
Most patient of those power makes clement
No blame in the attack of the lord
Nor shame in submission of the servant

230

This farewell poem was written when the poet was departing for a stay at his estate near Ma'ar-rat al Nu'man. It brings to a close the fourth sequence of poems in the second part of the diwan. It has a seven part pattern which sugests Saif's role as a creator of articulate speech. 230:1 Saif is an archer who by piercing the heart releases a flood of bounty which is like the prenatal flood in which the infant lives before the communication pattern begins. 230:2 The travel which contradicts the immobility of the infant in the first of the middle five parts of the pattern is only possible be-causeof Saif's gifts. 230:3 The downpour of gifts taken from the defeated Rum suggests the descent theme in the second fifth. 230:4 The flocks and the troops of horse and their riders suggest the four footed experience of the crawling child. 230:5 The ascent theme turns from gifts that are mat-erial to the power of words in the imagination of the poet. These are higher things. 230:6 Visual



communication appears in the comparison of Saif to the female sun. 230:7 The reflection of this light in the experience of later life is seen in the role of the moon.

O archer who hits the heart aimed at
   You increase wealth by feathered arrows
I travel to his estate in his garments
   His horse from his palace with his sword
He gives showers of swords and spears
   Rumi slaves are in his cloud's downpour
A man giving fields of flocks and towns   4
   And his horsemen and fine things in them
He makes his gifts from what I fancy
   As payment when I see some of his words
May the sun in his heaven not cease   6
   With the rising sun now under his veil
May moons not cease to grow in his face
   Amazed at their waning and his fullness

231

The last of the five sequences in the second part of the diwan begins with an elegy for Saif's younger sister who died in 955. Poem 238 is the elegy for the elder sister who died in 963. These two elegies represent the child's use of the two ears to select the sounds of speech and their written signs from the external world as the babbling and scribbling streams are dismembered. The two eyes are also involved insofar as they bind the poems to the poet's public who must choose his work over that of rival poets. This selection involves a kind of death of the babbling stream and corresponds to the child's use of the two feet to substitute for the four feet which were used in the middle fifth. 231:1-23 The first fifth of the poem describes the patience of Saif as he suffers the loss of the sister whose name was Fatima, the one who weans a child. 231:24-25 The second fifth has the first direct reference to the sister. The descent theme is implied in the fact that she cannot avoid choosing death as a husband. He has taken her to the underworld. 231:26-31 The middle fifth has the poet speak in his own voice. Some of the reflections on life and death may well have been heard on the lips of al Farabi who taught at Saif's court during the poet's first two years there. 231:32-33 The fourth fifth again returns to the sister. She is said to open a pair of hands in giving and thus suggests the ascent of the virgin hand that writes. 231:34-42 The last fifth returns to Saif and addresses him in the second person to compare his sword to the sun for its visual power. Immortality is the reward. The lam rhyme of this poem is used more than any other for Saif.

If patience in one of great grief is good
   You are most virtuous, strong and glorious
O you are superior to a lover's weakness
   Are above one who encourages you by reason
By your words he is guided to console you
   Speaking what you spoke to him beforehand
You bore things both bitter and sweet
   And trod paths of days rough and smooth
You strove with time in wisdom, there
   Were no strange words and no new actions
I find grief in you patient and rational
   I see it in others as fear and ignorance
You had a friend who brought it on but
   If the root is fine it is a friendly root
Loyalty is a thing you have grown up in
   Your family is still familiar with truth
The good of tears as relief is in a tear
   That patience sends forth and lets it flow
Where is one who pitied you in war time
   When steel was thought hateful and rang?
Where is one you left behind at dawn when
   You met the Rum as swords split the skulls?
The fates alloted two to you unfairly
   But they made your share just in the end
When you measure what they took with what
   They left, it cools the heart and consoles
It is certain your happiness is richer
   It is clear that your fortune is higher
By my life! you have kept the fates busy
   With the foe so why should they seek work?
How many you saved from fate with swords
   As prisoners, and from poverty with gifts?
It counts the help against itself when
   It attacks secretly thinking to revenge
Its thoughts deceive as you afflict it
   You remain in peace not put to the test
The enemy may attack you as they wish
   They will not harm your person's shadow
You were charged with the joy of some
   Of the souls of the foe, you got them all
The lances struck your lance and
   Then your lance left spearmen unarmed



If you gave any an advantage by surprise
   Jousting, you gave it to riders eye to eye
You reveal a cry of grief in blows
   As long as it shows anguish and glory
Death's wooing leaves her no refusal 24
   Even if she is called the one bereaved
When she did not find men good enough
   The harem daughter chose death as husband
Pleasure of life is precious to the soul 26
   And more tempting and sweeter than disgust
If an old man says: Alas! it's not life
   Bores him, but rather weakness wearies him
Life's instrument is health and youth
   When they turn from a man, he turns away
The world is ever taking gifts it gave
   O would that its bounty were more stingy
Ending happiness that inherits its grief
   And friends that betray love of friends
For it's in love with betrayal, not with
   Keeping contracts or completing embraces
All tears flow from this and for this 32
   And opening a pair of hands empty of this
It is feminine nature in her, I know not
   Whether man should name her woman or not
O king of men who allots life and death 34
   Among them, and the glory and humiliation
Allah girds you with rule, you its sword
   A blade which is the place of generosity
By it clients grow rich with lavish gifts
   By it the enemy are ruined by destruction
And when it shakes for bounty it's a sea
   And when it shakes for battle it's an edge
And when the earth is dark it is sun
   And when the earth is barren it is rain
He is a battalion striker as jousting
   Grows, and thrusts increase and increase
O you victor of mind which cannot attain
   Description, you tire my ideas so go slow
He who makes comparison to you weakens
   He who travels your road will go astray
When a client wants immortality for you
   He says: Live, or till one sees your like

232

This poem tells of Saif's coming to the defense of the border fort of al Hadath when the Rum were besieging it. The rebuilding of this fort was described in poem 226 and great emphasis was placed on its stability and immovability in that poem. In the same part of the Saifiyat poem 192 gave the description of the building of the fort of Mar'ash. Now the situation has changed in accord with the shift from the fourth to the last fifth of the pattern. In poem 226 the fort was a four footed animal driven by her captors against her will. In this poem she walks on two feet on her own power. 232:1-8 The height of the fort is suggestive of the height of the nurse as compared to the infant but Saif's defense of it against overwhelming force is a match for that. 232:9-36 The middle of the poem deals with the struggle between Saif and the son of Leon, that is, Bardas Phocas whose Arabic transliteration suggests cold egg breaker. But Saif is a crescent moon who rises among the dead Rum like a bird from its shell. 232:37-45 In the final passage the fort is described as feminine to suggest her role as the Muse, the womb of Allah, who appears at the end of the pattern to give birth to the brain child of the writer and reader. The lion warriors have successfully defended their bride. She is the ear that hears and the hand that writes since it is no longer needed to walk on. This is resurrection at the last day. But the beastly behavior of men in war shows the poet tiring of Saif's endless warfare. The root hd<u>th</u>, as in hadith an orally related story about the prophet, implies a tale that is told.

This is eminence so let him rise who may
   Thus and so, or otherwise he cannot be so
Nobility strikes stars with its horns
   And strength makes the mountains shake
Our foes' state is tremendous but Saif
   Al Daula, swords' seed, has greater state
When they hurry with warnings on a road
   His horses are faster than they in haste
They come to them as spoilers of earth
   That bears nothing but steel and heroes
His is their color, for dust weaves
   The veils and saddle cloths upon them
Their breasts and the spears have sworn
   To plunge into terrors that are before him
To go where lance can find no target
   And where the stallion can never roam



I do not blame Leon's son, king of Rum   9
  Even if what he desires is the impossible
Does building between his ears shake him
  If the builder sought the sky and got it?
When he aimed to ruin it, the huge fort
  Covered his forehead and the back of it
He gathered Rum, Slavs and Bulgars
  Against it, and then you gathered death
You met them with the brown lances
  As the thirsty one comes to the pool
They aimed to ruin its wall but built it
  They came to shorten but made it longer
They wanted to drag up war engines till
  They left them there as it stormed on them
Many an affair befalls you unpraised
  As action, but one praises the result
Many a bow snapped as you were shot at
  Reversing the shots with arrows from you
They took roads to cut off messengers
  Then their interception was the message
They were a sea possessed of waves
  But it became for your sea the mirage
They ran not to shun fighting you but
  The battle that sufficed you was fought
And that which cut necks with blows
  From your hand has cut off their hope
Resoluteness which was strong of old
  Teaches the resolute in the present fear
They descend to the dead and know them
  Lamenting maternal and paternal uncles
A wind bears among them the skull hair
  And scatters the limbs upon their heads
They are warned by bodies lest they stay
  And they see in all the bones the lesson
They see the thrusts reaching the heart
  Before they see the lances on horseback
When the horsemen begin your thrusting
  They see the arms extending the spears
Fear spreads from right hand to right
  And lengthens as from left hand to left
Terror shakes their hands so they know
  Not whether they carry swords or manacles
Their faces are frightened by your face
  They leave the delicacy and beauty to it
Flashing eyes speak of the thought of
  The end, and of the will to retreat now
When a coward is left alone in a land
  He seeks jousting and attack by himself
They swear not to see you but in heart
  So long as the eyes can deceive the men
What eye can turn to you and meet you?
  Many a glance looks at you and turns back
Cursed ones doubt not your taking armies
  But why do they send an army as the gift?
What ails one who sets a trap on earth
  In hopes he can catch the crescent moon?
Before what is a pass and Uhdab above   37
  And the river are the experienced fighters
He forced destiny and kings for her sake
  He set her as beauty spot on time's cheek
She walked with proud steps as a bride
  And was praised as coquette with the times
He defended her by each driving spearhead
  From a tyranny of the times and from fear
Edges to separate forbidden and lawful
  And they destroy the blood on the legal
On the battalions of courageous lions
  That have devoured the souls and flocks
Indeed the souls of men are beastly
  They eat each other openly and secretly
He who can seize anything by conquest
  And by force does not take it by begging
Each youth in time of need has an idea
  That he must be the fiercest of the lions

These lines were composed in response to Saif's recitation of two verses from the pre-Islamic poet al Nabiga. They introduce the following poem which takes the reader back to Saif's youth before he knew al Mutanabbi. The capping of these lines is therefore intended to show the layered structure of the

communication apparatus. In this last fifth of the Saifiyat we are on the topmost layer looking back down to where we came from. The lines from al Nabiga are as follows:

No fault in them except their swords
Are now dull from striking battalions
Chosen from times of Halima's battle
For a day when all that can be is tested

231:1-2 The generosity of the patron is like that of the Muse who substitutes for the bad nurse. 233:3 The auditory expression of the words shows Saif's good taste. Ziyad, increase, was another name for al Nabiga. His name means to gush forth, to be a good poet. 233:4 The written word is like dead bones until resurrected by the reader who makes them envied by living poets. This is the role of the resurrected fort of al Hadath whose root means excrement. Halima in al Nabiga's verses was a perfume seller. She gives her name to a battle that poets immortalized. Visual communication is thus dependent on the spirit of smell.

I know you honor the poets with gifts
Both those born lately and those of old
You give those who remain huge wealth
And give those who have gone huge honor
I heard you reciting verses of Ziyad
With a recitation as noble as his poem
I do not deny his rank but I deny
For that reason his long dead bones

234

This poem praises Saif for his role as Amir in the battle of Rais al 'Ain in the year 933 when he attacked 'Amr ibn Habas and the Banu Asad and the Banu Dabba on behalf of the caliph. It was the year when Abu Tayyib was imprisoned. Thus this poem represents a backward look to the time when the poet realized the meaning of the lost prenatal perfection and its development into the babbling stream and the consequent break-up of the stream into the sounds of speech by means of Saif al Daula's sword. 234:1-10 The love prelude mentions 'Urwa ibn Hizam, the first of the lovers to weep at the deserted campsite. His name means the naked one, son of a choked one. His beloved's name was 'Afra, the dark or dusty one. Here again the Sower's field has brought its harvest. 234:11-12 The short journey passage hints at the descent theme with its mention of the camel's back that refuses bounty to the reader's backside. 234:13-18 The middle fifth praises the patron who is not named except to say he comes close to being divine. He thus suggests the word of Allah who is the logos or Son of Christian theology. 234:19-28 The fourth fifth identifies Saif by mentioning the names of 'Amr ibn Habas and his supporters the Banu Dabba. The root for Habas can also mean prison. But the man who was to be named Saif frees one from this captivity. 234:29-33 Visual communication is suggested in the garments of praise which dress the patron with reverence for all to see.

Memories of love and grazing gazelles
Attract my death before my death's time
Camp traces, longings within me increase
In this place just as the blame increases
It is as if every cloud that hovers
Weeps with the eyes of 'Urwa ibn Hizam
Long I sucked drops from its breast
Here, and it ruined my speech with blame
You laughed at departure shamelessly
And dragged youth's skirts and ill nature
Those are not howdahs on camels, they
Are life itself departing with farewell
May he who creates distance make pebbles
In their hoof pads, my knuckles and bones
Both staring we pour water from our eyes
Being careful of the guards on the hills
Our souls flow and we live after them
After they have dripped over these feet
If like our patience the day they flowed
At parting they'd have been no cloudburst
They have left me no master except grief 11
And trot of fast camel like a male ostrich
Denial of bounty in her back makes it
Forbid as love object except going to you
You the rare one in this time, a family 13
Whose noble acts were born without limit
You often gave huge gifts and did not
Stop excelling with virtues and graces
You belittle each great thing and enlarge
With: As if...and you are in youth's years
You swagger in garments of praise for
Poverty of praise is the extreme poverty
Bad for you to be seen with sword in war
The scimitar does not create with scimitar
If one like you has been, he is dead or
Divinity, in that case I am free of Islam
A king, his days are proud of his rank 19
So that they boast about him to other days
You think he loots mankind of their minds
Due to his thoughts they are without reason

If you test it his will is revealed as
   One uniting the twisting and untwisting
When you ask his fingers about his gifts
   He is displeased at the world's true idea
Go slowly, O by Allah what has the lance
   Done to 'Amr Haba and Dabba the miserable?
When a spear passed judgment against them
   It was unjust, they were unjust to justice
You left them outside their tents as if
   Their heads were angry with their bodies
The stony men were on a land of blood
   With helmets as stars in a heaven of dust
The armor of every Abu So-and-so by name
   Altered, and its master became Abu Orphan
I think of the Amir's battle, his riders
   In dust they are pursuers of the pursued
Allah's blessing on you without farewell 29
   May he water your father's land with clouds
Dress you in clothes of reverence from him
   Show you your brother's way as great chief
For he strikes the enemy lands by himself
   With an army's vanguard like a pounding sea
A people in whom death rides horseback
   Sees in you the patience of virtue in war
By Allah! men would not know but for you
   What bounty is or the striking off of heads

235

This poem describes Saif's withdrawal from the lands of the Rum in the year 956. Historically it was not the end of his campaigns against them but it was the last battle that Abu Tayyib wrote of before his departure to Egypt. It is therefore part of the conclusion of the pattern for the second part of the diwan and emphasizes the wisdom that comes with the visual communication habits. Saif has learned the lesson offered in poem 194. In opposing the Rum consonantal vowel script it is not necessary to be unbalanced as they are. Nor so extreme as the Hebrew vowel script is. The sense of reality relies on symmetry, not gamesmanship. 235:1-9 While Saif is being forced out of his conquered territories his passivity is disguised with compliments for what he has achieved. It is the part of wisdom and reason not to persist against odds. 235:10-26 The middle part of the poem has the kinetic element of the spoken word in the movement of the horses and the fording of the Arsanas river. The fluency of speech appears in the water that changes from silver to bloody red and in the boats made from Christian crosses bearing women. 235:27-49 The last part of the poem describes the retreat more directly. Saif's skill is now shown to good advantage and his lances engross or write large on the heart of the revenger what he intends to do. It is his geneology that the Arabs boast of. 'Adnan the namesake of Eden aids him.

Wisdom comes before bravery of the brave
   It is first and that has the second place
When they are united in a manly soul
   They attain every place on the heights
Sometimes a man jousts with his equal
   By wit, before foes thrust at each other
Except for intellect the meanest lion
   Would be nearer to nobility than man is
Souls would not compete for excellence or
   Hands of warriors' manage the manly lances
But for one named for his swords and
   Edges when drawn they might be as sheathes
He plunged into death with them, it was
   Unknown if from scorn or in forgetfulness
He strove but folk of the time and folk
   Of all time came short of his goal on high
They took seats in palaces, but with him
   The saddle was the seat for the young men
They fancied battle a game but jousting 10
   In war is other than jousting in a field
He led horses to joust only as if
   He led them by habit to their paddocks
Each winner's foal alters by its beauty
   The heart of its master away from sorrow
Alone they are bound by battle habits
   Calling to them makes a halter unneeded
In a huge army whose dust veils eyes
   It is as if they looked with their ears
A conqueror hits distant lands by them
   Every remote region is drawn close to him
As if their back legs were in Manbij dust
   As they drive their front legs at Hisn Ran
Until they cross the Arsanas swimming
   Scattering the turbans of the horsemen
Galloping against knives of the cold
   Dividing itself and meeting itself there

The Amir came in and bubbles were silver
He turned the bridle and it was red gold
He twists ropes of women's braids above
And builds the boats for it of the crosses
He fills it with runners without legs
Barren of belly and blackened in color
They bring what horsemen took captive
As if crouching deer, women underneath
A river used to protect its people
From its fate and blows and misfortunes
So you left it and when it guarded men
It feared you, excepted the Banu Hamdan
Destroying with the bright swords
Armored treaties for possessors of crowns
Seeming poor in spite of their realms'
Wealth, humble in spite of their high rank
They nap at noon in a fine horse's shade
Death to an ostrich and a lasso to a wolf
The sword submits to your sword by force 27
And your religion conquers other religions
On mountain passes it's shame to retreat
When progress was forbidden as impossible
Roads were narrow with passage of lances
Unbelievers gathered against the faithful
They look at the steel staff as if they
Are coming up between shoulders of eagles
At horsemen whose souls death inspired
As if they were no more among the animals
You persist to hit them reaching peaks
Harshly as if the swords were double there
Especially skulls and faces as if
Their bodies came to you in safety
So they threw away what they shot with
And turned treading on every twanging bow
Rain from clouds covered them in waves
Straight shafts, Indian steel and points
Forbidden their hopes, attained by them
The hope of him who returned disappointed
When lances engross a revenger's breast
His heart is busy apart from his brothers
Alas the swords hinder the return, many
Are the corpses and few are the captives
A trained one commands fate for them
They submit to him obeying the Merciful
Their hair made black the mountain trees
It was as if the ravens were flying there
Crimson blood bloomed on the leaves
It seemed oranges were on the branches
Swords are with those whose hearts are
Hearts of steeds when they meet the ranks
You find a sword for all its daring edge
Is like a coward in the hands of a coward
The Arabs raised in you a pillar that is
For heads of kings a torch to light fires
Their boastful geneology traced to you
The lineage of their ancestors to 'Adnan
O he destroys whom he wishes by his sword
I am one of the corpses made by your good
When I see you my vision is perplexed
If I praise you my tongue is dazed by you

A continuation of the previous poem which uses some material from the description of Saif's retreat but which centers on the oath made to the Emperor by his general, the Patricius John Tzimiches, that he would meet Saif at the pass which divided the Rum and Arab territory. He failed to do this and Abu Tayyib uses this broken vow to the Rum overlord to mock the Patricius. The truth of words and vows depends on their being kept and hence the poem contributes to the visual communication habits in the last fifth of this part of the diwan. The Arabs know the importance of vision in keeping their words true to the facts that they represent. It is again a matter of timing and symmetry. Neither speech nor script are arbitrary or altogether independent of what they represent. 236:1-4 When Ibn Shumushqiq breaks his word to his lord he is like the bad nurse who breaks her vow to minister to an infant in the manner to which it was accustomed in the womb. 236:5-47 The description of battle and the retreat again suggest the kinetic element in the spoken word. Saif's creativity appears in his improvisation of boats to cross the Arsanas, and in his victorious sword-tongue which destroys his opposition. The boats are a series of letters in his words that listeners hear. 236:48-55 The praise of Saif is now put in relationship to his poet who honors him with second person address. His spear is writing his praise and makes him the guardian of Kufa and Mecca where script and religion originated. These pleace are worth defending even in retreat.



End of an oath in battle's end is ruth
Can such a vow now increase your courage?
Won't such an oath since you promised it
Show you, as to reliability, to be rotten?
Ibn Shumushqiq vowed to a man and broke
With him by a handclasp forgetting his word
A doer is one who wants to avoid an oath
He is swiftest in the acting and generous
All swords when striking continues long 5
Weaken, except Saif al Daula the impetuous
If a horse wearies so it cannot carry him
His spirit will carry him on to his enemy
Where are patricians and vows they swore
By hair of the king and a lie they lived?
He made lies of their words by his swords
They are tongues and chiefs are the mouths
Being informers to their skulls of him
What they don't know and what they do know
He brings horses shoeless that were led
From places like Wabar and its folk Iram
Like Tell Bitriq whose folk were tricked
Because your home was Qinnisrin and Ajam
They thought you a torch in Aleppo and if
You went forth without it darkness returned
They fancy a sun but they are ignorant
And they shun death but they are imagining
Scarcely Saruj finished opening its eye
When your army pressed between its eyelid
Dust seized upon Harran and its valley
The sun grew pale now and veiled itself
Clouds came to Hisn al Ran continually
No stinginess in them unless of revenge
An army, you are in a land as conqueror
But earth has no front nor has the army
If her landmarks disappear, flags appear
When flags go from it, landmarks reappear
Horses find the hot star heats their
Halters and brands the bridge of the nose
Till they come to drink Simnin's pools
As bits in their mouth sizzle in water
So they burst on Hinzit town with fury
Grazing the edges on fertile hair growth
They leave no mole that has any sight
Under the dust, nor a hawk that has feet
Nor any lion with a man for armor nor
Any wild cow with handmaidens like her
The caves of earth, valleys and hills
Cast them on the edges of the scimitars
They cross the Arsanas that was a wall
How defend those who guard not themselves?
Nor does the stream's current bar you
Nor high peaks turn you back from them
You beat it with horse breasts bearing
Men, if they meet you head-on they yield
Waves dash against the chests of their
Horses like a herd rushes on in a fury
You crossed it ahead of one to the land
Its dwellers bones and its homes in flames
In their hands fires that were adored
Before the Magi, kept burning for this day
Indian steel, if you reduce a band, small
In their edge, and if you enlarge it great
You share Tell Bitriq with them, theirs
Its men, and yours the children and women
The boats cross with waves' foam on them
On their upper lips slaver from its spray
Black, horsemen riding in their bellies
Toilsome, but pain is with people not them
They are horses by which you trick foes
Not having their nature or any character
Product of your thought in a hasty time
Like a word's letters hearer's wit grasps
They long for morning at Darb in uproar
To see you, but see you not when blinded
You rout them with an army, you its blaze
And its spears are the forelock on its face
Firmest thing for them was their bodies
Falling about you, but the souls fled away
The A'waji horses fill roads behind them
And the Mashrafi swords fill day above them

When blows agree on a forward motion
   The heads will come to clash in the air
Ibn Shumushqiq broke his oath and did not
   Return, but stayed afar while it was mocked
The distant one had no hope for his heart
   What was near robbed or plundered the soul
Long armor repels knights' spears from him
   A rain of lances on the folds is continuous
Spears wrote on it but did not pierce
   It seems every point on it was the pen
May shower not water trees that hide him
   If he slips, vultures will veil his shape
He plays with lords without honor you have
   Wine drinking and lute playing and singing
Having girded sword over thanks of Allah 48
   No favor can exceed in sharpness these two
The Rum blood is cast on you in submission
   If you call without a blow, blood will reply
Battle surpasses every misfortune for them
   Neither death nor old age can overwhelm them
It banishes the sleep of 'Ali from his eyes
   Soul reveals souls in other ways than dreams
Enduring king, guided one, witness to his
   Honor and guidance for Arabs and non-Arabs
Dust cloud's son in Najd for its knights
   By his sword Kufa and Mecca were made his
Seek not generosity after his appearance
   A noble act in their gift is a sealed hand
Meddle not with poems after this his poet
   Speech is corrupt when the deaf make praise

237

These verses are directed to Saif as part of the poet's farewell to him. They parallel the two previous poems which are the poet's view of Saif's farewell to his campaigns against the Rum. They might be used in either poem as the second and fourth fifths of a five part pattern. 237:1 The gift of articulate speech which Saif's sword represents brought with it the evil of jealous poets and the loss of the babbling stream. But since they did not understand the meaning of Saif's name and work their failure has only served to enhance Abu Tayyib's reputation. This was already true of Badr's gift of fluency which is the basis for speech as a vehicle of information. 237:2 The ascent theme is suggested by omitting the mention of parting though it is echoed by the word pain.

I leave you and if there is anything with you
   Of evil before parting, afterwards it is a gift
When I remember what was between me and you
   I comfort my heart for the pain that I found

238

The death of Saif's elder sister in 963 came after Abu Tayyib left Egypt but before he went to Persia. Like poem 231 where he laments the younger's death in 955 it represents the poet's access to the external world through the ears and, to a lesser extent, the eyes when he selects the sounds and signs needed for spoken and written communication. The eyes will produce the poet's readers in future generations of nameless readers. Like poem 234 it represents a backward glance at what has happened in the first two parts of the diwan and to Saif's role as defender of Kufa and Mecca. 238:1-10 The first fifth of the poem praises the sister whose name was Khawla, a word derived from the root meaning to imagine, to forbode rain. She is respectfully referred to by the model triliteral verb which shapes almost all the words made for, derived from the external world of speakers and readers. Arabic insists on such patterning. Khawla thus suggests the infant's ability to provide itself with substitutes for the bad nurse. 238:11-12 The second fifth refers to the lady's brother Saif who is said to suspect that the poet is untouched by the loss. This allusion to the break between them is part of the descent theme. 238:13-28 The middle fifth returns to the dead lady. As in the elegy for her sister the poet identifies with her by saying that she was not feminine in mind. 238:29-38 The fourth fifth returns to Saif and urges him to be patient and respect his high calling. He does not hunt falcons with buzzards as others do. 238:39-44 The last fifth turns to the poet's own reflections on life and death. These insights are appropriate to a mature vision. It knows that the external world is meaningless without the shaping impress of inner patterns.

Best brother's sister, best father's daughter
   Your name in them is of a most noble lineage
Your rank too glorious to name in an elegy
   He who describes you names you among Arabs
Deep griefs cannot hold his tongue or
   Tears but they are in the grip of feelings
You betray O death as many as you ruin in
   One you hit, as many weepers as you quieted
As many of her brothers you conducted in
   War, how many you asked not stingy or balky!
He crossed Jazira until news came to me
   I was frightened at it hoping it was false

Until his trust left me no hope and I
   Choked with tears as he nearly choked me
Their tongues stumbled with it in mouths
   Couriers on the road and pens in letters
As if Fa'la's parades had not been full
   At Dyar Bakr no honor given or gifts sent
She gave back no life after transferal
   Nor asked for help with alas! or mercy!
I knew Iraq's long nights since the death 11
   But how are nights for the hero at Aleppo?
He suspects my heart untouched by flames
   And the tears of my eyes are not flowing
No! by the chastity that was well kept 13
   By holiness of glory, purpose and culture
She went with none to inherit her nature
   Even if her hand left inheritance of wealth
Her care was for height and glory in youth
   But her friends' care was in play and games
They knew as she greeted her smile's beauty
   But for Allah none knew her teeth's coolness
Her hair was happiness to grains of musk
   But grief to hearts of the helmet and strap
If one looks beyond at heads with those
   He sees the veil on top of it at the peak
If she was created female yet she was
   Made noble, not feminine in mind or wit
If she was of Taglib with many ancestors
   Yet in wine is truth not found in grapes
Would the suns that appear were absent
   And the absent sun had not disappeared
Would the eye day brings back with it
   Was ransom for that gone not to return
None who wear ruby necklaces are as her
   And none who gird on the Indian scimitar
I can't think of beauty in her goodness
   Unweeping, there is no love without cause
Before her face was every kind of veil
   You were not content O earth without veil
You did not see the eye of man reach her
   But did you envy the stars' eyes for her?
Did you hear my greeting come to her?
   I was afar and did not greet her nearby
How should news reach our dead one buried
   If it fell short of our living absent one?
O best courage, visit her best of hearts 29
   Say to its owner: O most useful of clouds
And most noble of men not second to any
   In generosity except your noble fathers
Their times shared with you two souls
   Their pearls lived, one ransomed, one gone
One gone returned to seek one left behind
   For we forget, but the days are searching
Only the shortest time was between them
   The time between an approach and watering
Your Lord reward you by pardon for grief
   For grief of all who grieve is like anger
You are people whose souls are generous
   In what they give and give not as plunder
You settled among all mankind's kings
   In place of brown lance among other shafts
May nights not reach you for their hands
   If they strike, break hard wood with soft
May they not aid the enemy you conquered
   For they hunt the falcon with the buzzard
If they rejoice in love they also afflict 39
   It's wonderful that they bring both states!
Often a man reckons he attains his goal
   As it surprises with a thing not reckoned
And no one obtains from them his needs
   Nor is one goal attained without another
Men disagree until no agreement is theirs
   Except in ruin and there is discord in ruin
One says man's soul is saved altogether
   One says it shares with man's body in loss
He who thinks of the world and its heart
   Thought suspends between languor and toil

This poem also was written after Abu Tayyib left Egypt and before he went to Persia. It is a re-

sponse to Saif who had sent his son with gifts for the poet. But there is to be no return to Aleppo where Saif's recreation of the Semitic alphabet put the voweled script of the Rum into perspective with relation to the pointed Arabic script. 239:1-8 The love prelude deals with the theme of separation in terms of the messenger, Saif's son, whom illness afflicts quite as much as it does the lover. Saif is referred to as the female beloved. 239:9-17 The journey theme is placed in the second fifth to suggest the seated position here. On the poet's journeys he has always thought of his absence from his beloved Saif and his gifts. 239:18-30 The middle fifth praises Saif for his bounty which comes in floods to suggest the fluency of the spoken word. It is a downpour and a torrent. 239:31-38 The fourth fifth takes the long views of the upright, standing posture where one can see the development of the various scripts by means of which speech is made visible. But Saif is the front line of defense and the ancient scripts of the lands of Egypt and Iraq are quite as much his foes as the Rum. 239:39-43 The last fifth alludes to Kafur, the black whose name means white camphor, and who thus is a hint of the ink on the paper of the visual communication habits. But even the wealth of the Nile is not enough for the poet. His wealth is a golden tongue: Arabic. For millenia the bedouin whom Saif commands have gathered wisdom at the Middle East crossroads while Europeans, Asians and Africans have come and gone. They have not retreated into isolation as their brothers the Israelites did. Nor have they yielded to the temptations of Ham and Japhet. They have kept the balance between inner and outer worlds.

What is wrong O messenger if all are ill
   Am I in love or is your heart apprehensive?
Each time the one I sent to her returns
   He envies me and is false in what he says
Her eyes corrupted the faith between us
   And the minds are betrayed by their hearts
You suffer what I suffered of love's pain
   For her and love shows where emaciation is
If love stirs in a lover's heart
   Then that is the hint to every eye
Our provision is in your face's beauty
   But beauty of face is a changing thing
Embrace us, we embrace you in this world
   For the permanent things are but few in it
One knows from looking that dwellers
   Yearn like the loaded camels are longing
If you see me grow dark after white 9
   It is praise for the flexible lance
A maid has been with me in a wasteland
   Change is the custom of colors with her
A bride's tent veils you from her but
   For you a crimson kiss comes from her
Like her you change my color and make me
   Ill and beauty increases your brilliance
We knew yet we asked about Najd:
   Is our road long or is it far away?
Many were the longing questions
   And many were the consoling replies
We stayed not in one place however good
   Nor was any motion possible for a place
If a meadow spread wide for us we said:
   We go to Aleppo and you are the highway
In you pasture for our horses, camels
   And toward that our trotting and gallop
Many there are who are called Amir 18
   But the Amir who is there is a pledge
He whom I parted from east and west
   But his gifts were before me without end
With me wherever I go it seems
   All of his ways are guarantee for mine
When censure of bounty comes to listen
   Censor and censured are ransom for him
Favor gives life to many clients by his
   Hand, when others are struck dead by it
The winning horses and the long lances
   Long coats of mail and polished swords
Every time it dawned in the foe's camp
   He said: It is a downpour and a torrent
They take by surprise tearing off woven
   Chainmail like the feathers are plucked
His riders chase riders as hunted beasts
   And the small band takes prisoner an army
And when war appears fear asserts
   By his eyes that he is the terrible one
When he is well the times are healthy
   And when he is sick the times are ailing
When his face is absent from the place
   There is through his fame a fine display
None beside you O 'Ali as the hero
   Whose sword unsheathes before his honor
How could Iraq and Egypt not be safe 31
   If your raids and riders are before them?

If you turn away from the enemy's path
   Lote tree and palm will tie up the horses
Pride that rejects him knows it well
   The meanness and lowness is in themselves
You all your life long battled the Rum
   When is the promise of a return fulfilled?
Aside from Rum behind your back are Rum
   And to which of the two sides do you turn?
All their men sit on your run's sidelines
   Their swords and spears stand beside them
None with him pass around death
   As they pass around cool wine for him
I no longer enjoy your generosity 39
   And my times, as I see you, are miserly
Distance from you embitters, bounty is
   Near, the pasture rich, my body emaciated
If I found no house in my world
   And gifts came to me, you would be giver
One of my slaves if you live is a thousand
   Kafurs, your bounty all Nile and upper Egypt
If mishap avoids you I do not worry
   About any whom discord and danger doom

240

This poem responds to another letter from Saif, two years after the invitation that produced the previous poem. Once again the poet refused to return to Aleppo and Saif's death came shortly after. 240:1-7 The love prelude refers to the quarrel between the poet and Saif's courtiers who as rival poets are like the slanderers who plague the bond between the infant and the nurse-beloved. But the lovers remain true to each other. 240:8-11 The journey theme is once more a hint of the descent. Saif is compared to a fine Arab steed and Kafur to an ox. But the poet maintains his seated position which was a precondition of his service to Saif. 240:12-28 The middle fifth praises Saif now directly and urges the border folk not to listen to rumors of Saif's illness. The Domesticus does not realize what Saif is saying. He represents Allah's voice which is speaking eternally. 240:29-38 The fourth fifth compares Saif to the crucified one whom the Christians worship. The poet converses with himself in an exalted mood that suggests the ascent theme. In the Gospel passion narrative it is in this fourth fifth that the Messiah is elevated on the cross. 240:39-44 Saif has his final praise in that he stands with Allah in the poet's vision as both Muslims and polytheists are stricken with fear. He serves the Unity which alone is possible through balanced vision. Now the poet must look ahead to his experience in Egypt, the home of the ancient hieroglyphs, and Iraq, the home of the cuneiform script. In Egypt the pattern will produce the spoken words in semantic and syntactic form. In Iraq, under Buyid tutelage, the written words will develop a grammar and metaphors appropriate to full communication.

I read the letter, the best of letters
   Obedience is due the Arab Amir's orders
Submissive to him and made happy by him
   Even if the act is short of what is duty
Nothing hinders me but fear of slander
   For the ways of slanderers are falsehood
Boasting of people and their belittling
   And their trotting between us and ambling
And indeed his ears were aiding them
   But his heart and mind were helping me
I did not tell a moon: You are silver
   Nor did I tell the sun: You are of gold
But the distant friend was shaken by it
   And slowness to anger was enraged by it
No country has held me after you nor 8
   Substituted a lord for my favor's lord
He who rides the ox after the horse
   Rejects the cloven hoof and the dew lap
I have matched no kings of the land,
   Not to mention some, with one in Aleppo
And if I were to name them by his name
   He would be steel and they would be wood
Is his likeness to mind or to soul 12
   Or is it to bravery or is it to culture?
The name is blessed, surname brilliant
   Generous the soul and noble the ancestry
War's brother, served by ones he takes
   As his slaves, he bestows what he plunders
If he gathers wealth, he gathers it as
   A youth who is unhappy unless he gives it
Indeed I follow him with his memories
   Blessings of Allah and showers of clouds
My praises on him for his benefits
   I am near to him whether far or near
If his showers have departed from me
   Yet most of their pools have water yet

O sword of your Lord, not his creatures'
   O owner of the nobility not a sword ridge
Most spirited of those having spirit
   Wisest of those possessed of rank in rank
Best jouster of those who grip a Khatti
   Strongest of those who strike with sword
By these words I call you O border folk
   So be present with skulls under the blade
For they despaired of life's pleasure
   The eyes perplexed and heart fluttered
Enemy words confused the Domesticus:
   Truly 'Ali is seriously sick and ailing
But his horsemen know that he indeed
   If he wishes will ride even if he is ill
He brings them from his lands' breadth
   With their long manes and short tail bones
The peaks are hid by his armies
   They appear small if they are not hid
The wind cannot pass through the space
   Without being scratched by spear or held
They drown their cities with the armies   29
   You find their voices faint in the uproar
How ugly he is in seeking their death!
   How ugly he is in leaving what he seeks!
You were afar, he fought them in battle
   You came, he fought them in their flight
They found in honor when he came
   You were the excuse for it when he fled
You outdistanced them with their death
   The advantage of rescue comes before ruin
They boasted to their Creator prostrate
   And if not rescued they bowed to the cross
How many you saved from death by death
   And snatched from agonies with agonies
They thought that he if he returned
   Would bring with him the crowned king
Both asked help of him they served
   According to them he had been crucified
They put from themselves what he
   Obtained, O men what a wonder is this!
I see Muslims along with polytheists   39
   Now in weakness and now terror struck
You with Allah are on a mountain side
   With little sleep and yet much of toil
You by yourself serve the Unity in Him
   And the world submits to the father and son
I wish your swords would bring sorrow
   To the jealous ones when you appear to them
I wish your pains were on his body
   And what you repaid with hate and love
For if you repay what I receive from you
   Weakest joys will be the strongest reasons

241

كفى بكَ داءً أنْ ترَى الموْتَ شَافِيَا   وَحَسْبُ المَنَايَا أنْ يكُنَّ أمانِيَا

تَمَنّيْتَهَا لمّا تَمَنّيْتَ أنْ تَرَى   صَدِيقاً فأعْيَا أوْ عَدُوّاً مُداجِيَا

إذا كنتَ تَرْضَى أنْ تَعيشَ بذِلّةٍ   فَلا تَسْتَعِدّنّ الحُسامَ اليَمَانِيَا

وَلا تَستَطِيلَنّ الرّماحَ لِغَارَةٍ   وَلا تَستَجِيدُنّ العِتاقَ المَذاكِيَا

فما يَنفَعُ الأُسْدَ الحَيَاءُ من الطَّوَى   وَلا تُتّقَى حتى تكونَ ضَوَارِيَا

حَبَبْتُكَ قَلْبي قَبلَ حُبّكَ من نأى   وَقد كانَ غَدّاراً فكُنْ أنتَ وَافِيَا

وَأعْلَمُ أنّ البَينَ يُشكيكَ بَعْدَهُ   فَلَسْتَ فُؤادي إنْ رَأيْتُكَ شَاكِيَا

فإنّ دُمُوعَ العَينِ غُدْرٌ بِرَبّهَا   إذا كُنّ إثْرَ الغَادِرِينَ جَوَارِيَا

إذا الجُودُ لم يُرْزَقْ خَلاصاً من الأذَى   فَلا الحَمدُ مكسوباً وَلا المالُ باقِيَا

وَللنّفْسِ أخْلاقٌ تَدُلّ على الفَتى   أكانَ سَخاءً ما أتَى أمْ تَسَاخِيَا

أقِلّ اشتِياقاً أيّهَا القَلْبُ رُبّمَا   رَأيْتُكَ تُصْفي الوُدّ من ليسَ صافيَا

خُلِقتُ أَلوفاً لو رجعتُ إلى الصبى لفارقتُ شيبي موجَعَ القلبِ باكيا
ولكنّ بالفسطاط بحراً أزرتُه حياتي ونُصحي والهوى والقوافيا
وجُرداً مددنا بين آذانها القنا فبِتنَ خِفافاً يتّبعنَ العواليا
تماشى بأيدٍ كلّما وافت الصفا نقشن به صدر البزاة حوافيا
وتنظر من سودٍ صوادقَ في الدجى يرين بعيدات الشخوص كما هيا
وتنصب للجرس الخفيّ سوامعاً يخلن مناجاة الضمير تناديا
تجاذب فرسان الصباح أعنّة كأنّ على الأعناق منها أفاعيا
بعزمٍ يسير الجسم في السرج راكباً به ويسير القلب في الجسم ماشيا
قواصد كافورٍ توارك غيره ومن قصد البحر استقلّ السواقيا
فجاءت بنا إنسان عين زمانه وخلّت بياضاً خلفها ومآقيا
نجوز عليها المحسنين إلى الذي نرى عندهم إحسانه والأياديا
فتىً ما سرينا في ظهور جدودنا إلى عصره إلا نرجّي التلاقيا
ترفّع عن عون المكارم قدره فما يفعل الفعلات إلا عذاريا
يبيد عداوات البغاة بلطفه فإن لم تبد منهم أباد الأعاديا
أبا المسك ذا الوجه الذي كنت تائقاً إليه وذا اليوم الذي كنت راجيا
لقيت المروري والشناخيب دونه وجبت هجيراً يترك الماء صاديا
أبا كلّ طيبٍ لا أبا المسك وحده وكلّ سحابٍ لا أخصّ الغواديا
يدلّ بمعنىً واحدٍ كلّ فاخرٍ وقد جمع الرحمن فيك المعانيا
إذا كسب الناس المعالي بالندى فإنك تعطي في نداك المعاليا
وغير كثيرٍ أن يزورك راجلٌ فيرجع ملكاً للعراقين واليا
فقد تهب الجيش الذي جاء غازياً لسائلك الفرد الذي جاء عافيا
وتحتقر الدنيا احتقار مجرّبٍ يرى كلّ ما فيها وحاشاك فانيا
وما كنت ممّن أدرك الملك بالمنى ولكن بأيامٍ أشبن النواصيا
عداك تراها في البلاد مساعياً وأنت تراها في السماء مراقيا
لبست لها كدر العجاج كأنما ترى غير صافٍ أن ترى الجوّ صافيا
وقدت إليها كلّ أجرد سابحٍ يؤدّيك غضباناً ويثنيك راضيا
ومخترطٍ ماضٍ يطيعك آمراً ويعصي إذا استثنيت أو صرت ناهيا
وأسمر ذي عشرين ترضاه وارداً ويرضاك في إيراده الخيل ساقيا
كتائب ما انفكّت تجوس عمائراً من الأرض قد جاست إليها فيافيا
غزوت بها دور الملوك فباشرت سنابكها هاماتهم والمغانيا
وأنت الذي تغشى الأسنّة أوّلاً وتأنف أن تغشى الأسنّة ثانيا
إذا الهند سوّت بين سيفي كريهةٍ فسيفك في كفٍّ تزيل التساويا
ومن قول سامٍ لو رآك لنسله فدى ابن أخي نسلي ونفسي وماليا
مدىً بلّغ الأستاذ أقصاه ربّه ونفسٌ له لم ترض إلا التناهيا
دعته فلبّاها إلى المجد والعلى وقد خالف الناس النفوس الدواعيا
فأصبح فوق العالمين يرونه وإن كان يدنيه التكرّم نائيا

This poem honors the chief patron of the third or middle fifth of the diwan. Kafur, the black ruler of Egypt, was the guardian of the young son of the Ikhshid, the viceroy of the caliph. In choosing this patron Abu Tayyib draws attention to the semantic relationship as it appears in the middle of the pattern. Kafur represents the vowels insofar as they sustain the meaning of words. The vowels are related to the inner musculature of the intestinal tract and the outer musculature of the torso which controls the air pressure in the vocal area that forms them. It is the shift from the tensions of the upright torso in the second fifth of the pattern to its more relaxed position as the child begins to crawl in the middle fifth that allows the vowels to acquire a meaning they did not have before. These muscular pressures give them meaning in terms of a dark inner world which is closely associated with the functions of excretion and hence with the black Kafur whose name means camphor, a white perfumed substance. The basis of spoken meaning is later transferred from the dark inner world to the outer world of light. But the darkness forces one to give a substantive meaning to vowels which they would not have if vision could be relied on. 241:1-11 The disappointed lover talks to himself about his lost patron Saif. But though he feels betrayed by Saif's temporary support of his rivals he is determined to remain true to his values. 241:12-19 The journey passage describes the rider seated on a fine horse as he travels to Kafur. It is this erection of the torso that gives him confidence as the babbling stream becomes articulate. 241:20-27 The praise of Kafur is sincere with delicate allusions to his blackness and a proper estimate of his wealth and rank with respect to the less powerful Saif. He is father Musk whose perfume hints at the dirty words that underlie refined speech. 241:28-43 The ascent theme is implied in the references to Kafur's rise from the slave of the Ikhshid to the ruler of his domains. He has the two Iraqs in his gift. They are Basra and Kufa which were the seat of the two great grammatical schools of Arabic grammar. The two schools suggest the conflict between science and syntax. 241:44-47 The final compliment is a scriptural one which points to visual communication when Sam, Shem, says that Kafur ransoms the soul of his ancestor Ham. He is the ustadh, the professor, musician, and juggler.

Enough ill for you to see death as cure
  And enough deaths that they are desired
You wanted it when you wanted to see
  A friend weakened or an enemy concealed
If you are content to live basely
  Then don't get ready a Yamani sword
Or don't extend the long lance for war
  And don't make friends with a fine horse
Modesty is no use to hungry lions
  They are not feared except as famished
I knew you my heart before your far love
  But he was a betrayer so you be faithful
I see parting makes you complain of him
  But you are not my heart if I see you fret
Eye's tears are betrayers to their lord
  If the channels are tracks of deceivers
If bounty makes no provision free of evil
  Praise is not earned nor does wealth stay
Soul has a nature that shows the man
  Was it bounty came or pretended generosity?
Diminish the longing, O heart, for often
  I see you loving one who does not respond
I was created tame, if I return to youth — 12
  I'll leave my gray with hurt heart weeping
But in Fustat is a sea I will visit
  With my life, my counsel, love and rhymes
Horses between whose ears we level spears
  They spend night easy following lanceheads
Running on feet that as they touch stones
  Will print unshod the falcon's breast mark
They look with trusty dark eyes into
  Gloom seeing distant shapes as they are
They prick up ears to faint whispers
  Thinking of secret words that are spoken
They pull the dawn riders by the reins
  As if on their necks they coil as snakes
Firmly a body in the saddle moves as if
  Riding beside, as heart in body goes apace
Seeking Kafur and leaving all others — 20
  Who seeks a sea thinks little of creeks
Taking us to a man eye's apple of an age
  Leaving the white behind and the corners
We cross on them as bounty to one whom
  We know from his gifts and favors to them
A man, we came on backs of our ancestors
  To his times only in hopes of the meeting
His rank rises above nobility's aid
  So he performs no acts but virgin ones
He erases hate in rivals by his mildness
  If they don't perish in it he kills foes

Father Musk, this is the face I wanted
   This is the moment that I was hoping for
I faced deserts and mountains before him
   Passed at noonday leaving water thirsting
Though a man gains eminence by bounty 28
   You give high rank with your generosity
It's not much a man visits you on foot
   And returns as viceroy of the two Iraqs
You give an army which comes raiding
   To one of your clients who comes begging
You scorn a world in experienced scorn
   That sees all but yourself as dying in it
You did not reach kingship by wishing
   But rather by days that whitened forelocks
Your foes see them as land's turmoils
   But you see them as stairways to the sky
For them you were the turbid dust as if
   You saw unclearly to see the clearest air
You led to them all short haired swimmers
   Bringing you angry, returning you content
Drawn out, blades submit to you on order
   Transgress if you make exception or oppose
Twenty cubit shafts you approve at water
   Approve your aiming at horsemen they drink
Detachments cease not to trample tribes
   Of the earth having trod desert for them
By them you raided kings' camps so their
   Hoofs beat their skulls and their valleys
You are one who covers spearpoints first
   And refuses to cover the spearpoints second
If Indian balances a pair of dread swords
   Your sword in hand makes an end of equality
Sam's words to his progeny if he saw you: 44
   Sons' soul and wealth ransoms brother's son
His Lord brought the ustadh to far limits
   His soul not content except with that goal
One called, he replied, to glory and rank
   While other men rejected the call of soul
He rose above the world that sees him
   Afar even if nobility makes him come close

242

This satire on Kafur points to the ambivalent meaning in the vowels which he represents. This inner meaning is dirty and unreliable insofar as it is related to excretion. It is the blackness of the camphor in Kafur. 242:1-2 The first fifth boldly attacks the bad nurse in the eunuch Kafur for his betrayal. It is something which cannot be hid and in which meaning is predominant. 242:3-4 The mention of the bare calloused feet of the patron is part of the descent theme. 242:5-6 The double meaning of Kafur's name suggests the levels of diction which make some words clean and others dirty. The recollection of the time when he was a slave carrying oil jars hints at the fluency of the spoken word. 242:718 The idea of possible praise for the patron suggests the ascent theme to a higher level of action. 242:9-10 The sight of Kafur's thick lips and comic appearance remind us of the visual communication habits. The series of satires of which thisis the first will show in their alternation with the praise poems that Kafur has two different meanings for the poet.

I'd show you content if soul could hide
   Not being content with myself or with you
Are lying, perjury, betrayal, foulness
   Due? you close to me as person or a shame?
You think my smiles hope and emulation 3
   But I am merely mocking ridiculous wishes
I wonder at your feet in shoes since I
   Saw you in sandals when you were barefoot
You didn't know if your color was black 5
   Or if it was pure white due to stupidity
Laces on your ankle cracks remind me
   That you walked in oily clothes bare-ass
But for men's favor I'd praise you 7
   By what I have mocked you with in secret
You'd be happy with what I recited
   Even if the recitation was wild burlesque
If you had nothing good for your ransom 9
   I'd ransom with my view of the flabby lip
Your likes are brought from far lands
   To make women in mourning clothes laugh

243

This poem was written to dedicate a new palace built by Kafur near the grand mosque in Fustat-Cairo. It draws attention to the torso of the child as a kind of casa harmonica, a house from which

the sounds of speech acquire their meaning before they are given meaning in the external world. 243: 1-7 Kafur is idealized as a dweller in a house of stars whose pools are silver murmurs. But the bad nurse is lurking within the black man. 243:8-15 The poet shifts from the second person address to the third person to give more distance to the one he praises. Hearing too is a distance sense compared to touch. But light and rank dwell in the palace to suggest what is high and low in the meanings of the words. 243:16-24 Allusions to the color of Kafur's skin or the brightness of his clothes suggest the visual communication habits. As a friend of kings the poet concedes only his tongue to poetry.

Congratulations belong to equals
   And to those who approach from afar
I am not a limb to rejoice for you
   With the rejoicing of the other limbs
I think palaces small for you even if
   The bricks of the building seem stars
And what murmurs in its pools
   Is made of the brightest silver waves
You have the highest rank desired
   Whether the place is earth or heaven
Yours are the men and the land and
   What pastures between green and dusty
Yours groves of fine horses and what
   They bear by way of long brown lances
Truly noble father Musk can boast 8
   Of what he has built in the heights
Of battles which ended for him
   When he had no palace but the wars
And what his bright swords
   Imprinted on the skulls of the enemy
He is named for musk and is not
   Musk but rather the perfume of praise
Nor the city built in the country
   Nor what attracts the hearts of women
A house is dwelt in if you have it
   By a finer thing: by light and rank
He gives the flowers their perfume
   The growths of nobility and elegance
He shames a sun when sun appears
   With the sun of shining blackness
Glory dwells within your clothes 16
   By a brightness easy for every beam
Only courage wears it and soul's fire
   It is the best of the glittering cloak
You are noble in wisdom and bravery
   Of visage and power and faithfulness
Who will not change a white king's hue
   For the professor's color and his face?
War's sons see them with eyes that
   See him with them on the battle morn
O hope of the eyes in all of earth
   No one else that I see can be my hope
The desert wearied my horse before
   We found the food and water set for me
Cast on me what you wish for me
   I am lion-hearted with a bloody face
My heart belongs to kings even if
   My tongue seems to be that of the poet

244

This poem praises Kafur and denies that the poet has come to him simply to escape Saif's anger. Rather it is for the kind of gifts that Saif cannot give and which alone Kafur can give. Saif is associated with the hasty consonants but Kafur with the more permanent and meaningful vowels. 244:1-19 The lover at the abandoned camp sees traveling bedouin and reflects on his preference for their maids as compared to the city women of Fustat. The bedouin do not chew their words with too many consonants. They prefer the open vowels. But black night, like Kafur, is the time when a lover's whispers can be heard and not seen or touched. 244:20-31 The praise of Kafur notes that he controls the very winds as they cross Egypt. He is thus the breath of the spoken word. To his ears requests plead like Joseph's coat to Jacob and unconquerable armies. 244:32-46 In addition to defending his motives in coming to Kafur the poet thanks him for horses whose gift suggests the Pegasus-Buraq of the backside producing the poet's script. They also hint at the four legs by which the child learns to explore the world as he crawls.

Who are the wild heifers in bedouin dress?
   Red the ornaments and camels and clothing
If you ask complaining at their goodness:
   Who harms you with wakefulness and worry?
May cows not repay me with grief after
   They repay my tears with flow after flow
Travelers, maybe their howdahs as they go
   Are protected in the jousting and striking



Perhaps hoofs of camels will tread with
   Them on the blood spilled by the horsemen
Many your sly visits among fearful Arabs
   And they slept through the visit of a wolf
I visited them as black night interceded
   I turned away as the white dawn warned me
Like wild animals grazing in their yards
   They differ in breaking and setting tents
Their neighbors, worst neighbors to them
   And their masters are the worst of masters
Every beloved's heart is in their tents
   The flocks of all flocks taken as plunder
Faces of town women thought fine are
   Not like the faces of the plump bedouins
A town woman's beauty is won by art
   Among the bedouin beauty is not artificial
Where are the equals of the goats of Aram?
   There are no equals for beauty and goodness
I ransom desert deer who do not know
   How to chew their words nor dye their veils
Nor do they come out of a bath strutting
   Rather their thighs have smoother tendons
Of my loves none try to gild the silver
   I leave my gray hair's color without a dye
Among loving friends in word and habit
   I do not like hair on the head that lies
Would fate would sell me what it took
   From me by a mind and experience it gave
For youth is not excluded from experience
   Intelligence is found in the young and old
The royal ustadh grew up and was mature 20
   Before maturity, cultured before educated
Experienced in wisdom without experience
   Cultured in nobility before he was taught
Until he attained the limit of the world
   And his desire in the beginning and youth
He ruled Egypt's kingdom up to Aden
   And to Iraq and the Rum land and Nubia
If strange winds come from other lands
   They do not blow here except predictably
The sun does not cross when it rises
   Except it has permission from him to set
His seal's clay would dispatch business .
   Even if every writing were erased by him
Its bearer brings down all lances
   From saddles of all powerful fast steeds
As if every request in his ears were
   The coat of Joseph to the eyes of Jacob
If his enemies press him with a request
   They press him with an unconquerable army
If they make war they do not escape by
   Advance or by flight from what he intends
His bravery readies his weakest troops
   For death, so death is not to be feared
They said: You fled to him for help, I: 32
   To showers of his hands and cloudbursts
To one whose fingers give governments
   Nothing is desired in his gifts' wake
Nor does he frighten anyone with betrayal
   Nor does he scare with violent affliction
No, he frightens an army he strikes down
   It is like him in the thickest black dust
I found the most useful wealth I stored
   The fast horses' winning gaits and gallops
If they see time's changes betraying me
   They and the spear point are true to me
They pass deserts till their voices say:
   What sort of huge, lean ones have we here?
They love active men whose goals are not
- In putting on clothes, and food and drink
He aims at stars with eyes to steal them
   As if they were loot to eyes of plunderers
So I came to the one who was veiled
   In order to meet souls of virtue unveiled
A strong body with pure mind that laughs
   At the nature of men as a ridiculous marvel
Praise is his first, praise after it theirs
   And to lances late at night and in the day
How shall I deny O Kafur your favors?
   They are recounted by me O all of my goals

O king of wealth by which you are named
In the east and west by fame and by name
You the darling but yet I take refuge
Lest I be the lover without the beloved

245

In this poem Abu Tayyib becomes more insistent in his requests for reward from Kafur. He asks for some new honor, not just gold. He is thus not content with the inner, tactile meaning for the vowels of speech. He wants to refer them to external events. However we are not yet ready for this step that begins to make its appearance in the last parts of the pattern. 245:1-7 The lover laments his bad fortune but has a vision of the beloved's caravan as it moves through fertile valleys. They are like a lost necklace. 245:8-16 His own journey forms the second fifth of the pattern as he continues to reflect on the uselessness of worldly wealth. 245:17-27 The middle fifth praises Kafur and the poet's service to him as a loyal subject. He mentions two slaves that make him a part of Kafur's family. They are Kafur and Fatik his associate. Both of them were once slaves but will come to represent the semantic and syntactic values of speech for the poet. 245:28-37 The fourth fifth has an ascent theme as the poet recalls his own heroism at Lake Hairan in Syria near Salamiya where he was taken captive at the time of his imprisonment. That prison and the dark inner world of the vowel are similar. He also alludes to Kafur's slave origin and the heights he has now attained. 245:38-48 The last fifth contains the request for a new honor from Kafur. In the position of the visual communication habits it suggests that external orientation which vision can alone supply fully.

I want from my days what they do not want
I bewail our parting but they are its army
They estrange love as they unite but how
Unite its embracing and its blocking love?
The world's nature opposes love's lasting
So how can I ask it to bring back a lover?
The swiftest thing you do to bring change
Is attempt what is contrary to your nature
May Allah keep camels gone from us on whom
Wild cows, the cheeks' eyes feel a late rain
At a wadi something in the hearts for him
As if as they went a neck lost its necklace
When the howdahs moved over the greenery
The myrtle and musk of the beauties mingled
Many a change like these I aimed to master 8
Less than them perils of road and distance
I tire of Allah's world as the care grows
Soul's power falls short of what it wishes
Do not spend all your wealth for glory
For glory whose knot is in wealth is lost
Use it the way the hand of glory does
As it attacks a foe and wealth is its arm
No worldly fame for one of little wealth
No worldly wealth for one of small glory
Among men one content with the low in life
His vehicle his legs and his coat his skin
A heart is in my breast without a goal
Whose limits end for me in my intentions
It sees a body dressed lightly to please
But it prefers to wear armor that is heavy
It loads me with noon trips in each desert
Barley its fodder and its ostrich is my food
Sharpest weapons a man girds on himself: 17
Hope of generous Abu Musk and journey to him
They aid him when all aid betrays and are
Family for one with ancestors of few progeny
I am now of his family due to two slaves
We have a father in him as sons ransom him
In his wealth great ones' means and his
From his flocks cradle and milk for a child
We hold the Khatti lances around his tent
Stallions and lean ones in squadrons trot by
We feel the arrows in every downpour
Whose thunder echoes the bows of cavalry
If Egypt is not a haunt of lions or their
Lair yet those men who are there are lions
Kafur's silver and his gold is what is
On tips of his lances, not his cash in hand
The enemy and others about him tested them
Sport of the chase and its earnest prove it
Abu Musk's pardon isn't erased by your sin
Rather his rage is destroyed by your excuse
O conqueror by sincerity in his efforts
O conqueror in his efforts at sincerity
My youth goes but you replace its sweet 28
Its loss does not bother me when I see you

Adults in these times grow young with you
   And youths grow gray with others than you
O would day's heat in a journey was known
   Known night's coolness and you asked of it
Would you had watched me at Lake Hairan
   You'd known I have the edge of your sword
When I begin a matter I have planned
   Its distance is near and its hardness easy
People of the age continue to compare me
   To you as you shine by me, uniqueness shows
One said when I saw the army and its lord:
   Before you a king, a lord an army's slave!
I met a smiling mouth and I knew that he
   Was near whose promise was a gracious hand
One who loves you visited you for my sake
   His disdain was for men except you alone
Left behind is he who makes your house no
   End, he comes and knows this is his limit
If I get what I hope from you, perhaps 38
   I drink water whose drinking tires birds
Your vow is action before promise for
   Its promise equals action true to speech
Favor my work like one who proves a horse
   The gallop and his fast pace will show you
If you doubt a sword you must test it
   And you either reject it or reckon on it
For the Indian sword is like the others
   If belt and scabbard do not part from it
Truly you are thanked in every respect
   Even if support is only your affability
Each gift is or exists in essence
   A glance of your eye equals it for me
I am in a sea of goodness whose source is
   Your gifts, a tide I hope for and its flow
It is not my desire to profit from gold
   But rather to try something new in honor
He is generous if bounty disgraces giving
   He praises him whose praise disgraces praise
As for you when an unlucky star comes near
   You approach it but your face makes it lucky

246

Kafur sent a spy to Abu Tayyib. The spy said: You stand long at court. He wanted to see if the poet would express his discontent since he had been permitted to sit in the presence of Saif al Daula. But Kafur would not allow this. In the middle fifth of the pattern one crawls. 246:1 The resurrection theme implied in the child's crawling on four feet suggests that Abu Tayyib is being treated like an animal in spite of being generous with his thoughts. 246:2 The dark days of the inner world of speech suggest the struggle with Kafur as one comes in contact with inner and outer worlds. These two verses may be used to produce a five part pattern in the following poem.

Standing gladly is a small thing to him
   And spending generously of one's thoughts
Since they betrayed you on smiling days
   What should they do now on the dark days?

247

This poem commemorates moving from the new palace praised in poem 243 because fifty slaves died there mysteriously. The obscurity of the inner, tactile meanings of speech are thus implied. The music of the casa harmonica cannot be fully understood. But Kafur's move to another house does not mean that he will be free from revolt from his nether world. 247:1-2 The house is considered a source of drink but there is danger that the bad nurse may spoil it. 247:3-4 The second dwelling for the spoken word is the external world where it acquires visual meaning. 247:5-6 The perfume of the spirit suggests that visual communication can make permanent what was uncertain before.

The best of houses that claim a blessing
   Is the house that has its king's blessing
Finest house to pour favor on its dweller
   The house where men ask drink of its folk
Your second dwelling we congratulate 3
   For he who passes the first forgets it
If you settle a place after its lord
   You do it proud over what it was before
Feeling deserts no house if you stay 5
   Your perfume is a soul for its quarters
Who gave you the first completed your joy
   And he will not take back the life he gave



This poem praises Kāfur and thanks him for the gift of a black foal but continues the pressure for other things. 248:1-7 The love prelude speaks of two lovers, one of whom he has parted with and another toward whom he is going. The former is Fatik, the associate of Kafur, the latter is Kafur. The self-centeredness implied in this all male relationship is appropriate to the inner semantic values which are being contrasted with the external ones in this part of the diwan. This has already been suggested in poems 104ff. which deal with the grandfather theme and in some of the poems for Saif. 248:8-16 The second fifth of the poem makes it clear that one lover who is not the goal is Saif since he is said to have attacked the poet and missed the poet's shot. Saif's siding with the rival poets is thus a low betrayal that represents the descent theme. 248:17-22 The middle fifth praises Kafur who is seen leading a procession whose advance cannot be stopped. This suggests the kinetic value of speech. 248:23-35 The ascent appears as the poet returns to his own desires with regard to the patron. He condescendingly says that he chose Kafur and was not merely summoned. 248:36-41 The last fifth mentions the gift of the foal. The root for this word is mhr and can also mean the dowry for a bride. The poet is the bride of his Pegasus-Buraq who will provide the ink for the poems he is writing.

Parting, one I parted from was not to blame
   Journey and one I went to was best of goals
But it is not a good abode if a house
   Has no respect and no true generosity in it
It's soul's nature not to cease from fear
   Of evil as all the mountain roads are probed
I saddled up, many weepers with fawn's eyes
   For me, and many the tear in the lion's eyes
No fine earringed mistress in the place
   Anxious for the master of the sharp swords
If my trouble were due a lover with a veil
   I'd excuse it but it's a lover with a turban
He shot missing my shot and whatever else
   In love, breaking my hand and bow and arrows
If a man's act is bad his thoughts are bad 8
   What he is used to is true to those fancies
He attacks his love with hostile words
   And in the night the evil doubts will come
I'm friendly to a man's soul before body
   I know it from his actions and his speech
I'm forgiving to my friend and I know
   If I give him clemency he repents unblamed
If a man lavishes bounty on me frowning
   I repay him by leaving gifts with a smile
I love a man who is a true, noble chief
   Of the finest, as a straight lance shaft
A white camel crosses deserts, guarding
   Him are horsemen of a huge attacking army
No continence in his sword or his spear
   But it is in his hand, genitals and mouth
Not everyone is a lover of beauteous acts
   And not all of his actions are perfection
Generosity is ransom for Abu Musk and it 17
   Is the leader of horses guided by the black
Bright in glory they look up behind him
   To the ample nature and the perfect face
When authority defends itself from you
   Stand still in front of it to learn by it
Excuse is hard for one who sees him so
   He seems weak in effort or small in bounty
Who is like Kafur when horsemen attack?
   It is easy for one to tell them: Advance!
Very sturdy the stallions as dust comes
   Down throats of horsemen who have veils
Abu Musk I hope from you aid against foes 23
   I hope for strength to dye a sword in blood
To enrage the envious today and soon
   To fix pain upon them in place of favor
I hope only in certain folk for whoever
   Wants rains without clouds is benighted
If you were not in Egypt I'd not come
   With heart enslaved by a passion of love
Nor would bedouin dogs bark at my horse
   As when the Dailamis attack in the night
Pursuer's eye could not follow our track
   Seeing only a horse track on a camel track
We mark desert with them till they wade
   In Nile, or settle in Muqattam's dusty shade
Haughty, it defies my talent with a hint
   I exceed my mark and blame by going to him
He pours perfume on me that is untroubled
   And I poured thanks on him that stammered

I chose you from kings, chose for them
A story, for I judged your mind and judge
Finest face among men is a patron's face
Trustiest hand among them a gracious hand
Most noble he who is most noble in spirit
Furthest advanced over all those magnified
Some seek a world they do not want as
Joy of a beloved, or evil of a criminal
The foal arrived that has on its withers 36
Your brand which is on every neck and wrist
Yours the living, riders on horseback all
Even on sun and moon out of the known world
If I knew my life's length I'd share it
I'd have a third wait for you, now you know!
But yet what has passed of life is past
So endow me with swift joy that is plunder
I am happy you want to be a lover of mine
I lead a soul to you as a surrender is led
Such as you are the middle of one's heart
So say it for me and then I need not speak

249

While the poet is willing to be identified as the bride-Muse and thus a servant or wife to Kafur, he is not willing to have his work judged by Kafur's blackness, the excretory tracts that give early meaning to the vowels of speech. 249:1-2 He feels himself a prisoner of Kafur just as the infant has a prison in his self-centeredness. 249:3-4 The descent theme of the second fifth looms in the reference to the genitals and grinders. 249:5-6 The boatman pulling on the rope of a Nile boat suggests the fluency of speech is not reliable when it comes to promises. 249:7-8 The idea of ascent is implied in the slaver's hand hovering over the head of Kafur. 249:9-10 The root of the camphor tree is the source of Kafur and it suggests the white paper on which the inky letters finally gain external reference. The Sower's field is here scorched and choked by the thorns of satire but the harvest is still assured.

More fool than slave and than his wife
He who makes a slave judge over himself
He who sees that you hold his pledge
Is not one who sees you in his prison
However he will show his judgment 3
By the corrupt working of his taste
A slave's nature doesn't go beyond
His stinking genitals or his grinders
He doesn't perform a vow on its day 5
Nor recall what he said in the evening.
He only plays false in his pulling
As if you were a boatman on his rope
Hope not for success in business 7
The slaver's hand passed over his head
And if complaint disgraces you in him
And his condition, look at his source
Rarely does one blame his outside 9
Without blaming how he was planted
He who finds escape from his power
Will not find any escape from his roots

250

The revulsion which the poet feels at attacking inner meaning to the vowel sounds represented by Kafur's blackness is related to the child's thought that the loss of any of the contents of the body, whether air, liquid, or solid is a kind of rebellion against its need to retain nourishment. This revulsion now expresses itself in another poem about a rebellion against Kafur's power. This one was led by the Amir Abu Qasim on behalf of the Ikhshid's minor son Onujur. But Kafur had the upper hand and the rebels were put down. 250:1-5 The revolt is described in terms of slander that has no basis in true love. So too infant power is limited. 250:6-18 The second fifth turns to Kafur and addresses him in the second person as father. He is called a whipping father who longs for reconciliation. 250:19-22 The middle fifth suggest the journey theme with a mention of a number of historical rebels who failed. 250:23-30 The fourth fifth has an ascent theme in the poet's claim that he has supported Kafur in his time of trouble. 250:31-36 The last fifth again addresses Kafur in the second person. He is Abu Musk who deserves a string of adjectives divided equally between two halves of a couplet. This kind of symmetry speaks well.

Peace was cut off as the enemy wanted
The tongues of the envious published it
Some wanted your government to change
From what they had to what they intended
What the betrayers plotted was altered
From blame to an increase of affection
The slanderer's word had no power
Over the lover but was to the contrary
Speech only succeeds in a man when 
It concurs with the love in his heart

My life, if you shook at what was said 6
   You met it more firmly than a mountain
Men counseled what you rejected but
   You were more guided than they to truth
The counselor was hit and didn't oppose
   He missed the target after the struggle
You are what's not got by sword or lance
   And you guard their souls in their bodies
Khatti lances in their ranks about you
   And the polished ones in their scabbards
They knew not when they saw a calm heart
   That its counsels were in pursuit of them
He ransoms your mind who is unransomed
   Every opinion taught wishes to ransom it
When intelligence is not in a nature
   Growth cannot make it mature in birth
By this and the like of it you ruled
   O Kafur, and you led all the intractable
And those who yielded to you submitted
   But submission is not in the lion's nature
Truly you are parent, as whipping father
   Longs for reconciliation with his children
May evil not miss him who seeks your evil
   May discord single out the folk of discord
You, as long as you live, are body
   And soul, may you not require the nurse
When a break shows between the joints 19
   Lightness falls on the breast of a lance
Breach of promise rejoiced foes of Shara
   And healed Persia's lord from the Iyad foe
One ruled over the Banu Yazid at Basra
   Till they were torn to pieces in the city
And kings like those in these our times
   Like Tasm and its sister in early times
For you I spent nights seeking aid 23
   From tricks of ambitions and evil people
For your firm wits lest sharp lances
   Among the steeds should make a division
Or near ones should split in enmity
   With what they hoarded up as weapons
Can they remain happy after what passed
   What will the foe say in the assemblies?
Love and trust and leadership forbid
   That you should carry out your anger
The truth softens heart to heart
   Even if it were surety for stony hearts
When the king is victorious one sees
   Gratefully what you bring of stability
Thus your gifts are sweet with victory
   The people's hands are on their livers
This is the government of noble acts 31
   And mercy and glory and bounty and gifts
Absent an hour as sun is absent
   But they return and their light grows
His forces defend times from their evils
   With proud young men against those rebels
Violent, solitary, trusted and proud
   Sagacious, strict, brave and generous
Men leave the way free to Abu Musk
   The necks of slaves must submit to him
Why should a way not be left to a torrent
   If each wadi is too narrow for its current?

251

For this poem praising Kafur the poet received the sum of 600 dinars. It has an elaborate seven part form that merits a reward. But it again presses the poet's request for a more lasting gift than money or horses. 251:1-7 The introduction addresses a male lover for whom the poet is fleeing another lover, that is, Saif al Daula. Kafur, to whom his journey takes him, is compared to night whose darkness the Manichaeans condemned. But laila, night, is a personifcation of the prenatal sea before birth as well as of the internal musculature which gives meaning to vowels. 251:8-14 The first of the middle five parts describes the lover's visit to his beloved at night. He has a fine horse such as Kafur gave the poet. The horse balances the infant's passivity before the nurse who is the beloved to be visited. But his backside is also equated to the passivity of the infant's mouth. 251:15-22 The descent theme of the second fifth gives the poet's mood of depression as he thinks of his task of writing qasidas, search poems for Kafur. He feels he is forced to do it, yet he knows Kafur's value too. The Muse, a daughter of the camps, knows of his compulsion and its origin in the lower world. 251:23-27 The middle fifth allows the poet to speak directly to Kafur and ask him for a drink from his cup of fluent speech. He hopes for the 'anqa or griffin who dwells only in the land of the dead as symbol of resurrection.

It thus parallels his hopes to return to his family in Kufa. 251:28-33 The ascent theme appears in the fourth fifth with the extravagant praise of Kafur as he is raised above all who envy him. His virtue is again acknowledged. 251:34-42 In the last fifth the praise of Kafur is for his role as guardian and tutor of the young Ikhshid Onujur. He has made him capable of reading the poets' works so there is no need of geneologies. 251:43-47 The conclusion shows us the road the poet has traveled to reach Kafur and hence the road ahead which is destined for his praise of the patron.

I fight longing for you but longing wins
   I wonder at flight but union is stranger
Do the days trick me in that I behold
   The hateful afar or the beloved nearby?
By Allah! how small was delay in my trip
   Evening at Hadala and Gurrab to the east
Eve, as one kindest to me was one I hurt
   The more guided of two roads I put aside
Many a helper hand for you on dark nights
   Has proved that the Manichaeans were lying
Saved you from death by foe as you went
   And the one modestly veiled visited you
Many a day like lover's night I hid in
   When I watched for the sun to set there
My eye was on elegant ears as if they 8
   Were a bit of night, twixt its eyes a star
He has a fine skin over his body that
   Is coming and going upon his broad breast
I cut through dark with him on tight rein
   He rebels so I relax at times and he plays
Many a beast I kill with him as I track
   I dismount him, he's like when I mounted
Horses like friends are only too few
   Though they are many to the untrained eye
If you only see their beauty of marking
   And of limb, then beauty is hid from you
Allah damn a world as rest for a rider
   For all of high ambition are punished here
O would I knew how to speak a qasida 15
   Without complaint in it or reproaching
A thing in me--a bit of it repels poetry
   Yet my heart O daughter of the camp alters
Kafur's nature, if I wish to praise it
   Or if I don't, dictates to me and I write
If a man leaves his family behind him
   And journeys to Kafur it is not strange
A man filling deeds with wisdom, judgment
   And rarities whenever pleased or displeased
If his hand strikes in war with a sword
   It is plain the sword strikes by a hand
His gifts increase in number as time goes
   But the waters of clouds dry up with time
Abu Musk is there a bit in the cup for 23
   Me to take? because I sing while you drink
You gave to the extent of our time's hand
   My soul seeks relative to your hand's grasp
If you dress me not with estate or rule
   Your bounty cloaks, your work plunders me
Every man at the feast smiles at his love
   But me, and I weep for one I love and mourn
I long for my family, want to meet them
   But where is the western 'anqa for lovers?
And if there were only Abu Musk or them
   You'd be sweeter to my heart and tastier
Every man who bestows favors is beloved 28
   And every place that grows glory is sweet
Envy wants for you what Allah forbids
   As do brown spears and the keenest steel
Before their wish is what, if they shun
   In ruin, you'd thrive on as their kids gray
As they seek your gift they take, aided
   If they seek your virtue they are balked
If it were right to take your rank you'd
   Give it but some things are not bestowed
Most evil of evil ones is he who nightly
   Envies one nightly planning his good work
You are one who raised the suckling king 34
   Who had neither mother nor father but you
You were a lion of the den to this cub
   You had no other claw but the Indian sword
You met lances with generous soul for him
   Fleeing to death in battle away from shame



It leaves a soul alone that is not base
   While it ruins the soul that is fearful
Your enemies lack no bravery or energy
   But one they met is stronger and nobler
You beat them, sword flash on helmet true
   For them but helmet flash on sword useless
You unsheathe the swords, teach each preacher
   On all the pulpits how to pray and preach
Useless for you if men trace geneologies
   Since noble acts lead to and end in you
What tribe is it whose worth deserves you?
   Ma'add ibn 'Adnan is your ransom and Ya'rub
My pleasure when I saw you was not new 43
   I had hoped to see you and was pleased
My verses, my ambition blame me for you
   As if in praising before your poem I sinned
But the road was long and I was always
   Sought after for words as they were booty
So they went east till east was not east
   And to the west until west was not west
When I spoke them their coming was not
   Forbid by towering wall or rope-held tent

252

Some of Saif's courtiers in Aleppo spread the rumor that al Mutanabbi had died. When the poet heard it he made a joke of it and so expressed the resurrection theme that is characteristic of the middle fifth of the pattern in the form given in the Christian creed and the parable of the Sower. When the child shifts from the strain of learning new breathing habits in the seated position to the more relaxed position for the torso as he learns to crawl he makes possible the production of vowel sounds which are contrasted with the more evanescent consonants. It is a production that alleviates some of the dirty associations that Kafur has brought to the vowels. It is also a kind of new life or resurrection. 252:1-8 In the love prelude the poet laments his separation from his family and homeland like the infant laments the loss of the nurse. Abu Tayyib's wife and son did not accompany him to Egypt. 252:9-19 The middle part of the poem deals with the rumor of his death and his assertion amounts to his resurrection. The first erection is the seated position of the second fifth of the pattern. The re-surrection shows the child crawling on all fours. 252:20-25 The last part of poem praises Abu Musk whose spiritual odor from the inner world where vowels are rooted is related to the resurrection that Saif's courtiers did not count on. The poet continues to hope for the fulfillment of the vow.

Where is solace without family or land?
   Neither drinking pal nor a cup nor quiet
I desire my time to achieve for me
   What the time cannot achieve for itself
Meet not your fate unless without grief
   So long as body accompanies your spirit
For happiness you enjoy does not last
   And grief does not return the past to you
What hinders love's people is that they
   Love but know not the world or comprehend
Their eyes fade with tears and the souls
   Track every ugly one whose face is pretty
Load up! let any fast camel carry you
   For every parting for me today is desired
No mate for my heart in your howdahs
   Nor any value in it if I die of passion
O you for whom I was dead in a far court 9
   Crepehangers' thought all pledged to occur
How often I am killed and dead for you
   Then I give a shake and tomb and coffin go!
A crowd saw my burial before they spoke
   Then they died before they dug the grave
Not all a man desires can he achieve
   Winds blow where boats don't want to go
I see your neighbor saves not his honor
   Nor does the milk flow over your pastures
Boredom requites all those near to you
   Every lover's gift from you is in hatred
Angry with those who receive your favor
   Until bother and blame are the end of it
Separation left what was between us
   A desert in which eye and ear deceived
A fast camel crawls after having raced
   And callouses ask earth about foot pads
I accept clemency so long as generous
   But not forbearance when it is cowardly
I do not stay with wealth that demeans
   Nor do I enjoy that which dirties my honor
I awaken after my journey lonely for you 20
   Then my rope holds steady, my sleep yields

If I suffered from a love like your love
   I would be ready for a parting like that
I wore out my foal's cloth among others
   Cheek straps and halter changed at Fustat
With the hero Abu Musk in whose bounty
   Mudar the golden and Yaman are drowned
And if some of his promises are slow
   My hopes are not slow nor are they weak
He's the faithful one, I only remind him
   Of love, but he is testing and proving it

253

This poem is said not to have been recited to Kafur. However it has some of the poet's thoughts about his relationship to him and Saif. 253:1-2 The infant's near strangulation during the bad nurse's failure to provide for it is the beginning of the difficulty. 253:3-4 The disappointment with Saif and the rejection involved suggests the descent theme. But destiny and its dark beauty are in the alphabet that he produces. 253:5-6 Spears like the Sower's seed spring up in accord with the resurrection theme. But the aggression involved in the crawling child's use of its legs is said to be too small in the poet's consideration. He knows the inner world too well for this. 253:7-8 Highmindedness is an important value and is here made part of the ascent theme. 253:9-10 The soul or spirit, nafs, that is breath, is able to conquer death because the written word outlasts it.

Men before us submitted to the days
   Worried about great things as we worry
All of them turned away choking on it
   Even if some of them were happy at times
Often one approves the nights' workings 3
   And then one finds their beauties turbid
As if one is not content with doubts
   Of destiny, so he attacks one it hurts
Each time fate makes the shafts grow 5
   Men fit the lances with the spearheads
Such intentions of soul are too small
   For us to quarrel about and to perish in
No young men should meet their death 7
   In a gloomy fashion nor meet it basely
If life were preserved only for living
   We'd count our brave men as our most lost
If there were no necessity in death 9
   It would only be weakness to be a coward
All that is difficult before it occurs
   Is easy for the soul whenever it befalls

254

This poem commemorates another unsuccessful insurrection against Kafur's regime and is thus similar to poems 247 and 250. The rebel was Shabib al 'Uqaili, Kafur's governor of Damascus. Shbb as a root means to grow, to burn, to be young, to make love poems. The root 'ql means to bind a camel's legs, to confine, to be rational, to fix a blood price, to ascend, be constipated. These meanings can be related to the intestinal tract which Kafur represents. The poet, like the youth Shabib, rebels against this inner tyranny. 254:1-4 Allah is said to have the secret of Kafur's exaltation and thus of the inner world from which he comes. 254:5-17 Shabib is mocked when men's necks say that he must be of Qais and the north Arabs since his sword, a Yamani one from south Arabia, will not stay in his hand. So speech triumphs over the right (yamani, too) hand and brings about the ruin of Shabib. 254:18-27 The 'Uqaili root of Shabib is also mocked when the poet says that it is unbelievable that a rational, 'ql, hand could take Kafur's gifts and still rebel. So he urges his patron to give him the gifts which his writings deserve.

Your enemy is blamed by every tongue
   Even if the sun and moon were your foes
Allah has the secret of your exaltation
   Words of the enemy are a kind of madness
Do foes seek after what they have seen
   Established proof or clear demonstration?
They saw all aiming to betray you tried
   By betrayal of life or betrayal of times
Despite Shabib his hand lost the sword 5
   They were companions in all difficulties
As if necks of men said to his sword:
   Your friend must be Qais, you are Yamani!
So if he was a man he went his way
   For death is all living things' goal
But he was a fire in every place
   Stirring up the dust instead of the smoke
He had a life his enemies longed for
   A death to make every coward want death
He blocked spearpoints by his spear
   And feared no star's force or Aldebaran
Didn't he see death above his topknot
   Come with borrowed wing fine for flying?

He killed warriors until you killed him
   With weakest warrior and in lowest place
Death came to him by a path hidden
   To every ear and eye round about him
Had it trod war's path he'd been safe
   By right arm's length and heart's breadth
Fate aimed at him amidst his friends
   Confident of his destiny and secure in it
What use a huge army gathering round
   Without any succour or any divine aid?
Before night he paid his crime himself
   And he did not give the herds of camels
Can rational hand take what you gave him   18
   And hold those reins in such ingratitude?
Did he ride respect you mounted him on
   Ride the back of a stallion to rebellion
Benefits double his hand until it seems
   In its grabbing to have no more fingers
Where nowadays is loyalty to masters?
   Shabib and trust you see are brothers!
Allah judges, O Kafur, you are prince
   It is not decreed a second to you exist
Why do you choose the bow when one
   Shoots for you, men and jinn luckily
Why take care of spear and lance
   Since you are freed from it by events?
Wish me well if you give it or not
   Whatever you want for me comes to me
If you hate the turning sky's motion
   Something will hinder it from its rolling

255

In this poem the poet describes the restraint which Kafur has placed on him in terms of a fever that confines him to his bed. It is a new prison experience. His horizontal position here is similar to the mock burial that Saif's courtiers held for him at Aleppo. Both suggest the horizontal position of the torso in the prone first fifth and crawling middle fifth of the pattern. And the fever is no joking matter. The fear of loss expressed in Kafur and in excretion for a child is a heavy price to pay for the meaning that the vowel sounds acquire in the middle fifth. Yet these sounds are substantial bread, epiousian, as in the Prayer, or judgment day as in the Opening. 255:1-6 The love prelude pictures the lover and his two companions burned in the heat of the desert sun. But the lover has not lost his sense of independence and his belief in Allah. 255:7-16 The descent theme is expressed by a series of reflections on life appropriate to the depressed mood in which the poet finds himself. He has no use for betrayal and ignoble nature in friends. 255:17-29 The middle fifth describes the fever in feminine terms. She is a kind of Kafur who, since he was a eunuch, has been left only with the female body openings that, in turn, are the symbolic origin of meaningful vowels. She makes the poet sweat out the fluency of speech. 255:30-38 In the fourth fifth the ascent theme is expressed by the poet's mounting a horse and, in imagination, taking a wild ride in the desert. The doctor's scientific explanation for his illness is rejected. The poet has a more balanced view than it. 255:39-42 In the final fifth he sees the solution to his problems in the third state, immortality through poetry, that is neither sleep nor waking after death. It is that which gives him courage.

The blame of you two exceeds the fault
   The force it has is beyond a word for it
Let me alone for desert has no guide
   And the face of the midday has no veil
I wish to find relief in this and that
   I am exhausted by stopping and staying
My mount's eyes are as my eyes in fever
   Every groan of the weary beast my groan
I can reach water with no other guide
   Than my count of flashes from its cloud
My sword and my Lord protect my heart
   When the single person requires a guard
I say no good eve as guest of misers   7
   No hospitality but ostrich bone marrow
When men's friendship becomes betrayal
   I repay their smiles with other smiles
I have my doubts about one I've chosen
   Due to my knowledge he is one of mankind
Intelligent people love by qualities
   Ignorant love is according to appearance
I reject a brother, my father, mother's
   Son, if I find he is not of noble nature
I see that parents are often overcome
   By the evil nature in their own children
I am not satisfied with any virtues
   That are traced to illustrious ancestors
I'm surprised at one with power, edge
   Glancing off as a blunt, dull sword blow



One who finds the way to heights but
   Wears down no camel till it has no hump
I saw nothing so blameworthy among men
   As defection of the able from perfection
I settled in Egypt's land, and back   17
   Nor forward has the camel moved with me
The bed disgusts me, though my side
   Inclined to meet it only once in a year
Few are my visitors, sick is my heart
   Many the jealous and difficult my goal
My body is ailing, my riding forbidden
   Violent the giddiness without any wine
One who comes to me seems ashamed
   She does not visit except in the dark
I lavished upon her a gown and a bed
   She declined them and slept in my bones
Skin too tight for my breath and her
   So she stretched it in the way of ills
When she left me she washed me, as if
   We two were addicted to a sacred ritual
As if dawn drove her away so her tears
   Ran from all the four corners in showers
I waited for her moment without love
   With the waiting of passionate longing
Her promise true but an evil promise
   When it hits you in the agony of bone
O time's daughter, with me each daughter
   How could you alone get through a crowd?
You wounded me with such wounds that
   There is no place for swords or arrows
O will my hand ever know the touch   30
   That manages the reins or the tether?
Shall I attain my object on a trotter
   Whose bridle is silvered with a sweat?
Perhaps I'll heal my chest's boiling
   With a journey or a lance or a sword
The way is blocked, I want to be free
   With wine's freedom from a sieve's web
If I left this lover without goodbye
   I'd part from this land without farewell
A doctor says to me: You ate something
   Your illness is in eating and drinking
It's not in his skill, I'm thoroughbred
   The long stay in stable injures my body
It's used to getting dirty in a sortie
   Rushing from dust cloud to dust cloud
It's restrained, not loose to graze
   It is not in the barley nor is it bridled
If I am sick my courage is not sick   39
   If I am fevered yet my will is not ill
If I surrender I will not stay but
   I am safe from one death in another one
Enjoy the waking or the sleeping
   Do not hope for dozing within the tomb
For in that third state the meaning is
   Another meaning than waking or sleeping

256

This is the last poem that Abu Tayyib recited in Kafur's presence and after this he did not see him again. This was in the year 960. It again presses the poet's unsuccessful request for a reward that will give him power over the external world where his critics continue to plague him. 256:1-7 The lover is concerned about the problem of aging and his prematurely gray hair. He concludes that color, including that of Kafur, is of little importance. The soul within him does not grow old. It only needs an exchange of inner darkness for external light. 256:8-11 The journey passage suggests the seated position as the poet rides his camel. He is guided by a star now. 256:12-18 The middle part tells of the poet's rejection of feminine companionship in the past in favor of the martial art of jousting that represents the kinetic element in the spoken word. He thus finds the best place in the world the back of his fast horse and the best seat where he can read the book that gives his dialogue permanent form. 256:19-30 The ascent theme is found in the praise of Kafur who is elevated to new heights as he is described in the role of Abu Musk whose perfume implies the ascent of spirit. 256:31-43 The last fifth makes the final request to Kafur and boasts of the poet's successes and his deserving the gifts which he asks for. Other kings are wolves, dhib, or if the reader changes the vowel then flies, dhub. Thus a vowel can change four footed beasts into winged Muses.

Wishes once were mine that dye was white
   Thus youth was hidden by those gray locks
My nights with beauties, my curls a charm
   And an honor but my boast now is the fault
How can I blame today what I once wanted
   Or pray for what I'd deprecate if granted?

One color succeeds another, guided always
   Like a mist that rises at the beams of day
In body soul grows not gray by its graying
   Even if what was on its face showed warlike
She has claws if I pull back every claw
   And fangs when no teeth remain in a mouth
Destiny changes me as it wants, not her
   As I reach life's goal, but she is a girl
I have a star to guide my companions 8
   When the clouds shift beneath the stars
Homelands are unneeded, returns to town
   Do not provoke me once I journey from it
As fast trotting camels when they go
   And if not, an eagle has their saddles
I'm thirsty but I have no need for water
   While the heat rays weave above the camel
Among my secrets is one a drinking pal 12
   Will not receive, nor will the wine get it
I had a pretty woman an hour, we parted
   A desert was crossed to another meeting
But love is nothing but perplexity, lust
   A heart opposed to itself and overwhelmed
My heart no target for singing girls
   Nor are my fingers mounts for the cups
We leave every passion for lance points
   No playing at war for us except with them
We bear them to joust on heavy ones
   And by that their ferrules are broken
Best place in the world is a fast swimmer
   The best of sittings at times with a book
A sea full of water is Abu Musk who has 19
   Above all seas rising tides that overflow
It exceeds the power of praise until
   The best one can honor him with is blame
An enemy contends with him and submits
   As a neck contends with a sword's sheen
Most don't meet Abu Musk in common dress
   Clothing is no guard unless it be of iron
Broad chest to those who meet him, behind
   Archers and spearmen, and in front the foe
Keen in judgment on those who face him
   He judges a case enraging earth's kings
His virtue leads men submitting to him
   And if not, then his gifts and fines do
O lion whose body has a fierce soul
   How many lions have the souls of dogs?
O he takes from the times his soul's due
   And such as you give and endow with right
For us it is right he disown this age
   For content is small and blame is long
The days adopted a new habit with you
   Times flourish though they were a waste
No king but you, kingship is external
   You are the sword and that the scabbard
I know I by being near you calm my eye 31
   Even if nearness mingles with the distance
What use a curtain between us is raised
   If before what I hoped from you is a veil?
My greeting small from easy love of you
   I stay silent so there may be no response
In me are wants and in you is sagacity
   My silence is plain in this and a prayer
I do not want a bribe for love's sake
   It's weak love to want love for itself
I want nothing but to humble my critics
   So that my idea may be true to your love
I know people opposed me in the east
   I went west and I conquered and they lost
Discord came except with you the only one
   You are the lion as other kings are wolves
If you check meter as a reader misreads
   Wolves, he'd not mistake if he said flies
The praise of men is both true and vain
   But your praise is true no falsehood in it
If I have your love wealth is no account
   And all that is above the earth is dust
I am nothing but a pilgrim, but for you
   Each day a new country, companions for him
Through you the world is beloved to me
   No parting for me from you but to return

In this satire the poet attacks Kafur's role as part of the lower, and inner world that, though needed as the basis for the semantic value of spoken words, is nevertheless vile because of its association with waste products, the dregs of the epiousian. 257:1-2 Kafur is the bad nurse who as the leech, blood sucker, drains the infant. As a dog with trained teeth he pierces him as the breast does. 251:3 Here the descent theme is seen in the slave girl, Kafur in a role that suggests Laila the night, leading the noble Egyptian people, the stallion. The low terms are not used in envy but to show the difference between crude and refined diction as determined by social rules. 257:4-5 The Muslims are said to have a misguided idea of cleanliness when they shave their mustaches. They should pay more attention to the role of breath in speech. 257:6 The ascent theme appears in the call to strike off Kafur's head. 257:7-8 Allah is praised for permitting the likes of Kafur to exist. He can do this because he teaches by the pen and thus overcomes the religion of fate. The castrato ox has his uses.

By what paths could nobility come to you
   Where is the leech cup and knife O Kafur?
They betrayed their rank owning your hand
   As they found in you a dog was above them
None more ugly than stallion with a cock   3
   Having a slave to lead him without a cunt
Rulers of people come from themselves   4
   But the rulers of Muslims are base slaves
Is religion's aim to shave the mustache
   O people, nations mock in their ignorance?
Will no man wet a blade with his head   6
   To end complaints and suspicions of folk?
He proves evil in hearts, those whose   7
   Religion is fate and delay and favoritism
How great is Allah to shame his creation
   And not to support people who think thus!

258

Another satire on Kafur that defines his role further. He is an obscene bird and jackal. 258:1-2 The poet complains of his lack of contact with the external world and is thus like the self-centered infant at the mercy of the nurse. 258:3-4 The descent theme is implied in the distinction between new and old plagues. The new refer to the Arabic vowel script as opposed to the Greek where vowels are written like consonants and the still older hieroglyphic where they were hidden in the syllable. 258:5-6 But the folk of Misr, Egypt, are like crows, vultures and owls and therefore have the wings of a Muse or a winged Buraq who can produce music even if it is disagreeable. Like the wolves changed to flies this is a slight improvement. 258:7-8 So the praise can still appeal to the wise and have a certain elevation even though one must risk lowness for fools and jackals, Ibn Awi, the son of shelter. 258:9-10 But such satire hurts no real person since it is valid only in the inner world where the written word exists.

Is there in this world no nobility
   Has compassion ceased from the heart?
Is there in this world no place for
   Settled neighbor to enjoy his family?
Beasts and servants of Allah become   3
   To us as freed and those of lineage
I know not if it is a new illness
   That plagues men or an old disease
I came to Misr's land as a servant   5
   The free among them seemed as orphans
As if the Nubian blacks there were
   Crows, around them vultures and owls
I hate to praise him, I see my words   7
   Delighted fools O as well as the wise!
When I mocked I saw the weakness
   Of my words to a jackal, O vile one!
What excuse for this and that?   9
   The sick man can't avoid his sickness
When the evil comes from vileness
   And I hurt no victim, whom do I blame?

259

The poet mocks Kafur at a feast where he was present. It is a feast of words that are scarcely digestible. 259:1 There is no courtesy when the host is stingy. 259:2 That stinginess appears in Kafur's speech that lacks the kind of reference to the external world the poet needs, though it may have an inner truth. 259:3 Kafur's unwillingness to let the poet depart shows the importance of the written word that is free to travel beyond the confines of the spoken word with its inner meanings.

If this food were our provision for
   The guests we'd spread it courteously
But we are his guests and obviously
   He spreads only lies and falsehoods
Would he'd leave our way free
   To us, may Allah help him and me!



Abu Tayyib applied to Kafur for permission to leave Egypt and was refused. This poem expresses his feeling of being confined against his will in a dark inner world that is all too meaningful. 260:1 Commenatators say that theplace where the poet wanted to go was Ramla, though his wife was in Kufa, out of reach of Kafur. 260:2 The unlucky place of exile and worst condition is that inner world of excretion to which the vowels of speech originally are referred. 260:3-4 The visual communication habits will allow the poet to have his revenge on Kafur when the sounds of speech are referred to things in the external world.

Have you sworn not to permit me to go
   To the country to take care of things?
You allowed me this unlucky place
   In utmost exile and in worst condition
Someday when we travel from Fustat
   And one pursues me with horses and men
You'll know the value you lost in me
   And that you aimed at my hurt in vain

261

This commemorates the poet's departure from Egypt on the day of 'Arafat in the year 961. On this day the pilgrims at Mekka stand before the mount called Rahma that has the same root letters as the word for womb or intestines. It thus implies the poet confronting those inward parts of the body that give the vowel sounds their first meaning. The root for 'Arafat is 'rf and means to know. Thus the poet celebrates the feast of knowledge and ends the first part of the middle fifth of the diwan. 261:1-9 The poet complains of his separation from his family and the slender girl who is his bedmate. He has only two saqis in his bleeding heart and liver (both organs of excretion) which must face the Egyptian darkness of Kafur. 261:10-19 The middle part of the poem accuses the Egyptian lords and Kafur of having broken their promise to him. He wanted to gain knowledge of some portion of the external world but he cannot rely on their word which is only a fart and a murderous one at that. Kafur and his men are foxes who have stolen the grapes. Like the wicked Husbandmen in the parable they are about to murder the Lord's son. 261:20-30 In the last third of the poem Kafur is attacked more directly. He is called Abu Baida, father of the eggs, to mock his lost testicles. And he is also led by a pregnant slave girl, the Muse. The written word will have its birth. The payment on the day of judgment will come due. Kafur like Laila, the night, can objectify the dark, low back vowels which are the basis of meaning.

Feast in what state do you return O feast
   With what past and what new things to come?
My dear ones, desert between them and me
   O for desert before you as that before them
But for eminence no strong camel nor
   Lean horse would cross what I have crossed
Sweeter than my sword as bedmate is
   The slender girl like it in brightness
Time left not for my heart or my liver
   Anything that eye or neck could enslave
O my two saqis do your cups have wine
   Or is care and wakefulness in your cups?
Am I rock? what's wrong that the wine
   Does not rouse me nor yet this singing?
And when I wanted the pure red wine I
   Found it but my soul's darling was gone
What have I found in the world? I am
   Surprised that what I wept for was envied
I am easy in riches in store and eash   10
   I am wealthy but my property is promises
I settled with liars as their guest
   Was forbidden hospitality and departure
Bounty is men's hands but their gift is
   Tongues, and they and their gift were not
But death takes no single soul of them
   Unless its hand has a stick for the stink
With each fart the belly band breaks
   Not counted among men nor among women
Each time an evil slave murders his lord
   Or betrays him his training was in Egypt
A eunuch is leader of runaway slaves
   The free man enslaved and a slave obeyed
Egypt's overseers sleep while the foxes
   Eat too much, still the grapes aren't gone
Slave is no brother to good free man
   Even if born in clothes of the nobleman
Buy no slave unless a stick is with him
   For slaves are a filthy and rebellious lot
I never thought I'd live to the time   20
   A dog would do me dirt and be praised
Nor did I think that men would be lost
   And the likes of Abu Baida would be found
And a pierced black with his camel lips
   Would have trembling sycophants obey him



Hungry, he eats my food and detains me
   So he be named: Great Power, Much Sought
A man whom a pregnant slave girl guides
   Oppressed by inflamed eyes and weak heart
Alas her mistake, alas her midwife!
   For her likes long Mahri camels were made
For her a drinker enjoys death's taste
   Death for one who is humiliated is sweet
Who taught the black eunuch generosity
   His white people or his royal fathers?
Or his ears bleeding in a slaver's hand
   Or his value rejected at two farthings?
Little Kafur first excused by the vile
   In each fault some excuses are to blame
Because the white stallions are feeble
   Effeminate, so what about black eunuchs?

262

The poet is said to have stopped with some people who aided him in escaping Kafur. The root krkr can mean to circle like a bird, to withdraw, the sheath of an animal's penis, the breast of an animal. Thus the name of the poet's benefactors points to the external world. 262:1 The root blb means nightingale and implies a favorable idea of the Muse. Her song has more vowels than speech but their profound meaning is still difficult to grasp. 262:2-3 Karakira here means the folk. Qais, as we shall see, was one of the names of the poet Majnun. 'Abd al 'Aziz, the servant of the Almighty, is a son of Joseph who rose to greatness in Egypt. His fluency of speech is also characteristic of Abu Tayyib. 'Ailan has a connotation of poverty about it. 262:4 The sight of this man is an ornament to his folk. He makes a good introduction to the second series of poems in this part of the diwan. He suggests that the poet will gain his reward like Joseph and son gained theirs from Pharoah.

May their Lord repay Arabs at Bulbais
   For their kindness may their eyes be cool
Karakira of Qais ibn 'Ailan are alert
   Their eyelids and sword sheathes are lofty
Especially 'Abd al 'Aziz ibn Yusuf
   For he is their rain shower and stream
A man in my eyes adorns his tribe afar
   Many a chief in the land of folk he adorns

263

This poem is about another man the poet stayed with on his flight. His name was Wardan. This is the name of the man who was the husband of Laila in the story of Majnun's love for her. Laila's name means night and thus suggests the role of Kafur for whom Abu Tayyib had an ambivalent love. Abu Tayyib's Wardan tried to prostitute his wife to the poet's slaves so he could steal his horses. The poet adopts Majnun's role as poet. The quarrel between the poet and Wardan thus becomes a model of the conflict between the syntax of speech, represented by the poet, and the system of science in the external world represented by Wardan whose name means the red one, the lion who comes to drink. Like Badr's lion he will meet defeat. As Laila's husband he is the father to whom the child shifts the quarrel with the nurse. 263:1 The poet condemns Wardan's ancestors who are traced to Rabi'a, the spring or fourth season of growth. 263:2 But the mention of Wardan's father being illegitimate suggests the descent theme in his base or low birth. 263:3 The filthy speech of the slave points to the auditory communication habits. 263:4 The reference to Wardan's wife recalls the fact that Laila had the virtues of high devotion to her beloved. This is part of the ascent theme. 263:5 The horse whose backside carries the poet, as Buraq carried the prophet in his journey through the heavens, is poetry, a Muse that the poet wishes to defend against the prose of science. The four legs of the horse, or the crawling child, help to account for the violence of the poet in his attack on Wardan.

If you are of Tai they are blameworthy
   And their forebears Rabi'a and his sons
Or if you are of Tai they were noble
   But Wardan's father is not one of theirs
At Hisma we passed by one of his slaves
   He dripped filth from his nose and mouth
He seduced my slaves with his woman
   He destroyed them and they destroyed him
If my horse was unhappy with their hands
   His face must now be unhappy with my sword

264

Here the attempt to rehabilitate Kafur by comparing him to Laila the wife of Majnun meets with a difficulty. Wardan is also the Egyptian nobility who have allowed Kafur to play the role of prostitute. Once they were masters of the external world. They built the pyramids and with Joseph's aid improved the economy of the Nile. But now the poet has more confidence in his own spoken syntax, childish though it is, than in their adult science. Kafur-Laila is becoming less subjective but not much more respectable. 264:1 Wardan's wife is compared to the greedy pig and sly fox both of whom represent the bad nurse. 264:2 But Wardan's baseness is again traced to his ancestry and to his descent from those ancestors. 264:3 The Muse as one who prostitutes the truth requires this role because she



is not true to the outer world when she is true to the inner world. This is to break one's spoken promise. However sex may imply creativity. 264:4 The term lady Wardan can also mean the woodlouse who lives on excrement. The ascent theme is thus implied in the contrast between rank and filth for the tiny pair. 264:5 The truth of Wardan's Tai ancestry is rejected on the grounds that written proof is lacking.

May Allah curse Wardan and his broad
   His profit of a pig and snout of a fox
His betrayal was only an indication
   Of what his mother and his father were
If a man profits from his wife's sex
   O he's worst of men O worst of profits
O tiny pair, lady Wardan and daughter
   Earning their living in the worst trade
I reject betrayal of the Tai truth
   Don't blame me, many a friend is belied

265

This poem describes the fight with the thieves and death of one who tried to steal the poet's horses at the command of Wardan. The latter is not mentioned since his name, in the form of Abu Wardan, can also mean penis. In this form it is closer to the external world than Kafur-Laila is, but the association with excretion is still too strong. There is an emphasis on the number of thieves which agrees with poet's need to contact the external world. 265:1-2 The mutiliation of the slaves is similar to the infant's loss of the nurse. But this kind of work betrays the noble nature of swords. 265:3 The wish for a 100,000 opponents suggests the kind of exaggeration possible in the seated position where the knowledge of the external world is still small. But the ability to count appears with articulate sounds. 265:4-5 The child's crawling phase is noted in the mention of the hyena and the kinetic element in speech in the birds. It is the action of the four legs that makes syntax seem aggressive just as the slow movement of the torso muscles makes the semantics of words seem passive. 265:6 The high ideals of the sword suggest the ascent theme. 265:7-8 The failure of the eyes to lament the thieves shows they have better things to do. Among them are reading the poet's works.

I count them betrayers of swords
   So I cut off their noses with these
May Allah not pity heads if they
   Send flying the tops of their skulls
A sword avenges not a few of them — 3
   Would they were a hundred thousand
O worst flesh whose life I took — 4
   And that went to the hyena's belly
You could avoid your begging me
   Taking omens of birds and auguring
I promised this blade what it met — 6
   I was afraid of mutiny when you came
Goodness knows you not if named — 7
   Nor do two eyes follow you weeping
When a man alarms me with betrayal
   I bring him to a goal that he fears

266

This poem expresses the poet's relief after his escape from Wardan's thieves and from Kafur. Already mentioned in poem 263, Hisma, meaning sword, was a desert and mountainous region on the coast of the Red Sea where Wardan lived. Busaita is further east and means little flat space. 266:1 The slow rain is a relief to the thirsty child but the triangular relationship between the child and his semantic and syntactic abilities can be confusing. 266:2 The palm trees of the vegetative, prostrate infant immobilize the fast moving ostriches on the semantic side. The minarets are changed to nimble deer to suggest the auditory experience of syntax. 266:3 The laughter of the men makes them realize that the external world is different from the inner world where the communication habits are made. This is the result of the written word which encourages reflection.

Busaita you make the rain fall slow
   You leave my servants' eyes confused
They think an ostrich near you a palm
   They thought the deer near you minarets
My friends hung on to their saddles
   Laughter got to them and was hard on them

267

This poem describes the poet's journey from Egypt to Iraq in a more continuous fashion than the preceding short poems. It thus emphasizes the kinetic element in speech which is rooted in a child's learning to crawl. It also prepares us for the role of the consonants in speech as the model for mobility in syntax just as the vowels have been the model for stability in the semantic element in speech. The syntax of the sentence ties together the meanings of the words when the eyes move through the sequence and identify the various parts of speech. 266:1-5 The praise and criticism of the Bujawi, unfortunate, camels is part of the infant's ambivalent attitude toward the nurse who rescues one from a death by thirst. 266:6-20 The list of place names this poet's party passed through makes definite the movement of speech sounds in an itinerary. One needs to pay particular attention to the conson-

antal roots whose sounds change more quickly than those of the vowels. 266:21-36 The poet now boasts of his achievment in escaping Kafur and finding a way into the external world where his written words will make a place for themselves. Kafur is blamed primarily for his ignorance and blindness to that external world. It is the loss of his testicles that have made him antisocial. He is a windbag who cannot see himself as others see him. The dirty words show that in spite of Kafur's association with Laila the poet still has need of these low sounds. Like Badr's dancer he must take a fall to maintain the even scale in the continuity between high and low. The poet knows how to split rock. As the parable of the Sower has it the dead rock of the external world is confronted even if the hot sun is not.

O all the mincing women's walks are
   Ransom for every fast she-camel's gait
Every Bujawi that can rescue, though
   Clumsy, for a graceful pace is nothing
But they are life lines, tricks
   To the foe and defenses against evil
By her I beat desert in gambler's luck
   That might have been one way or another
When she took fright horsemen were
   Ahead, bright swords and brown lances
She passed by Nakhla, in her going 6
   Did without the people and the place
At eve she gave a choice at Niqab
   Of the Water Wadi or the Town Wadi
We said to her: Where's Iraqi land?
   She said as we were at Turban: There!
In Hisma she went with a west wind
   Motion, facing the force of an east wind
Aiming at Kifaf and Kibd al Wihad
   And after that Buwaira and Wadi Gada
She cut through Busaita as a sword
   Among the ostriches and the wild cows
To 'Uqdat al Jauf until she slaked
   At Jarawi Water some of her thirst
Sawwar and the dawn shone to her
   Al Shagur appeared in the forenoon
Her gallop took us at eve to Juma'i
   And morning to Adari and then to Dana
O that was a night for you at 'Akush
   The land all dark and signposts hidden
We came to Ruhaima in the midst of it
   The remainder more than what was past
We made camels kneel to set our spears
   Between our generous deeds and eminence
We spent night kissing our swords
   Wiping them clean of enemies' blood
So Egypt might know and those in Iraq
   And those in 'Awasim that I am the man
And I am true and I rejected and
   I rebelled against those who presumed
Not all who speak a word are true 21
   Not all forced to shame will reject it
And he who has a heart like my heart
   Splits the heart of destruction to glory
But some tool is needed for the heart
   And some idea to split the hardest rock
And every path that the youth takes
   Finds his step by the measure of his leg
The little slave slept in our night
   Before he slept in blindness not slumber
In spite of closeness, between us were
   Deserts of his ignorance and blindness
Indeed I thought before this eunuch
   Reason was altogether in the testicles
O the ridiculous things in Egypt!
   But it was laughter very close to tears
And the black who was half lip, one
   Must address as: You moon of darkness!
In poetry I praised him as rhinoceros
   At times with verses at times by spells
And this praise was not for him
   But rather it was a satire on mankind
Some people have gone astray with
   Their idols, but with a windbag, O no!
And those were deaf and he talkative
   But farts moved him or those stutters
If one's self is ignorant of his worth
   Others see in him what he does not see

This is the last in the second series of poems in this part of the diwan describing the poet's journey from Egypt to Iraq. It links Shabib and Fatik who is to be the subject of the third series. Shabib was the rebel against Kafur described in poem 254. Fatik was odds with Kafur and his nickname of Majnun, the mad one, identifies him with the poet in Abu Tayyib and his rebelliousness. 268:1 Kafur is accused of being stingy and not meriting a toast at a banquet because he is greedy. 268:2 Shabib means to make love poems as a youth and so suggests the semantic value of words. Fatik means to rush ahead and be bold and thus implies the mobility of syntax that holds words together. 268:3-4 The comparison of Kafur to a dark sun, in Arabic a feminine noun, shows the importance of visual communication habits. The parable of the Sower makes the sun destroy the growing seed. But in Kafur-Laila the moon of darkness is less dangerous. And Fatik's crawling tongue-legs make the consonants.

Black but his heart is too narrow
   A toast but the belly is too large
His folk die in rage at the time
   As Fatik and Shabib died of hatred
I loved his castration and left
   He followed me like a sun but dark
If you lack roots, reason, bounty
   There's nothing good in life for you

269

This poem praises Kafur's associate, the Greek slave Fatik, whom the Ikhshid had raised to the rank of general. The impetuousity implied in his name of Fatik is supplemented by the nickname of Majnun which comes from the root jnn meaning to darken. Hence he and Abu Tayyib are related to Kafur-Laila on the basis of color. But Kafur represents that inner world of the torso that gives meaning to the vowel sounds while Fatik represents the tongue and teeth that produce the consonants which, along with the movement of the four feet in crawling, help to classify words into a syntax. This syntax is a bridgeway to the systematization of the external world. The Greek script wrote the vowels in the same way it wrote consonants and thus forced attention away from the inwardness of the vowels. This produces a kind of madness which is like the inner darkness of seen in Kafur. 269:1-12 The love prelude puts Kafur in the role of the bad nurse who limits the freedom of the poet in his desire to repay the kindness of the Amir Fatik. A hint of his madness appears in the equation of him to the lazy virgin who like the Muse repays kindness done to her. 269:13-32 The praise of Fatik opens with a comparison of him to the female sun that is retracted as inappropriate. Instead he is a leader of lions and slaughters all kinds of four footed beasts to honor his guests. He has the fluency of the spoken word and the competitiveness which goes with syntax as it rivals the systematic order of the external world. This is another cause of his madness since the simple cause and effect relationship inherent in syntax is not adequate to describe change in the external world. 269:33-46 The visual communication habits give Fatik a new name, Abu Shuja', father of bravery. This name was also used by the patron of the prison poems 27 and 28. It also recalls the series of grandfather poems 103ff. But syntax promises an escape. Consequently his praise has no need of the consonants hmd, the root of the word to praise. It is a coat for him and his hands reach the stars. He is a fast camel that gives second life.

No horses as your gift and no flocks so
   Speech brings joy if things do not rejoice
Repay the Amir who is kind unexpectedly
   Without plea though men's gifts are begged
Often she repays kindness of one near her
   This lazy pearl among virgins of the tribe
And if strong hobbles now prevent me
   From running free, yet there is whinnying
I do not give thanks because wealth
   Lures me, little or much is equal with me
I think it ugly he is generous with us
   And we by authority's decree are miserly
I was wasteland meadow growth, a shower
   Came at dawn, a downpour on no salty earth
A shower with effect clear to onlookers
   But showers know not what they bring here
Only a master of sagacity attains glory
   When any action is difficult for masters
None inherit whose hand ignores a gift
   None acquire without the sword demanding
Time spoke a word to him, he understood
   For time is censorious of the tightfisted
A lance knows if it is shaken by his hand
   A horseman and hero are unhappy with that
Like Fatik...but comparison is lacking   13
   Like sun I had said, but sun is no trope
Leader of lions whose claws feed those
   Who are his cubs with the life of his foes
Sword's killer is the body of one killed
   For there is an end for swords as for men
Fear for him protects him in battle
   His flocks unshepherded in far pastures
His whatever wild game his spear chooses
   Wild asses, ostrich, boars and wild bulls



Guests at eve fill up in his courts
As if sunset's cool was brought for them
If they want meat their host hurries
A cut on the platter and even the haunch
He knows no bad luck in wealth or child
Except as he sends the guests on their way
He waters avid earth with drink's dregs
Camel's milk cream and wine of pure color
Host by his sword wet hourly in blood
As if momently guests arrive and return
Life flows around him in mingled fashion
Some of it the foes', some sheep and camel
Distance prohibits not his gifts to men
No children are kept by weakness from them
His keen sword among two armies' heroes
Swords are guided while spears go straying
His fame is weaker than sight of him
Among men some are water and some mirage
The jealous call him Majnun the mad one
As swords clash and sometimes reason clogs
He hits armies with them, no escape then
In his blow even if armies are mountains
And so when his claws are in the enemy
Pity and lions cannot be joined for them
Destiny's course in him always terrifies
Openly but fate's mishaps come unforeseen
His boldness attains nobility's height
They gain it not who guard against a comer
If kings adorn themselves his gems are
Indian swords and quivering lance nipples
Abu Shuja' father of the bold one and all 33
Terror feeds him with the feared conflicts
You take praise, until for boasters
There is neither hah, nor mim, nor dal
Upon him there is a double coat of it
So that he has no need of a coat of mail
How should I hide gifts you conferred
You have overflowed with gifts O bounteous!
You were kind to think of my virtue and
Honor, the generous are the height of tact
So you made it known and the news spread
And hope in your hands reached the stars
My praise is long as he who wears it
Is tall, praise for dwarfs is dwarflike
If you are proud as conceit is among men
Your worth by their worth can be haughty
As if you are not content with yourself
As a friend until you excel in excellence
You didn't see yourself safe in its heart
Until you were spendthrift of fear for it
Except for hardship all men would rule
Generosity become poor and boldness death
Even if each man achieves his capacity
Not every runner has a fast camel's legs
This time left off ugliness in him
For most men he is the best and finest
Hero's memory is second life and witness
Hardship feeds it and exuberance of love

270

Two years after the poet met Fatik and two years after his own illness described in poem 255 Fatik died. This elegy represents the inadequacy of the child's spoken syntax to compete with the inexorable laws of nature external to the world which the child has built. This realization, rooted as it is in the movement of the four legs, is a step toward knowledge of the world outside oneself. It builds the structure of the reading public. 270:1-4 The death of the beloved has left the lover torn between contradictory tendencies. Should he accept Laila-Kafur or attack Wardan? 270:5-13 The second fifth of the poem tells of the depressed mood of the lover as he contemplates the vanity of worldly glory seen in the builder of the two pyramids, those dry breasts in the desert. They are broken like the babbling stream itself. They are the fruit of an inadequate picture writing. 270:14-27 In the middle fifth the poet addresses the dead friend directly to suggest the resurrection theme in the auditory communication habits. Fatik often changed his garments like one leaves the syntax of a sentence after understanding its meaning. But there was no defense in the end. 270:28-32 In the fourth fifth the ascent theme appears in the chopping off of the thief Kafur's hands. Like the ascent of the virgin hand in Laila it is a transition to vision. But the dangers of the script which is developed here are apparent. It is the script that allows one to exploit the environment and the horrors of that prospect are quite as terrible as the revulsion at the view of the inner world given by the semantic values represented by Kafur. Kafur's thievery, like that of Wardan, must be punished. The stubby toed eunuch has no firm root. He is a stinking weed. 270:33-41 The funeral procession for Fatik includes



Romans and Persians as well as south Arabs. Their four footed steeds know how inadequate even the hand that grips the lance in place of the pen can be. But the structure of syntax as a model for science shows the power of vision. Fatik is a Successor, a Tubba', to Arabs, a Caesar to Romans, and Kisra to Persians. All these ancient scripts had deficiencies that the poet now knows how to overcome.

Grief disquiets, reflection restrains
   Tears between these two rebel and submit
These dispute my sleepless eyes' tears
   One brings them and the other takes them
Sleep after Abu Shuja' is frightened
   And the night tired and the stars lame
I am a coward at my beloved's departure
   But if my soul tastes death I feel brave
My foe's anger increases my harshness   5
   Blame of a friend pains me and I worry
Life for the fool or forgetful is simple
   Both what is past and what is yet to come
And for him who mistakes his own value
   Making endless search for the impossible
Where is he whose work was two pyramids
   What were his folk, his times, his death?
A trace remained for their friends
   Then ruin overtook them and they followed
Money did not content Abu Shuja's heart
   Before his death nor rank he had attained
We thought his house was filled with
   Gold but he died and the house was empty
Nobility and scimitars and the lances
   And A'waj daughters are all he gathered
Glory is loss, nobility a hand clasp
   So nobility's beauty cannot live by them
Men go to too low a level in your times   14
   For you to live by them, you rank higher
Cool my heart with a word if you can
   You could hurt if you wish or be useful
Never before this did you do for a friend
   Anything which made him doubt or gave pain
I saw you, no calamity came near you
   Except what a wise heart drove from you
Or hand making its battles and gifts
   Duties you undertook as if voluntarily
O you changed your garments every day
   Now content with a garment not taken off
You ceased not to robe those who wanted
   Until one day you put on one not honorary
You ceased not to repel each hard thing
   Until the burden, not to be accepted, came
You stayed to see your lance not ready
   For what attacked nor would your sword cut
By my father alone! the numerous army
   Wept, but tears are the worst of weapons
When you were left with weeping weapons
   You feared in your heart, your cheeks wet
A hand came to you finding equal value
   In the gray falcon and the speckled crow
Who is now for asembly, army or raid?
   Lost in your loss, a star rising no more
Who takes you as deputy for the guests
   Who lose their way while you do not stray?
Ugly be your face O time, for it is   28
   A face that is veiled with all ugliness!
Must such as Abu Shuja' Fatik die but
   He who envied him, stub-toed eunuch, live?
The chopped off hands lie near his head
   One cries to a neck: Will no one hit him?
You let stay the worst liar you ever had
   But took the best who spoke and was heard
Left the most stinking wind ever damned
   Stole sweetest perfume that ever spread
Today blood of all frightened animals   33
   Is calm and it as if he loomed far off
Knots of whips and his horses at peace
   Their back legs and forelegs are together
The sortie canceled, no spearpoint drips
   Blood above a shaft, and no sword clashes
He turns, each friend and drinking pal
   After privacy takes a walk saying goodbye
He who was a refuge for every people
   Found food for his sword in every nation

If he was among Persians he was lord
   Kisra, necks yielded to him and stooped
If he came among Romans he was Caesar
   Or if he stayed with Arabs he was Tubba'
He the fastest rider in the jousting
   On horseback, but yet death was quicker
May hand of horseman not grip a lance
   After him, nor four feet carry the steed

271

Another elegy for Fatik occasioned by a friend's gift of a spiced apple with Fatik's name written on it. The lords of Egypt who tolerated Kafur are compared unfavorably to Fatik and thus represent the apple which Adam and Eve ate in the days of the syllabic script which ancient Egypt also employed. Adam's name means red clay and thus the writing material on which the Babylonians wrote. That script gave them a knowledge of building in stone but not of knowing the sorrows of Majnun-Laila. 271:1-2 The spice of the apple recalls the boldness implied in the movement of the nurse's breast. It has a finer smell than that associated with Kafur. 271:3-4 But death destroyed that boldness though it was as ignorant as his mother of what was being destroyed. She is the upright torso that produces articlate sounds. 271:5-6 Fatik excels the Egyptians in spirit that is the breath of speech and in the eulogy of the spoken word. 271:7-8 They also lack the height of his nobility as he dies. His death is like wine poured from on high for the reading public who survives him. 271:9-10 It is like water with a taste that can be savored in the written word. Like fine wine it is buried in the earth which is too narrow for it. But the reader's taste revives it. The parable of the Wicked Husbandmen is the context for elegy.

Its mildness reminding me of Fatik
   But something of spice is in his name
I am not forgetful, but still
   Its smell renews for me his perfume
What a youth death plundered! not 3
   Even his mother knew what she had borne
She had not taken him to her breast
   Had she known what she clasped to her
The kings in Egypt had its wealth 5
   But they, not they, have not his spirit
Larger than their bounty his economy
   Better than their eulogy was his blame
Nobler than their lives is his death 7
   More use than their wealth his poverty
Truly his death in his house
   Was like a wine that nobility pours out
For it is water which one drinks 9
   And it is his taste which one savors
Earth was too narrow for his spirit
   It is nature his body was cramped by her

272

This poem is the last in the third series in this part of the diwan. It was composed when Abu Tayyib was returning from Bagdad two years after Fatik's death. It contains memories of the flight from Egypt but also reflects on the hostility the poet met in Bagdad from the wazir of Mu'izz al Daula, lord of Iraq. The wazir was al Muhallabi who was born in Basra and a partisan of their school of grammatical analysis. The rival school was located in Kufa where Abu Tayyib grew up. But al Mutanabbi retained his faith in Kufan grammar, and its hieratic script, in spite of Fatik's death. Ibn Lankak, another Basrian and follower of al Muhallabi, mocked Abu Tayyib and claimed that the poet's father was a water seller and that Abu Tayyib was now selling the water of life. 272;1-5 The disappointed lover is shown making a night journey after days in the burning sun. But the water in the clouds doesn't desert the waterbags. 272:6-16 The journey from Egypt is given in the second fifth to represent humiliation in having to flee from Kafur. But the guard of bedouin who accompany the poet are free from the constraints which afflicted the poet in Egypt. They come from the heroic time of Ignorance, the Jahiliya of the babbling stream. 272:17-20 The praise of Fatik Abu Shuja' along with a personal expresion of grief appears in the middle fifth to show how syntax is important to auditory communication. His boldness and courage are part of systematic thought as the poet moves forward. 272:21-31 The visit to Bagdad, north of Kufa, shows the ascent theme in the fourth fifth. The literary idols who follow the wazir's leading are said to be unchaste and the pen is said to be less powerful than the sword which is wielded by the hostile wazir. But it requires clean hands otherwise the script can ruin the objects it describes. 272:32-39 The visual comunication habits show the importance of distinguishing between the waking and dreaming eye. The poet praises his Creator who allows him to rejoice in his pain even though his times are unhappy. His vision makes him wary and yet generous.

How long do we follow stars in darkness
   If their journey is not with hoof or foot?
Not feeling in eyelids what one feels
   In lost sleep as a traveler wakes at night
The sun blackened our white faces
   But blackened not our white locks or braids
Their state would be under one judgment
   If we judged by the judgment of the world
We let no water cease from traveling
   Going from clouds through the water bag



I chide no camel, for by her I protect 6
   My heart from grief, my body from illness
With back legs I drove her front legs
   From Egypt until we passed Jawsh and 'Alam
Desert ostriches raced saddled ones
   Matching camels' soft tether with bridle
With boys who risk their souls and joy
   In what comes, content with chance arrows
They display as they toss off turbans
   Their turbans created black without a veil
Pale cheeked, spearing horsemen they
   Pursue them as they drive off the camels
They take by spear what's beyond force
   But achieve not the limit of their desire
It is the Jahiliya time except they
   In their good nature are in a truce month
Casting spears which cannot talk yet
   Are taught birds' screams for the brave
The camels speed with the frothy lips
   Their hoofs green with ragal and yanam
We beat with drivers' whips muzzled from
   The bush growth, we desire glory's growth
Where is its growth after his growth 17
   Abu Shuja' chosen of Arabs and non-Arabs
No other Fatik in the Egypt we went to
   Nor a successor to him among all mankind
Those unlike him in nature when alive
   Are as him when dead in rotting bones
I miss him, I go to seek him
   The world will not repay me for the loss
I can't stop smiling at my camel as she 21
   Looks at what colors her hoofs with blood
I led her among idols to show them to her
   But I found among them no idol's chastity
And I came back as my pen said to me:
   Glory is a sword, glory is not in pens
Write ever with us after writing by it
   For indeed we are servants to the swords
It made me hear, my cure was its advice
   If I slip, my ransom is I have little wit
He who fulfills not his need by a sword
   Answers every question of How with a No!
People imagine it is weakness brings us
   To them and the approach raises suspicion
A failure of justice cannot stop a rift
   Among men, even if they are from one womb
So no visits unless you visit them with
   Hands prepared for the polished scimitar
In every case its edges decide for death
   In what is between the avenger and avenged
Keep its hilt clean for them so blame
   Cannot reach it in my hands nor stinginess
What's hard to see is scorned by vision 32
   For a waking eye is like the dreaming one
Do not distrust people and gloat in
   Complaints of a wound at crow and vulture
Be on your guard against men but hide it
   And let not the smiling mouth confuse you
Faith is rare, you don't often meet it
   Trust scarce, either in word or promise
Praise to my soul's Creator, its joy is
   What other souls see as the peak of pain
Fate wonders at my bearing misfortune
   At my body's patience in crushing events
Time seduces, would the time of life
   Were among other folk of bygone nations
Whose sons came in time's growth and
   Made them happy, but we come in old age

This poem represents the fourth fifth in the middle part of the diwan. It is a satire on a Kharajite rebel named Dabba who was attacking Kufa during the time Abu Tayyib stayed there. The root dbb can mean to flow, to be fixed in the ground, to be silent, to rob, to have a tumor on the lip, a bolt, a lizard. It thus suggests some of the ideas the poet had satirized in Kafur as a representative of the inner world of the torso which gives meaning to the vowels of speech. It also reminds one of the attack on Ibn Kaifalag in the fourth fifth of the first part of the diwan, as well poems 194, 226 and 228-9 in the fourth fifth of the second part. But the incest taboo now no longer blocks the poet. Here as in the previous two poems the poet expresses shock at what the script developed in this part

of the pattern can do to the world it describes. He saw some of this ecological ruin in the ancient valleys of Mesopotamia and the Nile where he had lived for four years. As the Lord's prayer says in its fourth request, one needs to cast off one's debts, the tail, opheilema, of Ibn Tugj, so as to be able to expect that his own debts will be forgiven. 273:1-7 The first part of the poem mocks Dabba for the way his father died in a fight with men who raped his mother. This suggests the violence of the bad nurse in attacking the infant. 273:8-20 The second fifth describes his mother as prostitute. Her name is Miriam and has both Jewish and Christian associations as daughter and mother. 273:21-24 The middle fifth accuses Dabba of being a thief but says he was created thus so he cannot be blamed. The failure of speech to be true to the external world is thus suggested. 273:25-28 In the fourth fifth Dabba's men and his women are transformed into stallions and mares to raise them to the height of the ascent theme. Other men are sterile mules. 273:29-39 In the last part of the poem the poet turns from mere abuse to describe his meeting with Dabba in the outskirts of Kufa. He is accused of being a coward as a contrast to the poet's own bravery.

How unjust folk are to Dabba
   And to his long breasted mama
They hit his dad on the head
   And jumped the overcome mother
No honor for one who is dead
   Nor love for those fucked with
I have said what I have said
   Out of pity and not from love
It is hidden from you for
   You'd be excused if you knew
It's not your fault that he
   Was killed, for it was a fight
And it's not your fault that
   Your mother was a dirty whore
It's no hardship to the dog   8
   That he is the son of a bitch
No matter to her who got her
   But it did bother her thighs
He did not fuck her, yet
   Her ass bothered his cock
Some folk blame Dabba but
   They do not blame his heart
And it was his heart lusted
   Forced the body with his tail
If he sees a thing's stalk
   He loves the stump's hard-on
O best of men in himself
   Softest of men for a riding
O trickiest of men in root
   In the smelliest dusty grave
Cheapest of men to his ma
   She sells to a thousand lovers
All on the make are arrows
   For Miriam and she the quiver
It's nothing for one with clap
   To have a meeting with doctors
No difference between a drab
   And proper girl but go-between
O you murder a guest for   21
   Profit in water-milk and bags
For fear of every comrade
   You stay the night beside him
Thus you were created
   And who can overcome his Lord?
And who cares about blame
   If he is accustomed to profit?
Don't you see stallions in   25
   The palms, in herd after herd?
They roam among your women
   Lusting for them for some time
Roundabout you they watch
   And their big cunts are juicy
And all the inflamed mules
   Show that they envy that herd
Solace your heart O Dabba   29
   Where can one leave conceit?
If one betrays you, by my life
   He long betrayed his companions
Why ever do you want it?
   For you already display fear
You are nothing but a flea
   It ruins you as woman's guard
When you snored proudly
   You were farting out of fear
If we went off a little
   You seized the spear and sword

You said: Would I had in
    Hand short-hair horse's reins
If you abandoned heights
    The house was still an exile's
Or were friendly to shame
    Yet this was in your lineage
If you know my meaning
    You'll discover your affliction
If you're ignorant of my idea
    Then it is similar to yourself

274

The poem represents the last fifth in the middle part of the diwan. It was written to honor the general sent from Bagdad to oppose the Kharajites of whom Dabba was one. Like Abu Ashair in the first fifth of the diwan he was the representative of higher authority. The name of this patron, Lashkarawazz, in the form Bashkarawazz, suggests the Turkish words for black head. His first name, Dillir, is the Turkish word for tongue, language, and in compounds to talk, to be silent. Dil can also mean the heart and soul. Thus he has some of the characteristics assigned to Fatik and Kafur representing the syntax and semantics of words. And here the poet wins what he lost in Fatik's death. In this poem and in the previous one he is, for the first time, writing in his home territory. 274:1-10 A lover is replying to a feminine reproacher who is blaming him for being mad like Majnun. This madness is the kind associated with preferring syntax over external order. The beloved is compared to a thin sword and tawny lance which in turn represent the nurse's breast. From these images he makes messages of love. 274:10-25 The middle part of the poem praises Dillir who defended the two Iraqs of Basra and Kufa with their grammatical schools that make speech intelligible. The poet desires the patron's energy like the horse's hoof desires the road, or the crawling child wants to move. The Kilab dogs are left to eat lizards, that is, Dabba. 274:26-40 The last third of the poem shifts from the second person address of the middle to third person which puts Dillir at a distance where he can be seen in perspective. The poet modestly does not mention that he was honored with a robe for his share in the defense which was successful before Dillir arrived on the scene. But then Turkish grammar is very different from Arabic.

As you claim each claims his reason sound
    Who knows the ignorance that is in a self?
You are the first to blame by reproof
    More in need of guilt than ones you blame
You said: No lover like you among men
    Find one like I love and you find my like
A lover compares women to his thin sword
    And fineness in their bodies to the polish
Brunettes to tawny lances, except for me
    Their prey is my love, spears my messages
I lost a heart where virtue didn't stay
    A night but as bright teeth and dark eyes
Beauty denies no ambition in her parting
    No one who weeps loss wins her by a union
Let me take rank no one yet has taken
    Difficult heights are hard, the easy easy
You like one to get to the top cheaply
    But before honey no way but a bee's sting
You warned us of death when riders clash
    You did not know to what goals they rushed
I am no fool if I drink my death   11
    With favors of Dillir ibn Lashkarawazz
Dangerous lances are bitter between us
    So we recall the Amir's sweet successes
If I knew these things as cause of his
    Coming, my joy would grow as battles grow
The two Iraqs would lack no discord
    To call you to expose fear and sterility
When our blades' steel was dull we stood
    To draw your memory sharper than any edge
We hurl forelocks with your name in war
    More piercing than darts and than arrows
If it was after a battle you came to us
    Your fame put the foe to flight beforehand
I kept ever in my heart before we met
    The desire of horse's hoofs for the road
If you came not to us we'd come to you
    For exiles choose a horse over their folk
Many a fine horse passes desert and field
    Denying his fodder until our pot is boiled
So you see the favor of a visit is shared
    Yours double favor in intention and action
He who follows a shower seeking the grass
    Is not one to whose camp the shower comes
I'm not one whose heart pretends love
    But is busy with affairs to avoid a visit
Kilab intend to take over a government
    To whom have they left lambs and camels?



Their Lord did leave beasts their wilds
   To make safe the filthy lizards they eat
Dillir led to them all the war horses 26
   Palm fronds were topped by their prancing
His hand pounded earth with every horse
   Whose hooves were without the iron shoes
They turned, wanting aid they left aid
   They sought what was in the hands and feet
They feared lost flocks, that is shame
   They found out defeat is worse than loss
They guided to us without intending it
   A generous nature who wins words by deeds
He follows the tracks of war with bounty
   As spear wounds are tended by a physician
His sword and gifts heal every complaint
   Of the sick, even bereavement in a mother
Modest, his face's beauty melts a sun
   If she came in love he'd turn to a shade
He is brave, war seems a lover of his
   He visits, she pays with horses and men
Watered, his soul isn't thirsty for wine
   Thirsty, his hand is not slaked in bounty
Dillir's authority and his great rank
   Are witness to Allah's unity and justice
While Dillir exists he shakes his sword
   No lion or cubs show teeth in this world
While Dillir lives his hand will be open
   No creature pretends to lawful generosity
A man, let not purity hope to be perfect
   In those whose hands are not pure of greed
May Mercy not cut the root of him
   For I see goodness comes of a good root

بادٍ هَوَاكَ صَبَرْتَ أمْ لم تَصْبِرَا   وَبُكاكَ إن لم يَجْرِ دمعُكَ أوْ جَرَى
كمْ غَرّ صَبرُكَ وَابتسامُكَ صَاحِباً   لمّا رَآهُ وَفي الحَشَا مَا لا يُرَى
أمَرَ الفُؤادُ لِسَانَهُ وَجُفُونَهُ   فَكَتَمْنَهُ وَكَفَى بجِسْمِكَ مُخبِرَا
تَعِسَ المَهَارِي غَيرَ مَهْرِيٍّ غَدَا   بمُصَوَّرٍ لَبِسَ الحَرِيرَ مُصَوَّرَا
نَافَسْتُ فِيهِ صُورَةً في سِتْرِهِ   لَوْ كُنْتُهَا لخَفِيتُ حتى يَظْهَرَا
لا تَتْرَبِ الأيْدي المُقيمَةُ فَوْقَهُ   كِسرَى مُقامَ الحاجِبَينِ وَقَيصَرَا
يَقِيَانِ في أحَدِ الهَوَادِجِ مُقْلَةً   رَحَلَتْ وَكانَ لها فُؤادي مَحْجِرَا
قد كُنتُ أحْذَرُ بَيْنَهُمْ من قَبْلِهِ   لَوْ كانَ يَنْفَعُ خائِفاً أنْ يَحذَرَا
وَلَوِ استَطَعتُ إذِ اغْتَدَتْ رُوّادُهم   لمَنَعْتُ كُلَّ سَحَابَةٍ أنْ تَقْطُرَا
فإذا السّحابُ أخو غُرابِ فِراقِهِم   جَعَلَ الصّياحَ بِبَيْنِهِم أن يَمطُرَا
وَإذا الحَمَائِلُ ما يَخِدْنَ بنَفْنَفٍ   إلاّ شَقَقْنَ عَلَيهِ ثَوْباً أخضَرَا
يَحْمِلْنَ مِثْلَ الرّوْضِ إلاّ أنّها   أسْبَى مَهَاةً للقُلُوبِ وَجُؤذُرَا
فَبِلَحْظِهَا نَكِرَتْ قَنَاتي رَاحَتي   ضُعْفاً وَأنْكَرَ خاتَمايَ الخِنْصِرَا
أعطَى الزّمانُ فَمَا قَبِلْتُ عَطَاءَهُ   وَأرَادَ لي فأرَدْتُ أنْ أتَخَيّرَا

أرَجانَ أيتُها الجِيادُ فإنّهُ عزْمي الذي يَذَرُ الوَشيجَ مكَسَّرَا

لوْ كُنتُ أفعَلُ ما اشتَهَيتِ فَعالَهُ ما شَقّ كَوْكَبُكِ العَجاجَ الأكدَرَا

أُمّي أبَا الفَضْلِ المُبِرّ ألِيّتي لأُيَمّمَنّ أجَلّ بَحْرٍ جَوْهَرَا

أفْتَى برُؤيَتِهِ الأنامُ وَحاشَ لي مِنْ أنْ أكونَ مُقَصِّراً أوْ مُقصِرَا

صُغْتُ السّوارَ لأيّ كَفٍّ بَشّرَتْ بابنِ العَميدِ وَأيّ عَبْدٍ كَبّرَا

إنْ لمْ تُغِثْني خَيْلُهُ وَسِلاحُهُ فَمَتى أقُودُ إلى الأعادي عَسكَرَا

بأبي وَأمّي نَاطِقٌ في لَفْظِهِ ثَمَنٌ تُبَاعُ بهِ القُلُوبُ وَتُشترَى

مَنْ لا تُريهِ الحَرْبُ خَلْقاً مُقْبِلاً فيها وَلا خَلْقٌ يَرَاهُ مُدْبِرَا

خَنْثَى الفُحُولَ مِنَ الكُماةِ بصَبْغِهِ مَا يَلْبَسُونَ مِنَ الحَديدِ مُعَصْفَرَا

يَتَكَسّبُ القَصَبُ الضّعيفُ بكَفّهِ شَرَفاً على صُمّ الرّماحِ وَمَفْخَرَا

وَيُبِينُ فيمَا مَسّ منْهُ بَنَانُهُ تِيهُ المُدِلّ فَلَوْ مَشَى لَتَبَخْتَرَا

يا مَنْ إذا وَرَدَ البِلادَ كِتَابُهُ قَبلَ الجُيُوشِ ثَنى الجُيُوشَ تَحَيُّرَا

أنتَ الوَحيدُ إذا رَكِبْتَ طَرِيقَةً وَمَنِ الرّديفُ وَقد رَكِبتَ غَضَنْفَرَا

قَطَفَ الرّجالُ القَوْلَ وَقتَ نَبَاتِهِ وَقَطَفْتَ أنْتَ القَوْلَ لمّا نَوّرَا

فَهْوَ المُتَبَّعُ بالمَسامعِ إنْ مضَى وَهوَ المُضاعَفُ حُسْنُهُ إنْ كُرّرَا

وَإذا سَكَتَّ فإنّ أبْلَغَ خَاطِبٍ قَلَمٌ لكَ اتّخَذَ الأنَامِلَ مِنْبَرَا

وَرَسائِلٌ قَطَعَ العُداةُ سِحاءَهَا فَرَأوْا قَناً وَأسِنّةً وَسَنَوَّرَا

فدَعاكَ حُسّدُكَ الرّئيسَ وَأمسكُوا وَدَعاكَ خالِقُكَ الرّئيسَ الأكبَرَا

خلَفَتْ صِفاتُكَ في العُيونِ كَلامَهُ كالخَطّ يَمْلأُ مِسْمَعَيْ مَنْ أبصَرَا

أرَأيْتَ هِمّةَ نَاقَتي في نَاقَةٍ نَقَلَتْ يَداً سُرُحاً وَخُفّاً مُجمَرَا

تَرَكَتْ دُخانَ الرِّمْثِ في أوْطانِهَا طَلَباً لِقَوْمٍ يُوقِدونَ العَنْبَرَا

وَتَكَرّمَتْ رُكَبَاتُهَا عَنْ مَبرَكٍ تَقَعَانِ فيهِ وَلَيسَ مِسكاً أذفَرَا

فأتَتْكَ دامِيَةَ الأظَلّ كأنّمَا حُذِيَتْ قَوَائِمُهَا العَقيقَ الأحْمَرَا

بَدَرَتْ إلَيْكَ يَدَ الزّمانِ كأنّهَا وَجَدَتْهُ مَشْغُولَ اليَدَينِ مُفَكِّرَا

مَنْ مُبلِغُ الأعرابِ أنّي بَعْدَها جالَسْتُ رِسطاليسَ وَالإسكَندَرَا

وَمَلِلْتُ نَحرَ عِشارِهَا فأضَافَني مَنْ يَنحَرُ البِدَرَ النُّضَارَ لمن قرَى

وَسَمِعْتُ بَطليمُوسَ دارِسَ كُتْبِهِ مُتَمَلِّكاً مُتَبَدِّياً مُتَحَضِّرَا

وَلَقيتُ كُلّ الفاضِلِينَ كأنّمَا رَدّ الإلَهُ نُفُوسَهُمْ وَالأعْصُرَا

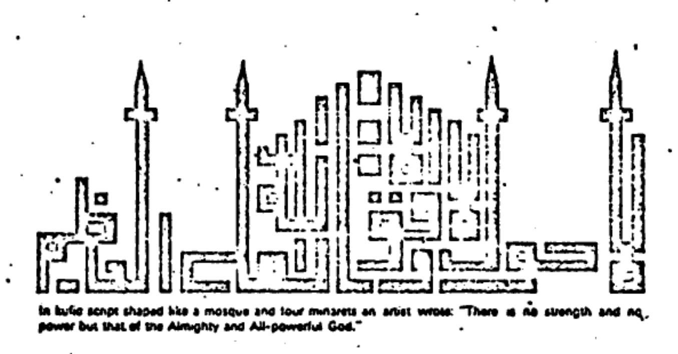
نُسِقُوا لَنَا نَسَقَ الحِسابِ مُقَدَّماً وَأتَى فذلكَ إذْ أتَيْتَ مُؤخَّرَا

يَا لَيْتَ باكِيَةً شَجَاني دَمْعُهَا نَظَرَتْ إلَيكَ كما نَظَرْتُ فتَعذِرَا

وَتَرَى الفَضِيلَةَ لا تَرُدّ فَضِيلَةً ألشّمسَ تُشرِقُ وَالسّحابَ كَنَهْوَرَا

أنَا مِنْ جَميعِ النّاسِ أطيَبُ مَنزِلاً وَأسَرُّ رَاحِلَةً وَأرْبَحُ مَتْجَرَا

زُحَلٌ على أنّ الكَواكِبَ قَوْمُهُ لَوْ كانَ مِنكَ لَكانَ أكرَمَ مَعْشَرَا



In kufic script shaped like a mosque and four minarets an artist wrote: "There is no strength and no power but that of the Almighty and All-powerful God."

This poem praises Ibn 'Amid Abu Fadl the wazir of Rukn al Daula the Buyid lord of north Persia. Rukn means knee or support and 'Amid also means column or support. The root 'md further means to aim at or intend and thus suggests the way in which the tail muscles serve as a rudder for the movements of the writing hand. Like the fish tail this rudder balances the body as it stands erect. Both roots rkn and 'md suggest the ascent theme which represents the child's learning to stand after going on all fours in the middle fifth. Ibn 'Amid was also a fine prose writer and the ability to attach written letters to the sounds formed in the second fifth of the pattern is one function of the new idea of inner space formed in this fourth fifth of the diwan. 275:1-14 As the lover watches his beloved's departing camels he knows he cannot conceal love. He hopes the camels will stumble but knows the beloved is well guarded in her howdah. He watches their progress through a valley from on high. 275:15-20 The poet's own journey to Ibn 'Amid's palace in Arajan in Persia with its appeal to the horse's legs is part of the descent theme. The patron is a sea of gems and the poem he receives as a gift is a bracelet on a slave. 275:21-33 The praise of Ibn 'Amid points to the power of the spoken word when translated by the patron's pen. It swaggers like a coquette and takes his fingers for a pulpit to preach the word of Allah. There is a hint of the problem of balance in the standing position. It is writing that fills the readers' ears. 275:34-38 Another journey passage, this time on camel back, suggests the ascent theme as the poet leaves behind the lowland Arabs for the highland Persians. She prefers musk to smoke and is willing to let her feet bleed for it. 275:39-47 The power of visual communication in the written word appears in the patron's knowledge of Aristotle and Alexander, Ptolemy and the bedouin poets. The souls of these men are brought back and summed up in the readers' mind. Even the poet's wife and Muse, left behind in Kufa, feels the trip is justified.

Your love is known if you hide it nor not
   As your weeping if your tears flow or not
Many a friend your patient smiles cheat
   If they see you but within is the unseen
The heart orders the tongue and eyelids
   To hide it but your body is enough to tell
Mahri camels stumble at dawn but for one
   Like a picture, wearing the painted silks
I envy it the paintings on its curtains
   If I were them I'd hide till one appeared
May hands not be poor who wove them
   Kisra is standing guard and Caesar too
Both guard the eyes in one of the howdahs
   That go, and my heart makes the eye hollow
I was warned of their departure before
   If it were useful for a fear to be wary
If able, when their scouts left camp,
   I'd have forbidden every cloud's dripping
A cloud is brother to parting's raven
   Its cry at their leaving produces rain
Then camels cannot plod through a valley
   Without splitting the green garment on it
They seem to bear gardens except they
   Seize hearts as wild cows and their young
By glances they deny my weak hand its
   Spear, and my finger disowns my two rings
Time gave me what I accept as no gift
   It planned for me but I wanted it better
So to Arajan O horse, for this is my 15
   Will that shatters spears to splinters
If I were to do what you want done
   Your stars wouldn't split the turbid dust
Take me to Abu Fadl who fulfills my vow
   To come to the sea most filled with gems
Men judge for his face and may I avoid
   Unable to fulfill or falling short of it?
I made a bracelet for a hand showing
   Ibn 'Amid as in a slave's: Allah is great!
If his horses and weapons rescue me not
   When shall I lead an army against the foe?
My father and mother, an orator! his word 21
   Is the price to buy hearts and sell them
One whom war shows none advancing
   Nor yet does anyone see his retreating
He gelds stallion warriors with his
   Saffron dye whatever they wear as armor
A feeble reed in his hand earns honor
   And eminence over the stone deaf spear
His fingers if they touch it give it
   Coquette's pride, if it walks it swaggers
O you who when his letters reach a land
   Before armies, armies turn into disorder
You are alone when you ride on a road
   And who goes behind when you ride a lion?

Men pluck the word as it grows at times
   But you pluck the word whenever it blooms
It is escorted by listeners if it goes
   And its beauty doubled if it is repeated
If you are quiet the most eloquent speaker
   Is a pen that takes your fingers as pulpit
Letters of which the foe cuts envelopes
   To read spearshafts, points and chainmail
Those who envy, call you lord and stop
   But your Creator calls you greatest chief
Your traits eyes' deputies for His words
   Like writing fills the ears of the reader
Do you see my camel's spirit in a camel 34
   That moves her leg and hard hoof smoothly?
She left tamarisk smoke in her land
   Seeking the people who burn the ambergris
Her knees show bounty by not kneeling
   Lest she fall where no fragrant musk is
She came to you with bleeding pads
   Her feet seem shod with red carnelian
She hurried to you ahead of time's hand
   She found it busy as both hands thought
Who will inform Arabs that I after them 39
   Have witnessed an Aristotle and Alexander?
I tired of camel killing so I am a guest
   Of one killing gold purses for his friend
And I heard Ptolemy explain his books
   As a ruler, a bedouin and a city dweller
I met all the men of learning as if
   Allah brought back their souls and times
Set out for us in order from the start
   Then came summation as you came at last
O would the weeper whose tears grieve
   Looked at you, as I looked, to pardon me
She'd see virtue not repelled by virtue
   The east sun rising and clouds as rivers
I of all men have the best of places
   Happiest in my camel, profiting in trade
Zuhal, though stars are his folk, if he
   Were with you, would be in nobler company

276

The description of an incense burner implies the use the child makes of the sense of smell to orient itself in the new space it acquires in the standing position. This allows for a kind of abstraction that is used to link the sounds of speech with the signs of a script that is being formed in this fourth fifth of the pattern. The child's sense of space has been largely tactile and auditory but Ibn 'Amid's mountain palace gives a new outlook. As the second poem in the sequence of five the incense burner implies both descent and ascent themes. 276:1 The sweetness of the smell contrasts with the bad odors represented by Kafur as Abu Musk. 276:2-3 The coals and the flame of the burner suggest the heat in the breath of the spoken word that is the foundation of glory. 276:5 The heads, where visual information enters, envy the feet since it is the feet that make possible the standing position.

Loveliest of things soul can love
   And sweetest that the nose can smell
The spreading incense is as if
   Its coals were myrtle and narcissus
We do not see the flame to stir it
   Does your continuous glory feed it?
For those who stand round about it
   Have heads which are envious of feet

277

This poem was written to commemorate the Persian New Year's day or Nairuz which fell in March at the spring equinox. The rising of the sun towards its zenith at the summer solstice thus suggests the child's learning to stand in the fourth fifth of the pattern. It is at variance with the lunar, religious year. One of the child's achievments in this position is breaking up the scribbling stream, the visual equivalent of the babbling stream, into the alphabetic script. In this poem this event is symbolized by the gift of a sword. This reaching for the stars as an ordered system shows the child raising its front feet and balancing them with the tail that unifies them in the right hand that holds the sword-pen. 277:1-8 Ibn 'Amid is the guide of the wayward sun that, like the bad nurse, is not capable of remaining true to the earth that needs its warmth. He combines the virtues of Arabic speech, Greek philosophy and Persian manners to this end. 279:9-19 The description of the sword suggests the descent theme insofar as it takes us back to Saif al Daula in the second fifth of the diwan. His defeat by the Rum is now in progress but the Buyid dynasty profits from his efforts. The sword's visual appearance suggests that it is intended to produce script in addition to sounds as Saif did. The sword bears a sea of bounty in which the ancestral fish swim. Their tails support Ibn 'Amid's purposes. 277:20-30 The middle fifth responds to the patron's criticism of poem 275 which had been originally

for Ibn Hinzaba, Kafur's wazir, whose name as Ibn Furat, son of the Euphrates, had the same number of syllables as Ibn 'Amid. The dialogue between patron and poet shows how we have risen from the lowlands of the Nile or Quwaiq to Arajan heights. 277:31-36 The fourth fifth hints at the ascent theme by alluding to Ibn 'Amid's rise as a Kurd to the rank of a ruler of Arabs and Persians. He is a kind of prophet and crescent moon. 277:37-40 The last fifth makes the comparison of the verses of the poem to the Pegasus-Muse or Buraq of the prophet carried on a lightning bolt. After the forty days in the desert, the poet's forty verses have taken him to the heights where Satan is overcome.

Our Nairuz comes and you its purpose
Its firesticks kindling fire it desires
This glance which it receives from you
Feeds it until its like in another year
It swerves from you till the last day
You are its overseer, its eye and sleep
We in the land of Persia have a joy
This dawn which we see is its birthday
The Persian kings magnified it till
All the days of the year envied this
We do not put on crowns for it until
The hills and the valleys put them on
Among them no comparison of Kisra Abu
Sasan, or children of his with his rule
His language Arabic, his philosophy
Greek thought, his festivals Persian
Each time a gift says: I am his bounty 9
A second says: This is his economy gift
How should my shoulder not touch sky
When the sword belt on it is his belt?
His right hand girded me with a sword
His ancestors produced only one of it
Each time it unsheathes, lights beam
As the sun thinks she is shining on it
They paint it on the sheath in fear of
Loss, the effect of its image is a guard
It is not barefoot but shod with gold
It bears a sea whose crazing is the foam
It splits the armored warrior, not
Yielding its edges until his saddle top
Destiny joined its edges, his hand, and
My praise so its unique things are joined
A beauty spot in his bounty, a necklace
Its skin is precious with the pock marks
They hope for rest with us but see it not.
The lands they traveled in were his lands
Shall my excuse to gallant Abu Fadl be 20
The offer of my eye's black as his ink?
I am sick with an intensity of shame
Gifts of one who caused it tended it
A fault did not hinder what I said of his
Rank until he praised it by the criticism
I was a hunter of the falcon's mistress
But the highest stars I could never reach
Often what words can't express about him
Is what a heart conceals as its conviction
I am not used to see Abu Fadl's like
This that I bring him is usual to him
An excuse for one drowning in waves!
Plainly he should omit counting them
Victory is the bounty he spreads, poetry
Is my support and Ibn 'Amid supports that
My ideas had experience but not nobility
I had not his eloquence or strength in me
He wrongs beauty if riders stop with him
He arranges that providers bring out a sea
He overwhelms me, goodness wishes now
That words were among things he ransoms
I never heard of anyone who gave gifts 31
And wished that among them was his heart
Allah created him most eloquent of men
Though native Kurd he made himself Arab
Most worthy praise-showers for himself
In times when all men are his grasshoppers
As when prophets appear in the world then
A mission occurs while corruption spreads
The brightness of a rising moon adorns
The night, and darkness does not harm it
Thoughts are many how we are guided
As his slaves are guided to their lord
For what we have of flocks and horses 37
Are his as are his gifts and guidance

We are sending forty of the Mahri kind
   Each Mahri recited in its parade ground
A number, may you live it, body sees as
   Goal but sees not how it is to be doubled
Station them for a heart trained them
   A station to excel that of finest horses

278

This poem responds to a letter from Ibn 'Amid thanking the poet for the previous poem apologizing for the substitutions in poem 275. So Ibn 'Amid's letter-writing abilities are set above the poet's own abilities to suggest ascent. The forgiveness asked of the Father in the prayer when the opheilema are cast off also appears. 278:1 The root ktb meaning to write can mean to tie up a waterbag and keep it from flowing. 278:2 The descent theme is hinted at in the poet's relation of submission to the patron in love. 278:3 The violence of the letter suggests the action of the four legs that are less used in adulthood than the other positions. 278:4 The ascent theme is implied in the fame of the letter as a source of jealousy. The looser form of prose, as compared to poetry, makes it more objective. The Father's forgiveness depends on this objectivity. The mutual love of father and son explains why the support of 'Amid was substituted for the fluency of the Furat. So script expresses speech. 278:5 The lion that destroys, incorporates, the poet's spoken words is the son of the script.

In the writing of men a letter came
   Every hand ransoms the writer's hand
It tells his relationship to us
   And recalls what we found in his love
It rends its reader by what he sees
   Flashes lightning at faults he finds
When mankind hears its words
   It creates jealousy in their hearts
I spoke, it devoured what I said
   Like the lion who is son of the lion

279

This poem is the last written for Ibn 'Amid and contains the poet's apology for his decision to accept the invitation of 'Adud al Daula to visit Shiraz south of Arajan. In making this descent he is shifting attention from the elements of script to the task of joining them into metaphors and grammar for words and sentences. 279:1-5 The lover recalls his mistress after she has gone. His hand on her neck and necklace hint at his thirst that still lingers in memory. 279:6-13 The wandering lover reflects on his honor and courage which are said to agree with his modesty. The veiled face that expresses this modesty is part of the descent theme. He is no brazen wolf but a red lion here. 279:14-22 The praise of Ibn 'Amid emphasizes the contentment of the poet who has been generously treated. The gardens of Arajan allow one a hope for the paradise on high. The journey theme is continued here as part of the kinetic element in speech. The horses that the patron gives as gifts have the wings of grouse. 279:23-32 The ascent theme returns to the gift of the sword which was first described in the second fifth of poem 277. Indian swords come from the land of Sanskrit grammar and mathematics but his now has a higher origin. It has been cast off to gain forgiveness for the sins of the script. And yet it remains as a symbol of love. For the patron is the Mahdi or guided one. 279:33-42 The last fifth makes the poet's apology for his departure. He goes without complaint and many expressions of gratitude. There is no serious break between the two as with other patrons. The written world has more continuity.

I forgot but forget not refusal's blame
   Nor shame increasing the cheeks' blushing
Nor a night I found short within a tent
   And my hand long on her neck and necklace
One gives me a day like one I hate
   At farewell when I am close to one afar
Though loss is not a particular thing
   I lost, but not my tears and my passion
This is desire: lust enjoys its memory
   Even it it hasn't a farthing nor begs it
Anger at destiny is as fire in vitals   6
   But it is rage of a prisoner at his bonds
If you see I don't stay long in a land
   The ruin of my sheath is unsheathing edge
On jousting day the lances fall near me
   I defend my honor and my courage enjoys it
My days change as my life and dwelling
   Camels think not about bad or good times
Young men's faces are veiled modestly
   They have no fear of the heat or the cold
A modest face is not the wolf's nature
   Rather it is the nature of the red lion
If love doesn't pay them in a folk camp
   A spear is reward, fear better than love
They avoid the weakness of kings for
   What abounds among the kings of bounty
He who uses Ibn 'Amid Muhammad's name   14
   Can travel amid gangs of snakes and lions



He changes swift poison to weakness
   Transforms their jaws to toothless gums
By his favor meadows suffice for camels
   They come bearing no guide except thunder
They come to water presenting itself
   Sip with lips at pools rimmed by roses
As if earth wanted our thanks to be given
   Nor do plains let us descend due to gifts
Our view ascetic in leaving all others
   In coming to him we seek content in rule
What they hope we hope in all gardens
   Of Arajan so we despair not of paradise
Horses' necks turn away from the guests
   With beasts' turning fearful of the hunt
They toss the forelocks swiftly at death
   As deaf watering grouse flying to a drink
The actions of swords trace themselves　　23
   To him though swords are traced to India
When fine noblemen come to his service
   Their lineage is higher than father or kin
A hero whose eyes destroy men's rage
   Much sickness cannot make sick his eyes
His nature, class, rank is not theirs
   He is too great to hate but he may do so
He changes nights' colors for the foe
   By flutter of flags for soldiers' victory
If they watch dawn they see before light
   Cavalry plunging on as dawn cannot burst
Scattering they guard against no attack
   Nor watch for that in hollows or heights
Loaded when they return from the melee
   With much booty for slaves apart from men
Each land stirs dust for his clouds
   They are like the stripes on the burda
If a Mahdi is guided as foretold, he
   Is it, if not, he is guided and no Mahdi
These times make us sick with a promise　　.33
   And deceive one in whose hand is the cash
Is not the best thing a good not hid
   Or if guidance is hid is it not unguided?
O keenest wit, most generous in gifts
   Bravest in heart, most merciful in bowels
With finest turban or seated or riding
   Whether on a great horse or a high pulpit
Days were gracious in bringing us near
   While we praised they lengthened unpraised
They made single farewell in triple form
   Your beauty, known wisdom, and your glory
I attain a reward except that I am
   Ashamed for my people I alone attain it
Everyone who shares in my joy's morn
   Knows one will not see its like again
So be generous at heart as I go, for
   I leave my heart to one who is my virtue
If my body leaves its life with you
   I say it happened without blame to a bond

أوهِ بَدِيلٌ مِنْ قَوْلَتِي وَاهَا　　لِمَنْ نَأَتْ وَالبَدِيلُ ذِكْرَاهَا

أوهِ لِمَنْ لا أرَى مَحَاسِنَهَا　　وَأصْلُ وَاهاً وَأوهِ مَرْآهَا

شَامِيَّةٌ طَالَمَا خَلَوْتُ بِهَا　　تُبْصِرُ في نَاظِرِي مُحَيَّاهَا

فَقَبَّلَتْ نَاظِرِي تُغَالِطُنِي　　وَإنّمَا قَبّلَتْ بِهِ فَاهَا

فَلَيْتَهَا لا تَزَالُ آوِيَةً　　وَلَيْتَهُ لا يَزَالُ مَأوَاهَا

كُلُّ جَرِيحٍ تُرْجَى سَلامَتُهُ　　إلاّ فُؤاداً رَمَتْهُ عَيْنَاهَا

تَبُلُّ خَدّيّ كُلّمَا ابتَسَمَتْ　　مِنْ مَطَرٍ بَرْقُهُ ثَنَايَاهَا

مَا نَفَضَتْ في يَدِي غَدائِرُهَا　　جَعَلْتُهُ في المُدامِ أفْوَاهَا

في بَلَدٍ تُضْرَبُ الحِجالُ بِهِ　　عَلى حِسَانٍ وَلَسْنَ أشْبَاهَا

لَقِينَنَا وَالحُمُولُ سَائِرَةٌ　　وَهُنّ دُرٌّ فَذُبْنَ أمْوَاهَا

كُلُّ مَهَاةٍ كَأنّ مُقْلَتَهَا　　تَقُولُ إيّاكُمُ وَإيّاهَا

فيهِنّ مَنْ تَقطُرُ السُّيُوفُ دَماً   إذا لِسَانُ المُحِبّ سَمّاهَا

أُحِبّ حِمْصاً إلى خُنَاصِرَةٍ   وَكُلُّ نَفْسٍ تُحِبّ مَحْيَاهَا

حَيثُ التَقَى خَدُّها وَتُفّاحُ لُبْ   نَانَ وَثَغْرِي عَلى حُمَيّاهَا

وَصِفْتُ فيهَا مَصِيفَ بَادِيَةٍ   شَتَوْتُ بالصّحصَحَانِ مَشتاهَا

إنْ أعشَبَتْ رَوْضَةٌ رَعَيْنَاهَا   أوْ ذُكِرَتْ حِلّةٌ غَزَوْنَاهَا

أوْ عَرَضَتْ عَانَةٌ مُقَزَّعَةٌ   صِدْنَا بأخرَى الجِيادِ أُولاهَا

أوْ عَبَرَتْ هَجْمَةٌ بنا تُرِكَتْ   تَكُوسُ بَينَ الشُّرُوبِ عَقرَاهَا

وَالخَيلُ مَطْرُودَةٌ وَطارِدَةٌ   تَجُرّ طُولى القَنَا وَقُصْرَاهَا

يُعْجِبُهَا قَتْلُهَا الكُماةَ وَلا   يُنظِرُهَا الدّهْرُ بَعدَ قَتْلاهَا

وَقَدْ رَأيْتُ المُلُوكَ قاطِبَةً   وَسِرْتُ حتى رَأيْتُ مَوْلاهَا

وَمَنْ مَنَايَاهُمُ بِرَاحَتِهِ   يأمُرُهَا فيهِمِ وَيَنْهَاهَا

أبَا شُجاعٍ بِفارِسٍ عَضُدَ الدّوْ   لَةِ فَنّاخُسْرُواَ شَهَنْشَاهَا

أسَامِياً لم تَزِدْهُ مَعْرِفَةً   وَإنّمَا لَذّةً ذَكَرْنَاهَا

تَقُودُ مُسْتَحْسَنَ الكَلامِ لَنَا   كما تَقُودُ السّحابَ عُظْمَاهَا

هُوَ النّفِيسُ الذي مَوَاهِبُهُ   أنفَسُ أمْوَالِهِ وَأسْنَاهَا

لَوْ فَطِنَتْ خَيْلُهُ لِنَائِلِهِ   لم يُرْضِهَا أنْ تَرَاهُ يَرْضَاهَا

لا تَجِدُ الخَمْرُ في مَكَارِمِهِ   إذا انْتَشَى خَلّةً تَلافَاهَا

تُصَاحِبُ الرّاحُ أرْيَحِيّتَهُ   فَتَسْقُطُ الرّاحُ دونَ أدْنَاهَا

تَسُرّ طَرْبَاتُهُ كَرَائِنَهُ   ثُمّ تُزِيلُ السّرُورَ عُقْبَاهَا

بكُلّ مَوْهُوبَةٍ مُوَلْوِلَةٍ   قَاطِعَةٍ زِيرَهَا وَمَثْنَاهَا

تَعُومُ عَوْمَ القَذاةِ في زَبَدٍ   مِن جُودِ كَفّ الأميرِ يَغشَاهَا

تُشْرِقُ تِيجانُهُ بِغُرّتِهِ   إشْرَاقَ ألفاظِهِ بمَعْنَاهَا

دانَ لَهُ شَرْقُهَا وَمَغْرِبُهَا   وَنَفسُهُ تَستَقِلّ دُنْيَاهَا

تَجَمّعَتْ في فُؤادِهِ هِمَمٌ   مِلْءُ فُؤادِ الزّمَانِ إحْداهَا

فإنْ أتَى حَظُّهَا بأزْمِنَةٍ   أوْسَعَ مِنْ ذا الزّمانِ أبْداهَا

وَصَارَتِ الفَيْلَقَانِ وَاحِدَةً   تَعثُرُ أحْيَاؤهَا بمَوْتَاهَا

وَدارَتِ النَّيّرَاتُ في فَلَكٍ   تَسْجُدُ أقْمَارُهَا لأبْهَاهَا

ألفَارِسُ المُتّقَى السّلاحُ بِهِ الْ   مُثْني عَلَيْهِ الوَغَى وَخَيْلاهَا

لَوْ أنكَرَتْ مِنْ حَيَائِهَا يَدُهُ   في الحَرْبِ آثَارَهَا عَرَفْنَاهَا

وَكَيفَ تَخفَى التي زِيادَتُهَا   وَنَاقِعُ المَوْتِ بَعضُ سِيمَاهَا

ألوَاسِعُ العُذْرِ أنْ يَتِيهَ على الدْ   دُنْيَا وَأبْنَائِهَا وَمَا تَاهَا

لَوْ كَفَرَ العالَمُونَ نِعْمَتَهُ   لمَا عَدَتْ نَفْسُهُ سَجَايَاهَا

كالشّمسِ لا تَبتَغي بما صَنَعَتْ   مَعْرِفَةً عِنْدَهُمْ وَلا جَاهَا

وَلِّ السّلاطِينَ مَنْ تَوَلاّهَا   وَالجَأ إلَيْهِ تَكُنْ حُدَيّاهَا

وَلا تَغُرّنّكَ الإمَارَةُ في   غَيرِ أمِيرٍ وَإنْ بهَا بَاهَى

فإنّمَا المَلْكُ رَبّ مَمْلَكَةٍ   قَدْ أفْعَمَ الخَافِقَينِ رَيّاهَا

مُبْتَسِمٌ وَالوُجُوهُ عَابِسَةٌ   سِلْمُ العِدى عِنْدَهُ كَهَيجَاهَا

ألنّاسُ كالعَابِدِينَ آلِهَةً   وَعَبْدُهُ كالمُوَحِّدِ اللَّهَا

The poems in the last fifth of the diwan are dedicated to 'Adud al Daula, lord of the province of Fars, and son of Rukn al Daula. The name 'Adud means forearm and thus is appropriate to visual communication habits that employ the arm and hand for writing instead of locomotion as in the middle fifth. It is by means of the arm and hand that we gain the most reliable access to the world external to the communication habits. This is the rosy dawn of truth to which the golden script and green speech led. 280:1-14 The love prelude takes the poet back to his youth in Syria when he roamed with the bedouin in the vicinity of Hims where he was imprisoned. But there is no bitterness in the description of the experience. He remembers the conflicts and the beauties of the girls which are now lost to him but he sees them in perspective. 280:15-22 The descent theme appears in the memories of the bedouin raids and lawlessness which helped to land the poet in prison. The riders know the freedom that seated positions can give. 280:23-32 The middle fifth of the poem praises the patron under the name of Abu Shuja' Fannakhusra. The first syllable, fann, suggests the Arabic word for art and ruin. His gifts include the horses and singing girls who represent the four footed crawling of the child and the Muse whose voice grows out of it. They have the fluency of the wine of speech which is described in the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen. 280:33-44 The fourth fifth turns from the bounteous Fannakhusra to the warrior Abu Shuja' whose power has raised him to the pinnacle of Buyid glory. The name echoes that of Shuja' Muhammad in poems 27 and 28 and of Fatik in poems 269ff. He is thus the culmination of the babbling and the spoken word in the script. The two fires and their moons unite in the arm of 'Adud. 280:45-49 In the final praise the poet employs the second person and compares the patron to Allah who unifies all things. The perfume of his spirit pervades the east and west.

O pain! and my word means, O wonder!
   And her memory's idea for one who goes
Alas for one whose beauties I saw not
   Wonder's root and pain's in her sight
A Syrian who as long as I was alone
   With her showed her visage in my vision
She kissed my eyes and she cheated me
   For she kissed her own mouth in them
Would she'd continue to find refuge
   And may he continue to give me shelter
All the wounded whose peace was hope
   She struck with her eyes but for a heart
Each time she smiled my cheeks grew wet
   With rain whose lightning was her teeth
She was one to shake her braids into
   My hand as I put their spice into wine
In a land where the veil is required
   For beauties who are not compared to her
They met us and camels were on the move
   And they were pearls whose water dripped
It was as if all the wild cows' eyes
   Said: You should beware, and they too!
For them the swords dripped blood
   When the tongue of a lover named her
I love the land of Hims to Khunasara
   As everyone loves those that live there
Where her cheeks and Lubnan apples
   And my teeth met over the Humai wine
I spent summers in the desert heat 15
   I spent winters on those cold plains
If meadows had shrubs we grazed them
   If a settlement was seen we raided it
Or if wild asses came scudding up
   We chased their first with last horses
Or a camel herd passed they were left
   To wander hamstrung among the drinkers
And horsemen pursued and were pursued
   Running with long lance and with short
The killing surprised mailed warriors
   They never looked at killing after that
And I observed kings by the dozens
   And traveled until I saw their master
Those whose fates were in his hands
   To command for themselves or to forbid
Abu Shuja' of Fars 'Adud al Daula 23
   Called the Fannakhusra, the Shahanshah
Names that do not increase his fame
   But rather pleasure as we recall them
You bring benefits of words to us
   As those esteemed bring their clouds
He is most glorious whose gifts come
   Most dear in his wealth and their fire
If his horses knew of his gifts he'd
   Not like them to see his content in them

Wine has no part in his generosity
   If he feels dizzy it remedies itself
Wine accompanies his bounteous moods
   But it falls short of the lowest of them
His pleasures rejoice his singing girls
   And then he brings their joy to its end
Each girl makes lament when given
   Breaking the strings and the lute itself
They float like motes in the foam
   Of bounty of the Amir's flowing hand
His crown shines on his forehead 33
   As his words make a dawn of its meaning
Their east and west submit to him
   He himself thinks little of their world
The desires gather in his heart, one
   Of them would fill the heart of the time
If its joy would come in times more
   Spacious than these it would last forever
The opposed armies would become one
   The living would stumble over the dead
Two opposed fires would turn in heaven
   Its moons prostrate before their splendor
Rider who guards with himself as armor
   Battle praises him as do their horsemen
If his hand disowned itself modestly
   In war, we would know it by its tracks
How should what is its whip be hid
   The sting of death or some of its marks?
Reason for his excuse if he is proud
   Of the world and its sons and kills them
If the universe denied his favors
   He would not go against his nature
Like sun they ask not of what they do
   Any profit for themselves or any reward
Let sultans rule what you give them 45
   Take refuge with him who is their enemy
Do not deceive yourself that command
   Is another Amir's even if he boasts of it
For truly kingship is lord of a kingdom
   Whose perfume pervades from east to west
Smiling though the face may be darkened
   Enemy's peace for it like their battles
Men are like servants of heathen gods
   His servants like those unified by Allah

281

This poem praises 'Adud al Daula and like the previous poem looks back to earlier events in the poet's life. Here it is a comparison of a visit to Damascus with his journey through the paradisical valley of Shi'b Bawwan as he approaches Shiraz, the capital of Fars. But the garden of Eden as the precursor of the Kingdom of Heaven can't be satisfactory apart from the kingdom of the word. In this sense it is a look ahead at the pleasures that the Muse has in store for the reader. The metaphors of the heavenly garden and the hellish prison are here seen from an adult perspective. Only the Sower's fields can yield their full potential here and only the Quranic mother of the book give birth here. 281:1-18 The poet's fretting that he cannot understand the speech of the doves and the girls in the valley suggests the inacessability of the winged nurse. It is a playground for mad jinn who have not learned a proper alphabet. Gold dinars fly through the trees and stew appears in Chinese bowls. Adam was banished from here in the clay tablets of the cuneiform script. The valley of Bawwan has the smell of aloes and the spirit. It is here that Adam was taught, root 'lm, the nature of the world, root 'lm. 281:19-36 The praise of Abu Shuja' centers around the safety and order which he has established in his kingdom. This was a specialty of the Buyids and represents the power of the spoken word to organize experience. Even the deaf basilisks and snakes hear the lute music of the patron's words that break skulls in war time. 281:37-48 In the last third of the poem the second person form of address emphasizes the brilliance of the father, 'Adud al Daula, reflected in his two sons who are like moons to him. His enemies are reduced to diminutives by the insertion of a ya into their names.

Valley abodes, sweetest among abodes
   As the time of spring among the seasons
Even though an Arab youth is here
   A stranger in face and hand and tongue
Playground of jinn, if Solomon were
   To travel here he'd need an interpreter
It is good to our horsemen and horses
   I fear though thoroughbred they'll balk
We go at dawn with branches dripping
   The like of seed pearls on their manes
I travel on as they veil sun from me
   Bringing me enough of the rays of light
The east threw some of it on my shirt
   Like dinars that fled from the fingers

They had fruits that were offered
   By way of drink ready without any cups
Waters rustling there over pebbles
   Purling bracelets on singers' hands
At Damascus my reins were taken
   By one good at thard in Chinese bowls
Aloes wood piled up for the guests
   With fires that are spicy as they smoke
One stops with the heart of a hero
   And departs there with a coward's heart
A home from which ghosts went not as
   Those that accompany me to Naubandijan
And when the gray doves sing here
   The songs of the singing girls respond
Those in the valley, more than doves,
   Need clarity when they sing and lament
The two songs approach each other
   But the two described are very far apart
In the valley of Bawwan my horse said:
   Do we have to leave here for a jousting?
Your father Adam used disobedience
   And taught you how to go from gardens
And I said: When I saw Abu Shuja' 19
   I was consoled for worlds and this place
For men and the world are a highway
   To the one who has no second in creation
I taught myself to speak about them
   Like learning jousting without a spear
By 'Adud al Daula defended and honored
   One can conquer as by no other forearm
Nor any grip on the cutting sword
   Nor joy in the brown flexible lance
They name him refuge of their members
   On the day of a virgin war or an old one
No one is named like Fannakhusra
   Nor surnamed by Fannakhusra's name
His virtues not understood by thought
   Nor by tales about him or by eyewitness
The lands of men are dust and fear
   But the land of Abu Shuja' is security
He guards every merchant from thieves
   Guarantees the sword to every criminal
If their cargoes require a safeguard
   They are defended on plain and mountain
They spend night without aids, crying
   To those who pass: Don't you know us?
His magic is every Mashrafi sword
   Against every deaf basilisk and snake
His wealth is not charmed from bounty
   Nor his generous flocks against contempt
A hero defends Persia's boundaries
   Urging survival with destruction's help
With a blow to stir fate's feelings
   Not on second and third lute strings
As if skulls' blood on scattered hair
   Dressed the lands with feathers of grouse
If lovers' hearts were driven there
   They'd not fear glances of lovely women
I had not seen before him two lion cubs 37
   Like his cubs nor yet two Mahri racers
Stronger in fighting for a noble stock
   More like in form to pure blooded father
More often in assembly listening to:
   Such a one broke a spear on such a one
The first vision they saw was heights
   Were attached to them before their time
First words understood or spoken were:
   Rescue suppliants! Freedom to captives!
You were the sun dazzling every eye
   How now since two others have appeared?
They live sun and moon lives reviving
   Each other by their light and emulation
May they rule only enemy kingdoms
   And inherit only what they fight for
May the foes' two sons increase for
   Him with the two ya letters diminutive
A prayer like praise without hypocrisy
   When the heart brings it to the heart
You appear in it like the temper of
   A yamani sword which it becomes in you

But for your being among men they'd
   Be nonsense like words without meaning

282

This poem continues the theme of the paradise and the past that cannot be recalled except in the written word. The garden which is the model of heaven in the Quran and Genesis is symbolized by the roses for which Shiraz was famous and which the poet saw in profusion in the palace of 'Adud al Daula. But the petals of the roses are scattering like articulate sounds and images from the babbling stream. They are tied to the facts of the external world and are only scattered until they are ordered by the grammar and metaphors of the written word. 282:1 The first of the seven parts introduces the idea of the rose as a symbol of prenatal experience guided by providence. The arm of 'Adud al Daula expresses that providence in the script. 292:2 The first of the middle five parts shows the breaking up of the rose by the wind and the coloring of the pool water with it. The red finger-like fruit of the 'anam plant seems to color the water. Thus the loss of the nurse is compensated for. 282:3 The descent appears as the sword cuts up the babbling stream into the prose sounds that lack the rhythms of poetry. 282:4 The spoken word now produces the patron's bounty in terms of the crawling motion of horses, or flocks and their estates. 282:5 The ascent theme makes the hand rise and produce its finer, higher things. 282:6 The written communication makes its statement addressed to the forearm of state in the second person. Saif and the Wicked Husbandmen are judged. 282:7 The danger of the evil eye as a future calamity on life's path is noted after the five part pattern is complete. The enchanted valley of Shi'b Bawwan is not without dangers. It is a construction that must forever be adjusted to the world in which it lives. This is the value of the Mother of the Book.

The rose is true to what it asserts:
   That you make this scattering shower
Whenever a surge of the wind comes   2
   A sea holds in its water the red fruit
A prosaist of swords scatters blood
   Every word that he speaks is wisdom
Horses, with estates interspersed   4
   And the perfect flocks and vengeance
The rose shows us in blaming his hand
   The finer things in his bounty's peace
Tell it: You're not the best it gives   6
   It shelters generosity with you indeed
For fear of an eye overcome let
   Blindness hit an eye with what it wants

283

This poem begins the middle fifth and suggests the crawling position and the development of spoken syntax. It praises 'Adud al Daula indirectly in relation to his father Rukn al Daula' conquest of the Kurd Wahshudhan. This takes up the theme of the grandfather poems 103ff and of the poet's identification with Abu Shuja' Fatik as the father-son whose rival is the rosy Wardan, the husband of Laila. A father-son relationship suggests the internal relation of the inner orders of syntax to the external order of science. The latter is more powerful in the end. Kafur had had to contend with internal rebels to his state but Rukn al Daula and his son fight a war with Kurds whose language, like that of the Persians, is Iranian but whose script is Arabic. This last patron, therefore, succeeds in externalizing the conflict for the poet who preserves the means of communication. This leaves the straight path open to the reader. 283:1-9 The love prelude shows the lover talking to the deserted campsite as the prone infant who is the scene of the lost beloved. The Sower's Field knows the pain of desertion too. 283:10-15 The seated position of the descent theme appears as Fannakhusra come to woo the recalcitrant beloved. The thoughts of a lord of art and ruin stooping to a bedouin girl makes the poet rebuke her for bad behaviour. 283:16-31 The middle fifth praises 'Adud al Daula as the origin of the fluency of the spoken word. Beneath that is the support of the crawling ability. But men break their teeth trying to lap his pools. 283:32-41 The fourth fifth tells of the victory up north at Rayy, near modern Tehran, over Wahshudhan whose name means to tread, break, be cunning. He thus has some of the structure and movement of spoken syntax. But the Buyids and their perfume beat him. 283:42-49 In the last fifth the poet returns to 'Adud al Daula and addresses him in the second person. The father, Abu 'Ali, and son, Abu Shuja', get a set of five verbs to show the power of the five part pattern.

Be a third with us, O tell, for we
   Weep and the camel groans beneath us
Or do not, it is no blame for a tell
   Tells have their own kind of activity
If you spoke you'd say in excuse:
   My trouble is other than yours O man
I'd weep for you as one who suffers
   But I weep not for I am one they ruin
They saddled up while I stayed
   The days of their camping had elapsed
Beauty travels every time they go
   And settles with them wherever they do
A gazelle in my eyes governs them
   A bedouin, the folk are charmed by her
Food complains of her long absence
   Her aloofness, but who can hold her?
What she leaves in the milk cup's
   Bottom, she leaves as musk and honey



She said: Are you not well? I said: 10
   You've taught me love is drunkenness
If Fannakhusra overtook you at dawn
   And you came alone, wooing were hard
His riders would stand off from you
   Because beauty is clever at killing
You are doing nothing and your guest
   Is a king of kings and you are stingy
Do you refuse hospitality and insult
   Or do you favor him in what he asks?
No, not right as to what is proper
   The stinginess, the bad temper or fear
He's a king who if lance reaches him 16
   It bends, we think of him, it's firm
If those before him were not weak in
   Their rule they were lax in comparison
One who has wisdom came to a world
   And plain and mountain came with pleas
Sick man's lament to one who is his
   Help, if illness may pass from his body
They say: Let bravery not trick you
   Go on, for your soul has no limit on it
He's the ideal if a proverb is current
   Or if asked on battle day: Who's a hero?
Numerous troops of clients come to him
   Without any gear but hobbles and clogs
Hobbles are used for the horses and
   Clogs are busy with Bactrian camels
They come with hands full of gifts
   As those, or what is left, or the cash
Men desire a shower from his hand
   Spear shafts grow by yearning for him
A shower generosity lengthens for him
   And glory not mere trefoil or waterlily
It flows to earth's rocks and stays
   To shorten men's teeth with lapping it
If the front teeth were not worn down
   For whom would kisses be saved, stored?
In his face from the Creator's light
   A sign kept for miracles and prophets
When hearts reject his judgments
   Heads must enjoy his swords' decrees
When battalions refuse to submit
   They bend to him with pliant lances
Wahshudhan do you accept a judgment 32
   Or want to increase mothers' sorrows?
They came to your land, unsheathed
   It was as if flames were on the lances
The men narrowed their eyes to slits
   And horses looked askance with the eyes
They came to you and had no front
   And no break between them and ones afar
Those at Rayy knew not whether they
   Decamped or if they returned to camp
You came with conceit not as a lion
   You left in flight not as a hill goat
You gave them weapons and their hands
   And something that no eye could take in
Most generous of kings at yielding rule
   Who almost handed over his head besides
But for ignorance you'd not shuffled
   To folk who can drown you if they spit
They approach not secretly nor conquer
   By deceit, nor are aided by treachery
You know he met no better men than you 42
   Except when cunning was put to the test
No one need feel shame if it is said:
   The Buyid house strove with you or won
They rule, bear, vow, give, are sought
   Enrich, rise, elevate, entrust, are just
Above the heavens above what they seek
   When they aim at a goal they stoop to it
Their noble acts cut as their swords
   If traitors make excuse they accept it
They make no show to their opponents
   With swords if reproof can take its place
For Abu 'Ali is one who has victories
   And Abu Shuja' one who has the perfection
One's best blessing was sworn to other
   In the cradle: May hope never leave them

This poem laments the death of 'Adud al Daula's aunt on his father's side. She was therefore his 'amma, a word which also means to be general or abstract or a turban wound around the head. She represents the semantic element in speech which is attached to the vowel sounds. But unlike Kafur who was linked to the body openings for excretion she is associated with those openings such as the womb and the fingers of the hand on the pen which can be generalized to represent valued things in the external world. Her death is further related to the Greek vowels that went too far in representing the external world in being written like consonants. The aunt's immortality is due to the Arabic script for the vowels whose smallness and vertical axis suggests their inwardness as compared to consonants. Though she dies as Fatik did she and Wahshudhan are seen in an adult perspective of grammar and meaning. The female sun in the parable of the Sower is tamed. The reading public is embodied. 284:1-3 The loss suffered by the patron is lamented as for one living Bagdad, in the Tigris valley, the center of literary activity for the Arab world. 284:4-7 The descent theme is hinted at in the poet's saying that since the lady died in Bagdad, up north, the patron's foes out of fear may hurry to his side, down south, in Shiraz. 284:8-18 The poet speaks in his own voice about the meaning of death and refers to Galen whose Greek medicine tries to combat it. 284:19-24 He now returns to the aunt and elevates her to a higher glory. It is the ascension of the virgin handmaid of the lord that leads to a coronation by the son. Here as with other ladies the poet has lamented it is her masculinity that makes her emininent. 284:25-35 The poet consoles 'Adud al Daula as one supported by his father and himself, the arm of the writer. His sons are flowers on his stalk. He should not take too seriously the letters that announce his aunt's death.

The best the king is consoled for
   This that was imprinted on his heart
Not with fear but shame gripping him
   When fate got power over him violently
If the world knew what troubles he had
   Days would be ashamed of their censure
Maybe they think that one who is not — 4
   At home with him is not of his family
That one who has a house at Bagdad
   Is not within the scope of his sword
That a man's ancestors are his land
   One who's not in it isn't of his loins
I fear his foes will start thinking
   And so hurry out of terror to his side
No escape for man from that couch — 8
   No turning one's side from that bed
One forgets what his pleasure was
   And death has no taste of its agony
Death's sons, why should it bother us?
   We hate what we cannot escape drinking
Our hands are greedy for our souls as
   Rivals to time but they're his realty
For these souls are of the air
   And these bodies are of the dust
If a lover thought of beauty's end
   Enslaving him, he'd not be enslaved
A sun's horn is not seen in the east
   But souls will complain of its setting
A sheep's keeper dies in his ignorance
   A death of Galen with all his medicine
And often he outlives him
   And is more secure in his mind
The end of one who excels in peace
   Is as the end of one who excels in war
May the seeker not attain his end
   Whose heart is fluttered by his fears
I ask Allah's pardon for a soul gone — 19
   Its bounty has canceled out its sins
Telling over the good deeds made
   The lavish gifts as a curse upon it
It wanted its life for the high love
   But wanted no life for love of itself
The gravedigger thought it was alone
   But its glory was its grave companion
Manliness was manifest in its memory
   The femininity was hid under the veil
Father's sister of best Amir to call
   Thus: Warriors to arms! and they reply
O 'Adud al Daula whose support is his — 25
   Father, the heart is the mind's father
His sons are his father's ornaments
   As if they were flowers on his stalk
An honor to an age of whose folk you are
   In nobility you appear as one of its sons
Grief a beaten foe, may it not revive
   Your sword courageous, may it not be dull

It seems to me the moon in a dark sky
   Won't let a lost star make him desolate
Beware of weakening under a burden of
   What another brings you in his letters
You have borne heavy burdens before
   No use in outrage for you to drag them
The courage of a man leads him to
   Praise, as fear leads only to calamity
Such as you turn back grief's attack
   And drive back the tears in their fall
Truly permanence depends on virtue
   And truly submission is to one's Lord
I should not say such as you but say:
   But for you, O unique without compare

285

This poem finds the poet discussing the subject of the truth dreams have in coming to an abandoned lover. The dream is accompanied by a man who represents patrons like Saif al Daula and Kafur who rejected the poet's work by quarreling with him. But the poet adopts a higher point of view. The dream is neither a visitor, nor a nurse, nor a product of sleep. It is a result of poetic trance which has its own truth in the nature of 'Adud al Daula, the writer's hand that gives access to the truth of the vision. That truth is a function of the balance between the visual signs for vowels and those for the consonants. The balance between these two achieved by Arabic script is the product of some 2000 years of reflection on the nervous system that produces speech and script. It is in that long night memory that truth resides. 285:1-13 The lover describes the fleeing beloved as having the soft hand of youth or childhood. She has the hair of Laila the night. This is the source of the night memory. 285:14-22 The second fifth of the poem praises the patron Abu Shuja'. The Manbij Shuja' had no feet like the prone infant in the first fifth of the pattern. In the middle fifth Fatik as serpent acquires the four feet of the crawling infant who develops a syntax. But in the last fifth two of those feet change to hands. 'Adud is the right hand who finds his paper in his father Rukn and his wazir Ibn 'Amid. The root rjn in Arajan means to become rancid like butter but the root shrz in Shiraz means sweet coagulated milk. 285:23-37 The middle fifth is more explicit about the fact that 'Adud was not present at the defeat of Wahshudhan. This lack of involvment in the conflict suggests the spoken word operating at a distance. The actual opponent was his father Rukn. 285:38-41 The fourth fifth turns to Wahshudhan and looks down on him from the heights to which he cannot attain. He was a spoiler who threatened to ruin the Buyid paradise like the syllabic or Greco-Roman script can threaten the balance of nature. But he is a failure due to the length of the present poem which does not parallel the short poem 282 in this respect. 285:42-47 The last fifth makes the poem a bracelet for the forearm of state who is the patron. This is the vehicle of immortality supported by the babbling stream who is the father.

Are you a visitor, O dream, or a nurse
   Or does your friend think I am asleep?
It's not as he thinks, a faint came on
   And you came seeking me in the interval
Come back, restore her, wonderful dying!
   My breast pressed to your swelling breast
You're generous just as he was stingy
   With the widespaced, handsome cool teeth
When his fancies circle about us
   I laugh at him since I praise her
He said: If he fulfilled his need with
   Us he'd not bother to increase his love
I deny no favor they perhaps have done
   Something accomplished or even promised
Eye cannot tell of parting between two
   The union with dreams is only exhaustion
O soft hand filled with happiness
   On the swift camel with the necklace
If you hurt my heart I'll return love
   The most ignorant man is an angry lover
You told O night of her long hair
   Tell of her absence to my wakeful eye
My weeping was long in memory of her
   You too are long till both of you unite
What's wrong with the wandering stars?
   As if they were blind and had no leader
Or like the mob of kings on one side 14
   Abu Shuja' alone is over against them
If they flee he takes them, if they stay
   They fear loss of their gains and legacy
They hope for firm forgiveness of one
   Whose face is blessed by generous glory
Serene, if a dove take a refuge with him
   She does not fear the archer or trapper
If wild beasts graze they think of
   Him so no hunter or fowler scares them
Every hour news is brought to him
   Of the armies destroyed by his swords



Covered with blood the camels swiftly
Bring him heads with the crowns attached
O forearm whose lord himself is forearm
Traveling by night you awaken red grouse
Rain cloud of death and life at once
But you are not lightning nor thunder
You gave but took not from Wahshudhan 23
Injuries that his corrupt mind received
He began with his tricks as a goal
But war is the goal of the trickster
What's due one who goes to war with you?
He blames the choice even if troops come
Without weapons except hope in you
He wins by aid and flees with guidance
Fate strikes the one who strikes at you
Whether in the position of ruler or ruled
You gave two days to his armies' ruin
You were not the victor or the witness
Absent he hid not for his vicars were
His father's army and ancestors' rank
All of the Khatti straight ones too
Giants shake them on gigantic beasts
Blood shedders ask for no distinction
Between fresh blood and stinking corpses
When death appears then I call to it:
Change the dal for a nun in had, death!
When a horse knows who attacks, he
Falls down prostrate to his authority
Tirm was so enveloped in the dust
That camels seeking it had to be lost
One asks the fort folk about the king
He had changed to the wandering ostrich
The land is waste lest he rest in it
And all of it groans ungratefully at him
No fortress or building for protection
Nor can a building enrich nor a builder
So rage at these people O Wahshudhan 38
Not made except for enemy's rage and envy
They look at you to test you as a bite
Before his people return with provisions
Abandon the robe to one who is worthy
Not everyone prays whose forehead bleeds
If the Amir had not commanded when you
Met him he'd given success to the deputy
Dawn shook him when he saw not with him 42
The victory mesenger as he was bereaved
But an event is Allah's, many a striver
Would not lose except that he struggles
Many a cautious one when arrows fly
Flees a weak arrow to one that pierces
The killer cares not if the enemy
Who receives it is standing or sitting
May the praise I fashioned be a ransom
To a man described in it and be immortal
I twisted a bracelet for the forearm
Of a state whose support is his father

286

This poem describes a grand hunt given by 'Adud al Daula near Shiraz. It is much more than the hunts described poems 5, 68, 73, 133-4-5, 151-2, 160, all in the first fifth of the diwan. The destruction of the animals represents the shift from the inward reference of vowels and consonants to the crawling stage of the middle fifth to the outer reference of adult grammar and the semantics of metaphor in the use of the hand and forearm to write with. But 'Adud is more than a destructive warrior. He is a hunter, a reader and writer, who as the Umm al Kitab in the Quran guides one on the straight path. He brings a gift and presents the bride to the bridegroom. The hunter avoids the deadly tests that brought Badr and Saif their illness, Kafur his castration, Fatik his death and 'Amid his support-role. Only 'Adud is not led into these temptations as Jesus' prayer asks. He takes the poet on the sirat or path whither the qasida leads. 286:1-5 The love prelude shows the lover boasting of his survival in many trials and his preference for peace. But he is also no whoremonger. Such low behavior is beneath him now. 286:6-15 The second fifth shows the patron as the rider of two horses named Majruh, wounded, and Shamal, left handed, standing to one side of the hunters. He has withdrawn from warlike pursuits and is now ready for the game of life. The time is past for speech. Reading and writing are quiet endeavors free from the uproar of war where noise may scare men into submission. 286:16-41 The middle fifth describes the hunt in humorous sketches of the four footed animals who represent the crawling position of the auditory communication habits. But their horns and face hair are useless now and they fall head over heels down the mountain to show that their forefeet are about to become hands. Dasht Arzan, root rzn, to weigh, is the Sower's field where the scales of right and of wrong are balanced. It is the place where the naked ape shows his superiority over his hairy brothers.



They may be able to run faster than he but they cannot outwit him spiritually. 286:42-48 The ascent theme appears as the animals attempt to become wise and send for a governor who will rule them and protect them from untimely death. They realize the value of an ecology that preserves them as an endangered species. Salma, peace, and Qiyal, to take a siesta, to milk and drink, are mountains of refuge. 286:49-59 The final fifth shows 'Adud al Daula capable of hunting fierce lions with clever foxes. A fox is Abu Husain and thus echoes the poet's father Husain. He can drown the foe with desert mirages that represent Allah, or kill goblins with pearl ballista balls. So the rational metaphors of poetry triumph over the inner fears and outer obstacles. 'Adud has externalized the quarrels that plagued the earlier patrons. The written word rationalizes the spoken word.

How natural for my days and nights
   To say: What's wrong with him and us?
It is not my way of talking, a youth
   Who has burned in the double war fires
Drinking from them, bathing in them
   Nor did whoring touch me in my heart
If an armorer were to tug at my skirt
   Offering one of two kinds of garments
I'd not name mail coats but pants
   And why not since there is my guide
The rider of Majruh and Shamal 6
   Abu Shuja' the conqueror of warriors
Winebearer of death's cup and blood
   As he routed the folk on flight's eve
He beat down Kurds in war until they
   Took shelter in a flight and retreat
Destroyer bringing defeat and exile
   Hunting down horsemen with the lance
With newly polished heirlooms, he
   Goes chasing beasts in the mountains
In soft places of meadow and sand
   Over the blood of men and their limbs
Apart from the troop on a young horse
   Out of greatness of spirit not weariness
Restrained, not desiring substitutes
   They make no commotion except for moving
They have been beaten for neighing
   Every one of them is sick with awe
Their mouths held in fear of a cough
   From the sun's rising to its setting
Whatever flies far cannot escape 16
   Nor whatever runs into thickets to hide
No protection in waters or lakes
   For flesh either forbidden or permitted
Truly souls are prepared for death
   Poured down the length of Dasht Arzan
Between wide prairies and the woods
   In the pathways of the boars and lions
The piglets are close to the cubs
   And the bear towers over the gazelles
Uniting the opposites and the shapes
   In Fannakhusra most perfect in virtues
Fearing they'd lack completeness
   He brings elephants and their riders
Mountain goats hobbled with rope
   Submissive to lassoes of men and horses
Walking the gait of sheep and camels
   Turbaned with those dried-out roots
Born beneath the heaviest of burdens
   So it keeps them from being deloused
They share not in bodies' leanness
   When they turn to look at the shadows
They show them the ugliest shapes
   As if they were created for baseness
Increasing the shame of ignorance
   With members not useful in any case
To the rest of the body a defect
   The buck of the antelope lives higher
Horns bent back like a bow of yew
   With the point of the tip on the flank
They almost pierce the haunches
   With a black beard without a mustache
Good for a laugh but not for awe
   It grows all thickened with spittle
Not anointed with musk or unguent
   It is content with oil and with urine
And with piercing spice and manure
   If fixed to the cheeks of a deceiver
He has it serve as a net for wealth
   Between evil judgments and children

With pretense 'that the back is front
   It does not show a face from the rear
They are left to arrows' downpour
   From the mountain slopes and heights
The men's bows bid them farewell
   In every liver an arrowhead's weight
So they plummet away from peaks
   Upside down the hoofs and bounding
Leaping through air on their backs
   On the fastest way down to the depths
They sleep the sleep of the lazy
   On their necks they hurry the fastest
They don't complain of weariness
   Nor do they take care about straying
One had a reason to go from them 42
   The desire of the much for the little
Upland beasts grieve due to that
   They were frightened in Salma and Qiyal
With the fear of lizards and iguanas
   Dust colored ostriches and their chicks
Fawns and wild cows and buffalo
   They listened for his delightful news
They sent to no dumb beasts to ask
   Their barren, foals, and young camels
Wishing he'd send them a governor
   To rule them with bridle and saddle
To make them safe from these fears
   And shade a pasturage and not anxiety
And water of every flowing shower 49
   O power of those who travel and turn
If you wish you hunt lions with foxes
   And drown the foe with desert mirages
Or put in place of weapons of war
   Pearls so you can kill them with joy
So nothing remains but to pursue
   Goblins in the dark of an absent moon
On backs of camels not needing water
   You could reach the top of your hopes
You leave nothing but the impossible
   That exists nowhere and is unobtainable
O forearm of state and of heights
   The lineage is gems and you are owner
Of a father not of earring or bracelet
   A jewel from yourself to adorn by beauty
Many an ugly one is heavily bejeweled
   Finer than her is the unadorned beauty
A man's honor is in himself and acts
   Of mother and father's kin before him

287

If the previous poem has suggested a comic or happy ending to the diwan the present one is given a more tragic turn. The previous poem offered the reader the choice of turning toward the external world as the writer's hand was on the verge of making its words refer to the situations external to the communication habits. The front feet of the topsy turvy animals had been exchanged for the forearm of 'Adud al Daula. But in this farewell of poet and reader to the patron he realizes that one's vision must primarily be turned to the inner world and that the end of his work has come. 287:1-7 The love prelude discusses the problem of what can ransom the lost beloved whose role is now taken by the forearm. There is nothing more to substitute for the lost breast, the articulate sounds, their meanings and syntax, their script, or the truth which describes the worlds external to the communication apparatus. 287:8-14 The poet expresses the depression of the descent theme as he thinks of himself as a camel loaded with gifts from his patron. While staying with the patron the poet's shoe was the sun itself. But the shoelace is to be broken and he must descend. 287:15-29 The dialogue between the poet's heart and his need to see his family, and his address to his camel Turwak, suggest the auditory communication habits. His family lives at Thawiyya, from a verb meaning to reach home, to bury or shelter, a woman, a corral, road markers. They are the grammar and metaphors of the script. But a resurrection is implied in Turwak whose name means to evaluate land. The sweet breath of the spirit clings to him. Unlike the goats in the previous poem whose horns and beards suggest sexual sins he only uses bashama and arak toothpicks to summon dreams. He is the vehicle of the poet's search or qasida. 287:31-36 The poet protests the sincerity of his love for the patron and the role of poetry as mortar and pestle to grind perfume for his honor. This ascent of the spirit shows that the odors of the lower world are at last under the control of the upper world. One's debts can now be reciprocally forgiven. 287:37-44 The mood of resignation in the last words is seen as he goes in the ninth month, Tishrin, and says he will not arrive before his family sees the constellation of the Fish, Simak. A prenatal perfection thus returns if the arrow finds nothing to hold to in the reader's world where Allah has chosen the forearm of state. Like the poet's pen the arrow returns to its origin in the inner world instead of remaining in the external world. The prayer to not be led into temptation has been granted. The poet and reader are on the straight way that is reserved for those with whom Allah is pleased. The goal of poetry is in the quest for the inescapable end. Gravity's rainbow.

Your ransom is one short of your limit
   No kings exist but those who ransom you
If we say: Your ransom is equal to you
   We'd ask life for those who dislike you
We'd grant as your ransom every soul
   Even if the chief support of the kingdom
Or he who thinks strewing corn bounty
   But sets up traps under what he scatters
Or he who grovels in dirt and sleeps
   Though rank he attained touched the sky
Even if their hearts were faithful
   Yet their characters would be your foes
Since you hate a worldly thin esteem
   When you see that its property is fat
I go and you have sealed my heart 8
   With your love lest other than you come
And you loaded me with large thanks
   And heavy so I can scarcely move with it
I am afraid it will be hard on camels
   They cannot go with us without wavering
Perhaps Allah sets this departure so
   It helps us remain under your protection
If I were able I would lower my eyes
   And not look anywhere until I see you
Can patience be apart from you if your
   Bounty contents me but contents not you?
You leave me with my shoe as sun's eye
   So my walking in it cuts the shoelaces
I know I grieve and we not yet far gone 15
   How will the journey be if it proceeds?
Passion before departure is a sword
   Here am I not yet hit, but I am marked
As farewell came to us my heart said:
   Keep quiet, don't let your mouth run on
If it weren't that the most you desire
   Was return, I'd say: Don't have your way
You healed from illness with ills
   What healed killed while you were sick
I veiled from you our whispers, I hid
   Desires which I have long been fighting
If I opposed them they were strong
   If I submitted to them they were weak
To many a one this side of Thawiyya
   My approach says in grief: This for that!
Many with sweet saliva as camels kneel
   Will kiss Turwak's saddle and saddle cloth
He is forbidden to touch perfume after
   I am gone for scent clings and lingers
He refuses his lips to every lover
   But gives them to the bashama and arak
Sleep whispered to his eyes about me
   Would that sleep told of your bounty
Of Bactrians not reaching Iraq except
   They grew thin, once strong, and fleshy
I am content for his eyes to dream
   And when he awakes he thinks it a lie
And only that he listen and I tell
   May he not be enslaved with love of you
How much joy for listener who knows not 30
   If he marvels at my words or at your rank
And that perfume, your honor, is musk
   And this poetry is my pestle and mortar
So praise not them but praise a hero
   Who if his praise name him not means you
Noblest, his qualities from his father
   Soon your sons meet your father in them
Among friends is one marked with
   Love others claim to share with him
When tears on cheeks are compared
   It is clear who weeps and who pretends
The virtues of Abu Shuja' condemn
   The latter, for my eyes which are afar
So distance, move from a camel's feet 37
   They are spearpoint blows in your side
Whatever you wish my way let it be
   Suffering or escape or destruction
If we go and Tishrin has five days
   They see me before they see the Simak

Fannakhusra's favor drives from me
   Enemy spears and thrusts that are cast
I wear by his good pleasure on my way
   Bristling armor that frightens heroes
Who substitutes for you when we part
   When all men are false except you alone
I am nothing but an arrow in the air
   Returning if it finds nothing to hold to
Ashamed that my Allah can see me when
   I left your house and he has chosen you

Al Shawmiyyat

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